

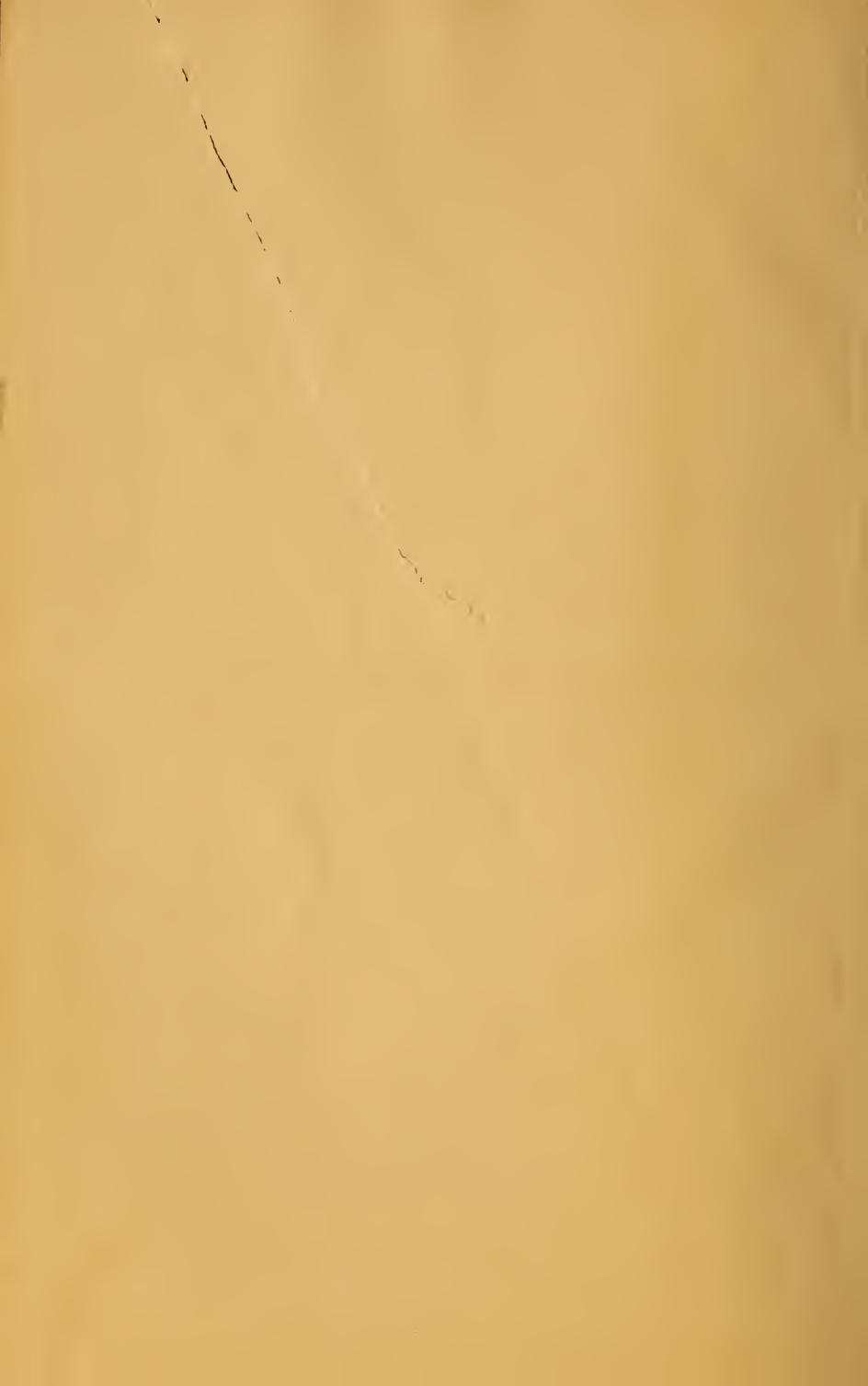


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ESSAY

ON THE

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION.

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PRINCIPLES

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OF
TRANSLATION.

By Alex. Fraser Tytler. Westminster.

THE THIRD EDITION,
WITH LARGE ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

*Nec converti ut Interpres, sed ut Orator, sentiētiis iisdem et earum formis
tanquam figuris, verbis ad nostram consuetudinem aptis.*

Cic. De Opt. Gen. Orat. 14.

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TO
JAMES GREGORY,

M. D. F. R. S. EDIN.

PRINCIPAL PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY FOR SCOTLAND ;

WHO, TO GREAT PROFESSIONAL ABILITY

AND EMINENCE IN GENERAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY,

UNITES THE MOST DISTINGUISHED CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE

AND TASTE IN POLITE LITERATURE :

THIS ESSAY,

WHICH HAS BEEN HONOURED WITH HIS APPROBATION,

IS,

IN TOKEN OF A FRIENDSHIP

WHICH HAS STOOD THE TEST OF ALMOST HALF A CENTURY,

DEDICATED BY

ALEX. FRASER TYTLER.

WOODHOUSELEE, }
August 1812. }

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Sun, in Strand

1679

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Sun, in Strand

1679

PREFACE

TO THE

PRESENT EDITION.

IN preparing for the Press a Third Edition of this Essay, the Author has endeavoured, by making ample additions to the *matter* of the Work, as well as by a careful revisal of the *style*, to render it less unworthy of that very flattering measure of approbation it has received from the literary world. Sensible that the didactic precepts which form the Laws of Translation, are best verified by the variety and aptness of the examples brought to illustrate them, he has in this edition very considerably enlarged the number of illustrations brought as examples both of excellencies and defects. Of these, in so far as reason and good sense afford a criterion, the opinion of all intelligent rea-

ders will probably be uniform. But, as it is not to be denied, that in many of the examples adduced in this Essay, the appeal lies not so much to any settled canons of criticism, as to individual taste ; it will not be surprising, if in such instances, a diversity of opinion should take place : and the Author having exercised with great freedom his own judgment in such points, it would ill become him to blame others for using the same freedom in dissenting from his opinions. The chief benefit to be derived from all such discussions in matters of taste, does not so much arise from any certainty we can obtain of the rectitude of our critical decisions, as from the pleasing and useful exercise which they give to the finest powers of the mind, and those which most distinguish us from the inferior animals.

IN one material point at least, the Author may be allowed to flatter himself, that some advantage may accrue from his undertaking.

It will serve to demonstrate, that the Art of Translation is of more dignity and importance than has generally been imagined. It will afford sufficient conviction, that excellence in this art is neither a matter of easy attainment, nor what lies at all within the reach of ordinary abilities ; since it not only demands those acquired endowments which are the fruit of much labour and study, but requires a larger portion of native talents and of genuine taste, than are necessary for excelling in many departments of original composition.

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ERRATA.

- Pag. 46. line 6. *from the bottom*, καιόν r. καινόν
 — 146. *The Note is misplaced: It belongs to P. 149. as it refers to Horace's dialogue with Lydia.*
 — 160. l. 6. χήσυχῶς, r. χ' ἡσυχῶς,
 — 162. l. 6. φιλιεακαί, r. φίλιεα καί,
 — 165. l. 8. Aëria r. Aëra P. 166. line last pass, r. passe,
 — 169. l. 5. *from the bottom*, πέναν r. πέναν
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 — 271. l. 11: *from the bottom*, meaning r. mean

ESSAY

ON THE

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is perhaps no department of literature which has been less the object of cultivation, than the *Art of Translating*. Even among the ancients, who seem to have had a very just idea of its importance, and who have accordingly ranked it among the most useful branches of literary education, we meet with no attempt to unfold the principles of this art, or to reduce it to rules. In the works of Quintilian, of Cicero, and

of the Younger Pliny, we find many passages which prove that these authors had made translation their peculiar study; and, conscious themselves of its utility, they have strongly recommended the practice of it, as essential towards the formation both of a good writer and an accomplished orator*. But it is much to be regretted, that they who were so eminently well qualified to furnish instruction in the art itself, have contributed little more to its advancement than by some general recommendations of its importance. If indeed time had

* *Vertere Græca in Latinum, veteres nostri oratores optimum judicabant. Id se Lucius Crassus, in illis Cicero-
nis de oratore libris, dicit factitasse. Id Cicero suâ ipse per-
sonâ, frequentissimè præcipit. Quin etiam libros Platonis
atque Xenophontis edidit, hoc genere translatos. Id Messalæ
placuit, multæque sunt ab eo scriptæ ad hunc modum ora-
tiones. Quintil. Inst. Orat. l. 10. c. 5.*

Utile imprimis, ut multi præcipiunt, vel ex Græco in Latinum, vel ex Latino vertere in Græcum: quo genere exercitationis, proprietas splendorque verborum, copia figurarum, vis explicandi, præterea, imitatione optimorum, similia inveniendi facultas paratur: simul quæ legentem fefelliissent, transferentem fugere non possunt. *Plin. Epist. l. 7. Ep. 7.*

spared to us any complete or finished specimens of translation from the hand of those great masters, it had been some compensation for the want of actual precepts, to have been able to deduce them ourselves from those exquisite models. But of ancient translations the fragments that remain are so inconsiderable, and so much mutilated, that we can scarcely derive from them any advantage*.

To the moderns the art of translation is of greater importance than it was to the ancients, in the same proportion that the great mass of ancient and of modern literature, accumulated up to the present times, bears to the general stock of learning in the most enlightened periods of antiquity. But it is a singular consideration, that under the daily experience of the advantages of good translations, in opening to us all the stores of ancient knowledge, and creating a free intercourse of science and of literature

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* There remain of Cicero's translations some fragments of the *Œconomics* of Xenophon, the *Timæus* of Plato, and part of a poetical version of the *Phenomena* of Aratus.

between all modern nations, there should have been so little done towards the improvement of the art itself, by investigating its laws, or unfolding its principles. Unless a very short essay, published by M. D'Alembert, in his *Mélanges de Littérature, d'Histoire, &c.* as introductory to his versions of some pieces of Tacitus, and some remarks on translation by the Abbé Batteux, in his *Principes de la Littérature*, I have met with nothing that has been written professedly upon the subject of translation considered as an art, depending on fixed principles *. The ob-

* When the first edition of this Essay was printed, the Author had not seen Dr Campbell's New Translation of the Gospels, then recently published, in one of the preliminary dissertations to which, that ingenious writer has treated professedly, though very briefly, "Of the chief things to be attended to in translating." The general laws of the art as briefly laid down in the first part of that dissertation are the same with those contained in this Essay; a circumstance which, independently of that satisfaction which always arises from finding our opinions warranted by the concurring judgment of persons of distinguished ingenuity and taste, affords a strong presumption that those opinions are founded in nature and in common sense. Another work on the same subject had likewise escaped the Author's observation when he first published this Essay; a poetical Essay on translation,

servations of M. D'Alembert, though extremely judicious, are too general to be considered as rules, or even elements of the

A 3

by Mr Francklin, the ingenious translator of Sophocles and Lucian. It is, however, rather an apology of the art, and a vindication of its just rank in the scale of literature, than a didactic work explanatory of its principles. But above all, the Author had to regret, that when the former editions of this work were published, he had not been fortunate enough to meet with the work of a celebrated writer, professedly on the subject of translation, the treatise of M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, *De optimo genere interpretandi*; of whose doctrines, however, he had some knowledge, from a pretty full extract of his work in the Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de Grammaire et Littérature, article *Traduction*. He has since seen and perused that small treatise, which, though accurately and methodically written, and containing many excellent observations, and much sound and judicious criticism, proposes a system of rules adapted only to that species of translation which professes to give a faithful interpretation of the text of an ancient classic; and is chiefly intended for the instruction of a *tiro* in the language of the original. It is of such *versions* that the learned Dr Pearce is treating, in distinction from that more free species of composition which is properly termed *Translation*, when he says: “ Velim interpretem fidum esse, sed non sui ostentatorem: “ sed modò dictio ejus Latīna, sint verba sensum Græci “ auctoris clarè breviterque exponentia, non quæro an versio “ ornatum præ se ferat; neque enim legenda, sed consulenda “ est illa; ut de vi Græcorum verborum ignaris, præsentī

art; and the remarks of the Abbé Batteux are employed chiefly on what may be termed the Philosophy of Grammar, and seem to have for their principal object the ascertainment of the analogy that one language bears to another, or the pointing out of those circumstances of construction and ar-

“ sit auxilio: De iis hic versionibus intelligi velim quæ una
 “ cum Græco auctoris textu imprimuntur: de cæteris enim
 “ seorsim editis, qualis est Gallica illa celeberrimi Boilavii
 “ versio, longè aliter res se habet: in his enim et ornatum
 “ et elegantiam quærimus: in his sensum magis quam
 “ verba paria paribus respondentia spectamus: nec possit
 “ ille interpretes omninò placere, qui non, (prout ejus linguæ
 “ qua utitur postulat ratio), aliqua immutat, corripit, dilatat,
 “ ut ipsam vim spiritumque auctoris ob oculos legentium
 “ ponat.” *Præfatio Zach. Pearce in D. Longini versionem.* It is evident, that the rules which are proper to the former kind of interpretation, are much too rigorous to be applied to the latter, or to that more ample and liberal species of translation, which professes to supply the place of the original author, and is adapted rather to convey to the reader the sense, the spirit and manner of his composition, than the strict meaning of all his words. The present work, therefore, which is relative to the more enlarged idea of Translation, and attempts to lay down the rules only of that species of composition, can have little interference with the Treatise of the learned Huet, which every scholar will find pleasure and profit in perusing. It may be incidentally remarked,

rangement in which languages either agree with, or differ from each other *.

WHILE such has been our ignorance of the principles of this art, it is not at all wonderful, that amidst the numberless translations which every day appear, both of the works of the ancients and moderns, there should be so few that are possessed of real merit. The utility of translations is universally felt, and therefore there is a continual

A 4

that the judgments of Huet on the merits of the older interpreters of the Greek writers, are extremely valuable; and though rather of the nature of opinions than of criticisms, evince a good taste, and great liberality of sentiment.

* The Abbé Batteux, founding upon this principle, which he has by no means proved, That the arrangement of the Greek and Latin languages is the order of nature, and that the modern tongues ought never to deviate from that order, but for the sake of sense, perspicuity, or harmony; proceeds to lay down such rules as the following: That the periods of the translation should accord in all their parts with those of the original—that their order, and even their length, should be the same—that all conjunctions should be scrupulously preserved, as being the joints or articulations of the members—that all adverbs should be ranged next to the verb, &c. It may be confidently asserted, that the Translator who shall endeavour to conform himself to these rules, even with the

demand for them. But this very circumstance has thrown the practice of translation into mean and mercenary hands. It is a profession which, it is generally believed, may be exercised with a very small portion of genius or abilities *. “ It seems to

licence allowed of sacrificing a little of their rigour to sense, perspicuity, and harmony, will produce, on the whole, a very poor composition, which will be far from reflecting a just picture of his original.

* Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, translate.

Denham to Sir R. Fanshawe.

— hands impure dispense
The sacred streams of ancient eloquence ;
Pedants assume the task for scholars fit,
And blockheads rise interpreters of wit.

Translation by Francklin.

In a review of the *Works of Frederick II. King of Prussia*, translated by Mr Holcroft, we find the following remarks :
“ Perhaps at first sight we are apt to congratulate ourselves
“ upon finding a man of acknowledged ability employed in
“ communicating to our unlearned countrymen the contents
“ of this memorable collection. But this, with us at least,
“ is only a first thought ; and the translator must forgive us,
“ if we express our regret at seeing him employed in so
“ laborious and unanimating a drudgery. In the existence
“ of an incident of this sort, there must be a fault some-

“ me,” says Dryden, “ that the true reason why we have so few versions that are tolerable, is, because there are so few have all the talents requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise and small encouragement for so considerable a part of learning.” *Pref: to Ovid’s Epistles**.

“ where; and if not in himself, we must impute it to the defectiveness of our country and age, in social improvement, government and laws. The world, it may be, that is, a very small portion of the world, gains something, in having a foreign publication translated by a man who is capable of entering into the soul of his original; but, at any rate, it loses, out of all comparison, more than it gains.”

Here we have the solemn judgment of a grave and learned critic, that Translation is an employment fit only for Dunces! and that there is a radical defect in the *government, laws and social improvements of a country*, where any man of real talents is suffered thus to degrade himself, and mispend his valuable time.

* The justness of the following observations, which form a striking contrast with those in the preceding note, will be felt, as soon as announced. “ A faithful and elegant translator is a character of the highest virtue in the literary republic. It implies public spirit, the most void of ostentation; a kind regard for the illiterate; a love of our native country, shewn by enriching its language with va-

It is, however, to the real honour of the literary character, and taste of the times, that there have been, and that there are men of genius among the moderns who have vindicated the dignity of this art so ill appreciated, and have furnished us with excellent translations, both of the ancient classics, and of the productions of foreign writers of our own and of former ages. These works lay open a great field of useful criticism; and from them it is certainly possible to draw the principles of that art which has never yet been methodised, and to establish its rules and precepts. Towards this purpose, even the worst translations would have their utility, as in such a critical exercise, it would be equally necessary to illustrate defects as to exemplify perfections.

“ luable books; a just regard for merit, of whatever country,
“ by placing the merit of some valuable foreigners in the
“ truest and fairest light; a care, a judgment and exactness
“ that original writings do not require, and some degree
“ of humility, in scarce aspiring to the name of an author.
“ But how few of those heroes and heroines are there!
“ The common herd of translators are mere murderers.”
Letter from Miss Talbot to Mrs Carter. Carter's Letters,
vol. i. p. 126.

AN attempt of this kind forms the subject of the following Essay, in which the Author solicits indulgence, both for the imperfections of his treatise, and perhaps for some errors of opinion. His apology for the first, is, that he does not pretend to exhaust the subject, or to treat it in all its amplitude, but only to point out the general principles of the art ; and for the last, that in matters where the ultimate appeal is to Taste, it is almost impossible to be secure of the solidity of our opinions, when the criterion of their truth is so very uncertain.

CHAPTER I.

Description of a good Translation.—General Rules flowing from that Description.

IF it were possible accurately to define, or, perhaps more properly, to describe what is meant by a *good Translation*, it is evident that a considerable progress would be made towards establishing the rules of the *Art*; for these Rules would flow naturally from that definition or description. But there is no subject of criticism on which there has been so much difference of opinion. If the genius and character of all languages were the same, it would be an easy task to translate from one into another; nor would any

thing more be requisite on the part of the translator, than fidelity and attention. But as the genius and character of languages are confessedly very different, two opinions have thence arisen, regarding the proper task of a translator. On the one hand, it has been affirmed, that it is the duty of a translator to attend only to the sense and spirit of his original, to make himself perfectly master of his author's ideas, and to communicate them in those expressions which he judges to be best suited to convey them. It has, on the other hand, been maintained, that, in order to constitute a perfect translation, it is not only requisite that the ideas and sentiments of the original author should be conveyed, but likewise his style and manner of writing, which, it is supposed, cannot be done without a strict attention to the arrangement of his sentences, and even to their order and construction *. According

* *Batteux de la Construction Oratoire, Par. 2. ch. 4.* Such likewise appears to be the opinion of M. Huet: "*Optimum ergo illum esse dico interpretandi modum, quem auctoris sententiæ primum, deinde ipsis etiam, si ita fert utriusque*

to the former idea of translation, it is allowable to improve and to embellish; according to the latter, it is necessary to preserve even blemishes and defects; and to these must likewise be superadded the harshness that must attend every copy in which the artist scrupulously studies to imitate the minutest lines or traces of his original.

As these two opinions form opposite extremes, it is not improbable that the point of perfection should be found between the two. I would therefore describe a good translation to be, *That, in which the merit of the original work is so completely transfused into another language, as to be as distinctly apprehended, and as strongly felt, by a native of the country to which that*

“ *linguæ facultas, verbis acutissimè adhæret interpres, et nativum postremo auctoris characterem, quoad ejus fieri potest, adumbrat; idque unum studet, ut nulla cum detractatione imminutum, nullo additamento auctum, sed integrum, suique omni ex parte, simillimum, perquam fideliter exhibeat.*—
 “ *Universè ergo verbum de verbo exprimendum, et vocum etiam collocationem retinendum esse pronuncio, id modo per linguæ quæ utitur interpres facultatem liceat.*” Huet
 “ *de Interpretatione, lib. 1.*

language belongs, as it is by those who speak the language of the original work.

Now, supposing this description to be a just one, which I think it is, let us examine what are the laws of translation which may be deduced from it.

It will follow,

I. THAT the Translation should give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work.

II. THAT the style and manner of writing should be of the same character with that of the original.

III. THAT the Translation should have all the ease of original composition.

UNDER each of these general laws of translation, are comprehended a variety of subordinate precepts, which I shall notice in their order, and which, as well as the general laws, I shall endeavour to prove, and to illustrate by examples.

CHAP. II.

First general rule—A Translation should give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work.—Knowledge of the language of the original, and acquaintance with the subject.—Examples of imperfect transfusion of the sense of the original.—What ought to be the conduct of a Translator where the sense is ambiguous.

IN order that a translator may be enabled to give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work, it is indispensably necessary, that he should have a perfect knowledge of the language of the original, and a competent acquaintance with the subject of which it treats. If he is de-

ficient in either of these requisites, he can never be certain of thoroughly comprehending the sense of his author. M. Folard is allowed to have been a great master of the art of war. He undertook to translate Polybius, and to give a commentary illustrating the ancient Tactic, and the practice of the Greeks and Romans in the attack and defence of fortified places. In this commentary, he endeavours to shew, from the words of his author, and of other ancient writers, that the Greek and Roman engineers knew and practised almost every operation known to the moderns ; and that, in particular, the mode of approach by parallels and trenches, was perfectly familiar to them, and in continual use. Unfortunately M. Folard had but a very slender knowledge of the Greek language, and was obliged to study his author through the medium of a translation, executed by a Benedictine monk*, who was entirely ignorant of the art of war. M. Guischardt, a great military genius, and

* Dom. Vincent Thuillier.

a thorough master of the Greek language, has shewn, that the work of Folard contains many capital misrepresentations of the sense of his author, in his account of the most important battles and sieges, and has demonstrated, that the complicated system formed by this writer of the ancient art of war, has no support from any of the ancient authors fairly interpreted *.

THE extreme difficulty of translating from the works of the ancients, is most discernible to those who are best acquainted with the ancient languages. It is but a small part of the genius and powers of a language which is to be learnt from dictionaries and grammars. There are innumerable niceties, not only of construction and of idiom, but even in the signification of words, which are discovered only by much reading, and critical attention.

* Mémoires militaires de M. Guischardt.

A very learned author, and acute critic *, has, in treating “ of the causes of the differences in languages,” remarked, that a principal difficulty in the art of translating arises from this circumstance, “ that there “ are certain words in every language which “ but imperfectly correspond to any of the “ words of other languages.” Of this kind, he observes, are most of the terms relating to morals, to the passions, to matters of sentiment, or to the objects of the reflex and internal senses. Thus the Greek words ἀρετη, σωφροσυνη, ἐλεος, have not their sense precisely and perfectly conveyed by the Latin words *virtus*, *temperantia*, *misericordia*, and still less by the English words, *virtue*, *temperance*, *mercy*. The Latin word *virtus* is frequently synonymous to *valour*, a sense which is never conveyed by the English word *virtue*. *Temperantia*, Latin, implies moderation in every desire, and is defined by Cicero, *Moderatio cupiditatum rationi obe-*

* Dr George Campbell, Preliminary Dissertations to a new Translation of the Gospels.

diens *. The English word *temperance*, in its ordinary use, is limited to moderation in eating and drinking :

—Observe

The rule of not too much, by *temperance* taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st.

PAR. LOST, B. II.

It is true, that Spenser has used the term in its more extensive signification :

He calm'd his wrath with goodly *temperance*.

But no modern prose-writer has authorised such extension of its meaning.

THE following passage is quoted by the ingenious writer above mentioned, to shew, in the strongest manner, the extreme difficulty of apprehending the precise import of words of this order in dead languages :

“ *Ægritudo est opinio recens mali præsentis,*
“ *in quo demitti contrahique animo rectum*
“ *esse videatur. Ægritudini subjiuntur*

B 3

* Cic. de Fin. l. 2.

“ *angor, mæror, dolor, luctus, ærumna, afflictio* : *angor est ægritudo premens, mæror*
 “ *ægritudo flebilis, ærumna ægritudo laboriosa, dolor ægritudo crucians, afflictio*
 “ *ægritudo cum vexatione corporis, luctus*
 “ *ægritudo ex ejus qui carus fuerat, interitu*
 “ *acerbo* *.”—“ Let any one,” says D’Alembert, “ examine this passage with attention,
 “ and say honestly, whether, if he had not
 “ known of it, he would have had any idea
 “ of those nice shades of signification here
 “ marked, and whether he would not have
 “ been much embarrassed, had he been writing a dictionary, to distinguish, with accuracy, the words *ægritudo, mæror dolor, angor, luctus, ærumna, afflictio*.”

THE fragments of Varro, *de Lingua Latina*, the treatises of Festus and of Nonius, the *Origines* of Isidorus Hispalensis, the work of Ausonius Popma, *de Differentiis Verborum*, the *Synonymes* of the Abbé Girard, the *Synonymes Latins* of Dumesnil,

* Cic. Tusc. Quæst. l. 4.

and the elaborate work of Professor Hill on the same subject, will furnish numberless instances of those very delicate shades of distinction in the signification of words, which nothing but the most intimate acquaintance with a language can teach ; but without the knowledge of which distinctions in the original, and an equal power of discrimination of the corresponding terms of his own language, no translator can be said to possess the primary requisites for the task he undertakes.

BUT a translator, thoroughly master of the language, and competently acquainted with the subject, may yet fail to give a complete transcript of the ideas of his original author.

M. D'ALEMBERT has favoured the public with some admirable translations from Tacitus ; and it must be acknowledged, that he possessed every qualification requisite for the task he undertook. If, in the course of the following observations, I may have occasion to criticise any part of his writings,

or those of other authors of equal celebrity, I avail myself of the just sentiment of M. Duclos, “ On peut toujours relever les défauts des grands hommes, et peut-être sont ils les seuls qui en soient dignes, et dont la critique soit utile.” *Duclos, Pref. de l’Hist. de Louis XI.*

TACITUS, in describing the conduct of *Piso* upon the death of Germanicus, says : *Pisonem interim apud Coum insulam nuncius adsequitur, excessisse Germanicum ;* Tacit. An. lib. 2. c. 75. This passage is thus translated by M. D’Alembert, “ *Pison apprend, dans l’isle de Cos, la mort de Germanicus.*” In translating this passage, it is evident that M. D’Alembert has not given the complete sense of the original. The sense of Tacitus is, that *Piso* was overtaken on his voyage homeward, at the Isle of Cos, by a messenger, who informed him that Germanicus was dead. According to the French translator, we understand simply, that when *Piso* arrived at the Isle of Cos, he was informed that Germanicus was dead. We do not learn from this, that a messenger had followed

him on his voyage to bring him this intelligence. The fact was, that Piso purposely lingered on his voyage homeward, expecting this very messenger who here overtook him. But, by M. D'Alembert's version it might be understood, that Germanicus had died in the island of Cos, and that Piso was informed of his death by the islanders immediately on his arrival. The passage is thus translated, with perfect precision, by D'Ablancourt : " Cependant Pison apprend la nouvelle de cette mort par un courier exprès, " qui l'atteignit en l'isle de Cos."

AFTER Piso had received intelligence of the death of Germanicus, he deliberated whether to proceed on his voyage to Rome, or to return immediately to Syria, and there put himself at the head of the legions. His son advised the former measure ; but his friend Domitius Celer argued warmly for his return to the province, and urged, that all difficulties would give way to him, if he had once the command of the army, and had increased his force by new levies. " At si teneat exercitum, augeat

“vires, multa quæ provideri non possunt
“in melius casura,” *An. l. 2. c. 77.* This
M. D’Alembert has translated, “Mais que
“s’il savoit se rendre redoutable à la tête
“des troupes, le hazard ameneroit des cir-
“constances heureuses et imprévues.” In
the original passage, Domitius advises Piso
to adopt two distinct measures ; the first, to
obtain the command of the army, and the
second, to increase his force by new levies.
These two distinct measures are confound-
ed together by the translator, nor is the
sense of either of them accurately given ;
for from the expression, “se rendre redout-
“able à la tête des troupes,” we may under-
stand, that Piso already had the command
of the troops, and that all that was requi-
site, was to render himself formidable in
that station, which he might do in various
other ways than by increasing the levies.

TACITUS, speaking of the means by which
Augustus obtained an absolute ascendancy
over all ranks in the state, says, *Cùm cete-
ri nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior,
opibus et honoribus extollerentur ; An. l. 1.*

c. 1. This D'Alembert has translated, "Le
 " reste des nobles trouvoit dans les richesses
 " et dans les honneurs la récompense de l'-
 " esclavage." Here the translator has but
 half expressed the meaning of his author,
 which is, that "the rest of the nobility
 " were exalted to riches and honours, in
 " proportion as Augustus found in them an
 " aptitude and disposition to servile obe-
 " dience : " or, as it is well translated by Mr
 Murphy, "the leading men were raised to
 " wealth and honours, in proportion to the
 " alacrity with which they courted the yoke*."

CICERO, in a letter to the Proconsul Phi-
 lippus, says, *Quod si Romæ te vidissem, co-
 ramque gratias egissem, quod tibi L. Egna-
 tius familiarissimus meus absens, L. Oppius
 præsens curæ fuisset.* This passage is thus
 translated by Mr Melmoth : "If I were in
 " Rome, I should have waited upon you
 " for this purpose in person, and in order

* The excellent translation of Tacitus by Mr Murphy had
 not appeared when the first edition of this Essay was publish-
 ed.

“ likewise to make my acknowledgments to
 “ you for your favours to my friends Egna-
 “ tius and Oppius.” Here the sense is not
 completely rendered, as there is an omis-
 sion of the meaning of the words *absens* and
præsens.

WHERE the sense of an author is doubt-
 ful, and where more than one meaning can
 be given to the same passage or expression,
 (which, by the bye, is always a defect in
 composition), the translator is called upon
 to exercise his judgment, and to select that
 meaning which is most consonant to
 the train of thought in the whole pas-
 sage, or to the author’s usual mode of think-
 ing, and of expressing himself. To imi-
 tate the obscurity or ambiguity of the ori-
 ginal, is a fault *; and it is still a greater,

* M. Huet, however, thinks otherwise, and his opinion is
 a necessary consequence from the strict method of interpre-
 tation for which he contends: *Verbum ambigüe dictum est,*
et duplicem admittit explicationem.—*Certè res in medio po-*
sita ut erat, ita debuit consistere, et verbum anceps ancipiti
verbo reddi, ipsaque sententiæ ambiguitas repræsentari. De
 Opt. Gen. Interpret. p. 27. Edit. Lond. 1684.

to give more than one meaning, as D'Alembert has done in the beginning of the Preface of Tacitus. The original runs thus: *Urbem Romam a principio Reges habuere. Libertatem et consulatum L. Brutus instituit. Dictaturæ ad tempus sumebantur; neque Decemviralis potestas ultra biennium, neque Tribunorum militum consulare jus diu valuit.* The ambiguous sentence is, *Dictaturæ ad tempus sumebantur*; which may signify either, "Dictators were chosen for a limited time," or, "Dictators were chosen on particular occasions or emergencies." D'Alembert saw this ambiguity; but how did he remove the difficulty? Not by exercising his judgment in determining between the two different meanings, but by giving them both in his translation. "On croit au besoin des dictateurs passagers." Now, this double sense it was impossible that Tacitus should ever have intended to convey by the words *ad tempus*: and between the two meanings of which the words are susceptible, a very little critical judgment was requisite to decide. I know not that *ad tempus* is ever used in the sense

of “for the occasion or emergency.” If this had been the author’s meaning, he would probably have used either the words *ad occasionem*, or *pro re nata*. But even allowing the phrase to be susceptible of this meaning*, it is not the meaning which Tacitus chose to give it in this passage. That the author meant that the Dictator was created for a limited time, is, I think, evident from the sentence immediately following, which is connected by the copulative *neque* with the preceding: *Dictaturæ ad tempus sumebantur: neque Decemviris potestas ultra biennium valuit*: “The office of Dictator was instituted for a limited time: Nor did the power of the Decemvirs subsist beyond two years.”

M. D’ALEMBERT’S translation of the concluding sentence of this chapter is cen-

* Mr Gordon has translated the words *ad tempus*, “in pressing emergencies;” and Mr Murphy, “in sudden emergencies only.” This sense is, therefore, probably warranted by good authorities. But it is evidently not the sense of the author in this passage, as the context sufficiently indicates.

surable on the same account. Tacitus says, *Sed veteris populi Romani prospera vel adversa, claris scriptoribus memorata sunt; temporibusque Augusti dicendis non defuere decora ingenia, donec gliscente adulatione deterrerentur. Tiberii, Caiique, et Claudii, ac Neronis res, florentibus ipsis, ob metum falsæ: postquam occiderant, recentibus odiis compositæ sunt. Inde consilium mihi pauca de Augusto, et extrema tradere: mox Tiberii principatum, et cætera, sine ira et studio, quorum causas procul habeo.* Thus translated by D'Alembert: “ Des auteurs illustres ont fait connoître la gloire et les malheurs de l'ancienne république; l'histoire même d'Auguste a été écrite par de grands génies, jusqu'aux tems où la nécessité de flatter les condamna au silence. La crainte ménagea tant qu'ils vécurent, Tibere, Caius, Claude, et Néron; des qu'ils ne furent plus, la haine toute récente les déchira. J'écrirai donc en peu de mots la fin du regne d'Auguste, puis celui de Tibere, et les suivans; sans fiel et sans bassesse: mon caractere m'en éloigne, et les tems m'en dispensent.” In the last

part of this passage, the translator has given two different meanings to the same clause, *sine ira et studio, quorum causas procul habeo*, to which the author certainly meant to annex only *one* meaning; and that, as I think, a different one from either of those expressed by the translator. To be clearly understood, I must give my own version of the whole passage. “ The history of the
“ ancient republic of Rome, both in its
“ prosperous and in its adverse days, has
“ been recorded by eminent authors: Even
“ the reign of Augustus has been happily
“ delineated, down to those times when the
“ prevailing spirit of adulation put to silence
“ every ingenuous writer. The annals of
“ Tiberius, of Caligula, of Claudius, and of
“ Nero, written while they were alive, were
“ falsified from terror; as were those histories
“ composed after their death, from hatred
“ to their recent memories. For this
“ reason, I have resolved to attempt a short
“ delineation of the latter part of the reign
“ of Augustus; and afterwards that of Tiberius,
“ and of the succeeding princes;
“ conscious of perfect impartiality, as, from

“ the remoteness of the events, I have no
“ motive, either of odium or adulation.”
In the last clause of this sentence, I believe
I have given the true version of *sine ira et
studio, quorum causas procul habeo*: But
if this be the true meaning of the au-
thor, M. D’Alembert has given two diffe-
rent meanings to the same sentence, and
neither of them the true one: “ sans fiel
“ et sans bassesse: mon caractere m’en
“ éloigne, et les tems m’en dispensent.”
According to the French translator, the his-
torian pays a compliment first to his own
character, and 2dly, to the character of the
times; both of which he makes the pledges
of his impartiality: but it is perfectly clear
that Tacitus neither meant the one com-
pliment nor the other; but intended sim-
ply to say, that the remoteness of the events
which he proposed to record, precluded eve-
ry motive either of unfavourable prejudice
or of adulation.

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CHAPTER III.

Whether it is allowable for a Translator to add to or retrench the ideas of the original.—Examples of the use and abuse of this liberty.—The liberty allowed to the Translator depends on the nature of the work.

IF it be necessary that a translator should give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work, it becomes a question, whether it is allowable in any case to add to the ideas of the original what may appear to give greater force or illustration ; or to take from them what may seem to weaken them from redundancy. To give a general answer to this question, I would say, that

this liberty may be used, but with the greatest caution. It must be further observed, that the superadded idea shall have the most necessary connection with the original thought, and actually increase its force. And, on the other hand, that whenever an idea is cut off by the translator, it must be only such as is an accessory, and not a principal in the clause or sentence. It must likewise be confessedly redundant, so that its retrenchment shall not impair or weaken the original thought. Under these limitations, a translator may exercise his judgment, and assume to himself, thus far, the character of an original writer.

It will be allowed, that in the following instance the translator, the elegant *Vincent Bourne*, has added a very beautiful idea, which, while it has a most natural connection with the original thought, greatly heightens its energy and tenderness. The two following stanzas are a part of the fine ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, by Tickell.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.

Thus translated by Bourne :

Jungere cras dextræ dextram properatis uterque,
Et tardè interea creditis ire diem.
Credula quin virgo, juvenis quin perfide, uterque
Scite, quod et pacti Lucia testis erit.

Exangue, oh ! illuc, comites, deferte cadaver,
Qua semel, oh ! iterum congregiamur, ait ;
Vestibus ornatus sponsalibus ille, caputque
Ipsa sepulchrali vincta, pedesque stolâ.

IN this translation, which is altogether excellent, it is evident, that there is one most beautiful idea superadded by Bourne, in the line *Qua semel*, &c. ; which wonderfully improves upon the original thought. In the original, the speaker, deeply impressed with the sense of her wrongs, has no other idea than to overwhelm her perjured

lover with remorse at the moment of his approaching nuptials. In the translation, amidst this prevalent idea, the speaker all at once gives way to an involuntary burst of tenderness and affection, "Oh, let us meet once more, and for the last time!" *Semel, oh ! iterum congregiamur, ait.*—It was only a man of exquisite feeling, who was capable of thus improving on so fine an original *.

ACHILLES, (in the first book of the Iliad), won by the persuasion of Minerva, resolves, though indignantly, to give up Briseis, and Patroclus is commanded to deliver her to the heralds of Agamemnon :

Ως φάτο· Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεπαύεθ' ἑταίρῳ·
 Ἐκ δ' ἄγαγε κλισίης Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρηον,
 Δῶκε δ' ἄγειν τὸ δ' αὖτις ἵτην παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
 Ἥ δ' ἄεκεσ' ἅμα τοῖσι γυνὴ κίεν.

ILIAS, A. 345.

* There is a French translation of this ballad by Le Mierre, which, though far inferior to that of Bourne, has yet a great deal of the tender simplicity of the original. See a few stanzas in the Appendix, NO. 1.

“ Thus he spoke. But Patroclus was obedient to his dear friend. He brought out the beautiful Briseis from the tent, and gave her to be carried away. They returned to the ships of the Greeks ; but she unwillingly went, along with her attendants.”

Patroclus now th' unwilling Beauty brought ;
She in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand.

POPE.

The ideas contained in the three last lines are not indeed expressed in the original, but they are implied in the word *αεζεστα* ; for she who goes unwillingly, will move *slowly*, and *oft look back*. The amplification highly improves the effect of the picture. It may be incidentally remarked, that the pause in the third line, *Past silent*, is admirably characteristic of the slow and hesitating motion which it describes.

IN the poetical version of the 137th Psalm, by Arthur Johnston, a composition of clas-

sical elegance, there are several examples of ideas superadded by the translator, intimately connected with the original thoughts, and greatly heightening their energy and beauty.

Urbe procul Solymæ, fusi Babylonis ad undas

Flevimus, et lachrymæ fluminis instar erant ;

Sacra Sion toties animo totiesque recursans,

Materiem lachrymis præbuit usque novis :

Desuetas saliceta lyras, et muta ferebant

Nablia, servili non temeranda manu.

Qui patria exegit, patriam qui subruit, hostis

Pendula captivos sumere plectra jubet :

Imperat et lætos, mediis in fletibus, hymnos,

Quosque Sion cecinit, nunc taciturna ! modos.

Ergone pacta Deo peregrinæ barbata genti

Fas erit, et sacras prostituisse lyras ?

Ante meo, Solyme, quam tu de pectore cedas,

Nesciat Hebræam tangere dextra chelyn.

Te nisi tollat ovans unam super omnia, lingua

Faucibus hærescat sidere tacta meis.

Ne tibi noxa recens, scelerum Deus ultor ! Idumes

Excidat, et Solymis perniciosa dies :

Vertite, clamabant, fundo jam vertite templum,

Tectaque montanis jam habitanda feris.

Te quoque poëna manet, Babylon ! quibus astra lacessis

Culmina mox fient, quod premis, æqua solo :

Felicem, qui clade pari data damna rependet,

Et feret ultrices in tua tecta faces !

Felicem, quisquis scopulis illidet acutis

Dulcia materno pignora rapta sinu !

I pass over the superadded idea in the second line, *lachrymæ fluminis instar erant*, because bordering on the hyperbole, it derogates, in some degree, from the chaste simplicity of the original. To the simple fact, “ We hanged our harps on the willows “ in the midst thereof,” which is most poetically conveyed by *Desuetas saliceta lyras, et muta ferebant nublia*, is superadded all the force of sentiment in that beautiful expression, which so strongly paints the mixed emotions of a proud mind under the influence of poignant grief, heightened by shame, *servili non temeranda manu*. So likewise in the following stanza there is the noblest improvement of the sense of the original :

Imperat et lætos, mediis in fletibus, hymnos,

Quosque Sion cecinit, *nunc taciturna !* modos.

THE reflection on the melancholy silence that now reigned on that sacred hill, “ once

“vocal with their songs,” is an additional thought, the force of which is better felt than it can be conveyed by words.

AN ordinary translator sinks under the energy of his original: the man of genius frequently rises above it. Horace, arraigning the abuse of riches, makes the plain and honest Ofellus thus remonstrate with a wealthy Epicure, (*Sat. 2. b. 2.*)

Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite?

A question, to the energy of which it was not easy to add, but which has received the most spirited improvement from Mr Pope:

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

AN improvement is sometimes very happily made, by substituting figure and metaphor for simple sentiment; as in the following example, from Mr Mason's excellent translation of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*. In the original, the poet, treat-

ing of the merits of the antique statues,
says :

—————queis posterior nil protulit ætas
Condignum, et non inferius longè, arte modoque.

This is a simple fact, in the perusal of which the reader is struck with nothing else but the truth of the assertion. Mark how in the translation the same truth is conveyed in one of the finest figures of poetry :

—————with reluctant gaze
To these the genius of succeeding days
Looks dazzled up, and, as their glories spread,
Hides in his mantle his diminish'd head.

The description of the Spring, in the second Georgic, is possessed of very high poetic merit ; and the following passage, from which Buchanan has taken the idea of his *Calendæ Maiæ*, is consummately beautiful :

Non alios prima crescentis origine mundi
Illuxisse dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim : ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
Orbis, et hybernis parcebant flatibus Euri ;
Quum primæ lucem pecudes hausere, virûmque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis
Immissæque feræ silvis, et sidera cælo.

IN a late translation of the *Georgics* by Mr Sotheby, a work of very high merit, and by far the best that has yet appeared of that Poem, this passage receives a fine improvement, by the substitution of an apostrophe, for the simple narrative :

Yes ! lovely Spring ! when rose the world to birth,
 Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth ;
 Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
 And no bleak gale on infant nature blew.
 When herds first drank the light ; from earth's rude bed
 When first man's iron race uprear'd its head ;
 When first to beasts the wilds and woods were given,
 And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven, &c..

IN the two following lines, Horace inculcates a striking moral truth ; but the figure in which it is conveyed, has nothing of dignity :

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
 Regumque tures.*——

MALHERBE has given to the same sentiment a high portion of tenderness, and even sublimity :

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
 Est sujet à ses loix ;

Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre,
N'en défend pas nos rois *.

CICERO writes thus to Trebatius, Ep. ad fam. lib. 7. ep. 17. *Tanquam enim syngrapham ad Imperatorem, non epistolam attulisses, sic pecuniâ ablatâ domum redire properabas; nec tibi in mentem veniebat, eos ipsos qui cum syngraphis venissent Alexandriam, nullum adhuc nummum auferre potuisse.* The passage is thus translated by Melmoth, b. 2. l. 12. “ One would have imagined
“ indeed, you had carried a bill of exchange
“ upon Cæsar, instead of a letter of recommendation : As you seemed to think you
“ had nothing more to do, than to receive
“ your money, and to hasten home again.
“ But money, my friend, is not so easily
“ acquired; and I could name some of our
“ acquaintance, who have been obliged to
“ travel as far as Alexandria in pursuit of
“ it, without having yet been able to obtain

* From the modern allusion, *barrières du Louvre*, this passage, strictly speaking, falls under the description of imitation, rather than of translation. See *postea*, ch. xi.

“ even their just demands.” The expressions, “ *money, my friend, is not so easily acquired,*” and, “ *I could name some of our acquaintance,*” are not to be found in the original; but they have an obvious connection with the ideas of the original: they increase their force, while, at the same time, they give ease and spirit to the whole passage.

I question much if a licence so unbounded as the following is justifiable, on the principle of giving either ease or spirit to the original.

In Lucian's Dialogue *Timon*, Gnathonides, after being beaten by Timon, says to him,

Αὐὰ φιλοσκόμων σύ γε· ἀλλὰ πᾶ τὸ συμπόσιον; ὥς καὶ ὅν τι σοι ἄσμα τῶν νεοδιδάκτων διθυράμβων ἤκω κομίζων.

“ You were always fond of a joke—but
“ where is the banquet? for I have brought
“ you a new dithirambic song, which I have
“ lately learned.”

In Dryden's Lucian, "translated by several eminent hands," this passage is thus translated: "Ah! Lord, Sir, I see you keep up your old merry humour still; you love dearly to rally and break a jest. Well but have you got a noble supper for us, and plenty of delicious inspiring claret? Hark ye, Timon, I've got a virgin-song for ye, just new composed, and smells of the gamut: 'Twill make your heart dance within you, old boy. A very pretty she-player, I vow to Gad, that I have an interest in, taught it me this morning."

THERE is both ease and spirit in this translation; but the licence which the translator has assumed, of superadding to the ideas of the original, is beyond all bounds.

AN equal degree of judgment is requisite when the translator assumes the liberty of retrenching the ideas of the original.

AFTER the fatal horse had been admitted within the walls of Troy, Virgil thus de-

scribes the coming on of that night which was to witness the destruction of the city :

*Vertitur interea cælum, et ruit oceano nox,
Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque polumque,
Myrmidonumque dolos.*

THE principal effect attributed to the night, in this description, and certainly the most interesting, is its concealment of the treachery of the Greeks. Add to this, the beauty which the picture acquires from this association of natural with moral effects. How inexcusable then must Mr Dryden appear, who, in his translation, has suppressed the *Myrmidonumque dolos* altogether ?

Mean time the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night :
Our men secure, &c.

OGILBY, with less of the spirit of poetry, has done more justice to the original :

Meanwhile night rose from sea, whose spreading shade
Hides heaven and earth, and plots the Grecians laid.

Mr Pope, in his translation of the Iliad, has, in the parting scene between Hector and Andromache (vi. 466), omitted a particular respecting the dress of the nurse, which he thought an impropriety in the picture. Homer says,

Αψ δ' ὁ παῖς πρὸς κολπον ἐϋζωνοιο τιθηνης
 Εκλίνθη ἰαχων.

“ The boy crying, threw himself back into
 “ the arms of his nurse, whose waist was
 “ elegantly girt.” Mr Pope, who has suppressed the epithet descriptive of the waist, has incurred on that account the censure of Mr Melmoth, who says, “ He has not touched the picture with that delicacy of pencil which graces the original, as he has entirely lost the beauty of one of the figures.—Though the hero and his son were designed to draw our principal attention, Homer intended likewise that we should cast a glance towards the nurse.” *Fitzosborne's Letters*, l. 43. If this was Homer's intention, he has, in my opinion, shewn less good taste in this

instance than his translator, who has, I think with much propriety, left out the compliment to the nurse's waist altogether. And this liberty of the translator was perfectly allowable; for Homer's epithets are often nothing more than mere expletives, or additional designations of his persons. They are always, it is true, significant of some attribute of the person; but they are often applied by the poet in circumstances where the mention of that attribute is quite preposterous. It would shew very little judgment in a translator, who should honour Patroclus with the epithet of *godlike*, while he is blowing the fire to roast an ox; or bestow on Agamemnon the designation of *King of many nations*, while he is helping Ajax to a large piece of the chine.

BUT, on the other hand, it is evident, that no such liberty of retrenchment is pardonable in a translator, when the epithet suppressed is characteristic of the object, or gives additional force to the sentiment. Thus, in the opening part of the scene above alluded to,

where Andromache comes out to meet her husband :

Ἦ οἱ ἐπεὶ ἤνις, ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολος κίεν αὐτῇ,
 Παῖδ' ἐπὶ κόλπον ἔχουσ' ἀταλάφρονα, νήπιον αὐτῶς,
 Ἐκτορὶδην ἀγαπήδον ἀλίγκιον ἄστρι καλῷ.

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

Mr Pope has here inexcusably suppressed the highly significant epithet, *ἀταλάφρονα*, which so beautifully expresses the *insensibility* of the infant ("having no feeling of its own misery").

It were to be wished, that Mr Melmoth, who is certainly one of the best of the English translators, had always been as scrupulous in retrenching the ideas of his author, as we might have expected from his censure of Mr Pope. Cicero thus superscribes one of his letters: *M. T. C. Terentiæ, et Paternæ suavissimæ filiæ Tulliolæ, Cicero matri et sorori S. D.* (Ep. Fam. l. 14. ep. 18.) And

and another in this manner: *Tullius Terentia, et Pater Tulliolæ, duabus animis suis, et Cicero Matri optimæ, suavissimæ sorori.* (Lib. 14. ep. 14.) Why are these addresses entirely sunk in the translation, and a naked title poorly substituted for them, “To Terentia and Tullia,” and “To the same?” The addresses to these letters give them their highest value, as they mark the warmth of the author’s heart, and the strength of his conjugal and paternal affections.

IN one of Pliny’s Epistles, speaking of Regulus, he says, *Ut ipse mihi dixerit quum consuleret, quàm citò sestertium sexcenties impleturus esset, invenisse se exta duplicata, quibus portendi millies et ducenties habiturum,* (Plin. Ep. l. 2. ep. 20.) Thus translated by Melmoth: “That he once told me, upon consulting the omens, to know how soon he should be worth sixty millions of sesterces, he found them so favourable to him as to portend that he should possess double that sum.” Here a material part of the original idea is omitted; no less than that very circumstance upon which

the omen turned, viz. that the entrails of the victim were double.

CLAUDIAN thus describes a romantic solitude on the sea-coast, near Marseilles, which was feigned to be haunted by spirits :

*Est locus extremum pandit qua Gallia littus
 Oceani prætentus aquis, qua fertur Ulysses
 Sanguine libato populum movisse silentum :
 Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantâm
 Flebilis auditur questus ; simulacra coloni
 Pallida, defunctasque vident migrare figuras.*

CLAUD. *In Ruf. l. 1.*

Thus translated by Mr Addison :

A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
 Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds :
 Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
 And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead :
 Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
 Of melancholy ghosts that hover round ;
 The lab'ring plowman oft with horror spies
 Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
 A dreadful scene ! and skim before his eyes.

}

Remarks on several parts of Italy;

THIS translation, on the whole, has much merit; and the latter part, “The lab’ring
“plowman,” &c. perhaps improves on the beauty of the original: but one circumstance eminently characteristic, is very imperfectly conveyed, *tenui stridore volantûm*; the faint rushing sound of the spirits in their flight.

ANALOGOUS to the liberty of adding to or retrenching from the ideas of the original, is the privilege which a translator may assume of correcting what appears to him a careless or inaccurate expression of the original, where that inaccuracy seems materially to affect the sense. Tacitus says, when Tiberius was entreated to take upon him the government of the empire, *Ille variè disserebat, de magnitudine imperii, suâ modestiâ*. An. l. 1. c. 11. Here the word *modestia* is improperly applied. The author could not mean to say, that Tiberius discoursed to the people about his own modesty. He wished that his discourse should seem to proceed from modesty; but he did not talk to them about his modesty. D’Alembert saw this

impropriety, and he has therefore well translated the passage : ‘ Il répondit par des “ discours généraux sur son peu de talent, “ et sur la grandeur de l’empire.”

A similar impropriety, not indeed affecting the sense, but offending against the dignity of the narrative, occurs in that passage where Tacitus relates, that Augustus, in the decline of life, after the death of Drusus, appointed his son Germanicus to the command of eight legions on the Rhine, *At, hercule, Germanicum Druso ortum octo apud Rhenum legionibus imposuit*, An. l. 1. c. 3. There was no occasion here for the historian swearing ; and though, to render the passage with strict fidelity, an English translator must have said, “ Augustus, Egad, gave Germanicus, the son of Drusus, the command of “ eight legions on the Rhine,” we cannot hesitate to say, that the simple fact is better announced without such embellishment.

It may be stated as a general observation, that the nature of the work ought to regu-

late the conduct of the translator with regard to the strictness he must observe, or the liberties he may use with his original. Works which consist of fact and detail demand a more scrupulous fidelity than those of which the basis is sentiment.

WE have very little of professed translation from the pen of Justus Lipsius, except some small portions of Polybius, which were necessary for illustrating his own Treatise on the *Roman Art of War*. These passages are rendered into Latin with the most exact conformity to the original text; the writer justly remarking, that in interpreting those parts of an ancient author which treat of controverted facts, or contain descriptions that admit of different opinions, even the change of a single word may be of consequence: *cum de re agitur, verbum additum aut omissum, aut laxius etiam redditum, magnas facit vel mutationes, vel errationes*. That the same learned writer judged so scrupulous a fidelity by no means requisite in the exercise of the usual duty of a translator, we learn from the advice he gives to

a friend, who was then engaged in translating the Treatise *De Constantia* (a work of Lipsius) into German. This advice, which, though given in the writer's quaint manner, is equally the result of a sound judgment and a just taste, is applicable to all works of which sentiment and eloquence are the basis, rather than fact or narration: "*Constantiam nostram—vertis. Vidi specimen et probo. Illud tamen vellem, plus aliquid tibi permitteres, nec vestigia usquequaque sermonis Latini premeres pede tam certo. Arcta per hanc curam versio, astricta, tenuis, sæpe obscura. Est suus videlicet cuique linguæ genius, quem non avelas, nec temere migrare jusseris in corpus alienum. Quàm multa Latinè breviter scripserim; quæ si totidem verbis transferas, sententia nec plana satis, nec plena sit! Quàm multa rectè et altè, quæ in aliâ linguâ jaceant, aut vacillent! Quod iis præsertim evenit, quorum stilus paullò magis ab eruditione habet et a curâ. Jam allusiones illas annotationes, flexus, et in uno sæpè verbo imagines, quæ tam dextra mens vertat, ut eadem vis iis aut Venus? Exorbita igitur: et hoc*

erit rectam in vertendo viam tenere, viam non tenere.

BUT if such was Lipsius's opinion of the freedom which ought to be allowed, and is even required in the translation of a rhetorical composition, we have seen, that both by his precept and example, he disapproved of all amplification in works of an historical nature, *cùm de re agitur*. It is indeed much to be regretted, when works of this kind fall, by unlucky chance, into the hands of a pedantic translator, who piques himself on his talent for elegant embellishment. In the Latin version by Bartolomæus Facius of Arrian's History of the Expedition of Alexander, the original work, which in the simplicity of the narrative rivals the composition of Xenophon or Cæsar, is in a thousand instances miserably disfigured by the impertinent amplifications and rhetorical ornaments of the translator. I shall give a single specimen, which is noticed in the Preface by Vulcanius to Henry Stephen's edition of Arrian, 1575. The Greek author, mentioning the false report of Alex-

ander's death, in consequence of a wound received in fighting against the Malli, and the effect which that report had upon the Grecian army, says,

Καὶ τὰ μὲν πρῶτα οἰμωγὴ ἦν τῆς στρατιάς ξυμπάσης, ἄλλα ἄλλω παραδιδόντος τὴν φήμην· παυσάμενοι δὲ τῆς οἰμωγῆς, ἄθυμοι τε καὶ ἄποροι ἦσαν, ὅσις μὲν ἐξηγεμενος εἶσθαι τῆς στρατιάς, (πολλοὶς γὰρ δὴ ἐν ἴσῳ τὰ τῆς ἀξιώσεως ἐδόκει πρὸς τε αὐτῷ Ἀλεξάνδρῃ καὶ πρὸς Μακεδόνων καθεσηκέναι).

“ At first there was a general voice of lamentation through the whole army ; each man conveying the disastrous intelligence to his neighbour : but when that lamentation abated, all became anxious and doubtful who should be the proper person to take the chief command : (for there were several officers who, in the judgment both of the Macedonians and of Alexander himself, seemed to be equally deserving of that important charge).” Such is the literal sense of the passage : let us now observe how it is rendered by Facius. *Ac primum quidem ejulatus ac fremitus totis*

castris fuit, regis sui fortunam deplorantium :
*Tantum imperatorem ac ducem, in tanto æta-
tis flore, tantisque rebus gestis, in ipso rerum
cardine, quum is totum orbem terrarum im-
perio suo subjecturus videretur, sibi immatura
morte ereptum. Invidisse Deos felicitati ejus,
qui invictum per tot gentes regem, atque om-
nibus terris formidabilem, et Deo quam mor-
tali similiorem, è vita sustulissent. Deinde
ad se conversi, sortem suam deplorare ac la-
mentari, animi simul et consilii inopes, quis-
nam tanti exercitus dux, posthac futurus esset,
inter se mæsti requirebant. Pleriquè rem
Alexandri et Macedonum in æquo ponebant.*
In this piece of splendid declamation, which
must have been allowed the praise of elo-
quence, if it had appeared in the speech of an
orator, the translator is guilty of *three* egre-
gious faults : He has mutilated in one part
his author's sense; for "Αλλου ἄλλω παραδιδόντος
τὴν φήμην is not translated at all : he has, in
the last clause of the sentence, mistaken the
author's meaning, in the words, πολλοῖς γὰρ
δὴ ἐν ἴσῳ τῆς ἀξιοσεως, &c. ; and he has, through
the whole, introduced a variety of additional
ideas, and reflections political and moral, re-

garding the fortunes and fate of Alexander, of which there is not a trace in the original ; thus interpolating, disfiguring and disguising his author, and utterly departing from his style and manner, so as scarcely to leave a resemblance between the copy and its prototype.

CHAP. IV.

Of the freedom allowed in Poetical Translation.—Progress of Poetical Translation in England.—B. Johnson, Holiday, Sandys, Fanshaw, Dryden.—Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse.—Pope's Homer.

IN the preceding chapter, in treating of the liberty assumed by translators, of adding to, or retrenching from the ideas of the original, several examples have been given, where that liberty has been assumed with propriety both in prose composition and in poetry. In the latter, it is more peculiarly allowable. “I conceive it,” says Sir John Denham, “a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact or mat-

“ ters of faith ; but whosoever aims at it
“ in poetry, as he attempts at what is not
“ required, so shall he never perform what he
“ attempts ; for it is not his business alone
“ to translate language into language, but
“ poesie into poesie ; and poesie is of so
“ subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one
“ language into another, it will all evapo-
“ rate ; and if a new spirit is not added in
“ the transfusion, there will remain nothing
“ but a *caput mortuum*.” *Denham’s Preface to the 2d book of Virgil’s Æneid.*

IN poetical translation, the English writers of the 16th, and the greatest part of the 17th century, seem to have had no other care than (in Denham’s phrase) to translate language into language, and to have placed their whole merit in presenting a literal and servile transcript of their original.

BEN JOHNSON, in his translation of Horace’s Art of Poetry, has paid no attention to the judicious precept of the very poem he was translating :

*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres.*

Witness the following specimens, which will strongly illustrate Denham's judicious observations.

———Mortalia facta peribunt ;
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

De Art. Poet.

——— All mortal deeds
Shall perish ; so far off it is the state
Or grace of speech should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead shall be reviv'd,
And much shall die that now is nobly liv'd,
If custom please, at whose disposing will
The power and rule of speaking resteth still.

B. JOHNSON:

*Interdum tamen et vocem Comædia tollit,
Iratuque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,
Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.*

Yet sometime doth the Comedy excite,
Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes outright,
With swelling throat, and oft the tragic wight
Complains in humble phrase. Both Telephus
And Peleus, if they seek to heart-strike us,
That are spectators, with their misery,
When they are poor and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard-phrase, and foot-and-half-foot words.

B. JOHNSON.

So, in B. Johnson's translations from the Odes and Epodes of Horace, besides the most servile adherence to the words, even the measure of the original is imitated.

Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hyems ad hoc vertat mare :
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus.
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum ;
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori.

HOR. *Epod.* 2.

Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize,
 Nor turbot, nor bright golden eyes ;
 If with east floods the winter troubled much
 Into our seas send any such :
 The Ionian godwit, nor the ginny-hen
 Could not go down my belly then
 More sweet than olives that new-gather'd be,
 From fattest branches of the tree,
 Or the herb sorrel that loves meadows still,
 Or mallows loosing bodies ill.

B. JOHNSON.

OF the same character for rigid fidelity, is the translation of Juvenal by Holiday, a writer of great learning, and even of critical acuteness, as the excellent commentary on his author fully shews.

*Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
 Auroram et Gangem pauci dignoscere possunt
 Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
 Erroris nebulâ. Quid enim ratione timemus,
 Aut cupimus ? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
 Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti.
 Evertêre domos totas optantibus ipsis
 Dii faciles.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

In all the world which between Cadiz lies
And eastern Ganges, few there are so wise
To know true good from feign'd, without all mist
Of Error. For by Reason's rule what is't
We fear or wish? What is't we e'er begun
With foot so right, but we dislik'd it done?
Whole houses th' easie gods have overthrow'n
At their fond prayers that did the houses own.

HOLIDAY'S *Juvenal*.

THERE were, however, even in that age, some writers who manifested a better taste in poetical translation. May, in his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and Sandys, in his *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, while they strictly adhered to the sense of their authors, and generally rendered line for line, have given to their versions both an ease of expression and a harmony of numbers, which make them approach very near to original composition. The reason is, they have disdained to confine themselves to a literal interpretation, but have everywhere adapted their expression to the idiom of the language in which they wrote.

THE following passage will give no unfavourable idea of the style and manner of May. In the 9th book of the *Pharsalia*, Cæsar, when in Asia, is led from curiosity to visit the Plain of Troy.

Here fruitless trees, old oaks with putrefy'd
And sapless roots, the Trojan houses hide,
And temples of their Gods : all Troy's o'erspread
With bushes thick, her ruins ruined.

He sees the bridall grove Anchises lodg'd ;
Hesione's rock ; the cave where Paris judg'd ;
Where nymph Oenone play'd ; the place so fam'd
For Ganymedes' rape ; each stone is nam'd.

A little gliding stream, which Xanthus was,
Unknown he past, and in the lofty grass
Securely trode ; a Phrygian straight forbid
Him tread on Hector's dust ! (with ruins hid,
The stone retain'd no sacred memory.)

Respect you not great Hector's tomb, quoth he !
—O great and sacred work of poesy,
That free'st from fate, and giv'st eternity
To mortal wights ! But Cæsar, envy not
Their living names, if Roman Muses aught
May promise thee, while Homer's honoured
By future times, shall thou, and I, be read :

No age shall us with darke oblivion staine,
But our Pharsalia ever shall remain.

MAY'S *Lucan*, b. 9.

Jam silvæ steriles, et putres robore trunci
Assaraci pressere domos, et templa deorum
Jam lassa radice tenent : ac tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis ; etiam periere ruinæ.
Aspicit Hesiones scopulos, silvasque latentes
Anchisæ thalamos ; quo judex sederit antro ;
Unde puer raptus cælo ; quo vertice Nais
Luserit Oenone : nullum est sine nomine saxum.
Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum
Transierat, qui Xanthus erat ; securus in alto
Gramine ponebat gressus : Phryx incola manes
Hectoreos calcare vetat : discussa jacebant
Saxa, nec ullius faciem servantia sacri :
Hectoreas, monstrator ait, non respicis aras ?
O sacer, et magnus vatum labor ; omnia fato
Eripis, et populis donas mortalibus ævum !
Invidia sacræ, Cæsar, ne tangere famæ :
Nam siquid Latiis fas est promittere Musis,
Quantum Smyrnei durabunt vatis honores,
Venturi me teque legent : Pharsalia nostra
Vivet, et a nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo.

Pharsal. l. 9.

INDEPENDENTLY of the excellence of the above translation, in completely conveying the sense, the force, and spirit of the original, it possesses one beauty which the more modern English poets have entirely neglected, or rather purposely banished from their versification in rhyme; I mean the varied harmony of the measure, which arises from changing the place of the pauses. In the modern heroic rhyme, the pause is almost invariably found at the end of a couplet. In the older poetry, the sense is continued from one couplet to another, and closes in various parts of the line, according to the poet's choice, and the completion of his his meaning:

A little gliding stream, which Xanthus was,
Unknown he past—and in the lofty grass
Securely trode—a Phrygian straight forbid
Him tread on Hector's dust—with ruins hid,
The stone retain'd no sacred memory.

HE must be greatly deficient in a musical ear, who does not prefer the varied har-

mony of the above lines to the uniform return of sound, and chiming measure of the following ;

Here all that does of Xanthus stream remain,
Creeps a small brook along the dusty plain.
While careless and securely on they pass,
The Phrygian guide forbids to press the grass ;
This place, he said, for ever sacred keep,
For here the sacred bones of Hector sleep :
Then warns him to observe, where rudely cast,
Disjointed stones lay broken and defac'd.

Rowe's *Lucan*.

YET the *Pharsalia* by Rowe is, on the whole, one of the best of the modern translations of the classics. Though sometimes diffuse and paraphrastical, it is in general faithful to the sense of the original ; the language is animated, the verse correct and melodious ; and when we consider the extent of the work, it is not unjustly characterised by Dr Johnson, as one of " the greatest productions of English poetry."

OF similar character to the versification of May, though sometimes more harsh in its structure, is the poetry of Sandys :

There's no Alcyone ! none, none ! she died
Together with her Ceyx. Silent be
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see
My shipwreck'd Lord. I knew him ; and my hands
Thrust forth t' have held him : but no mortal bands
Could force his stay. A ghost ! yet manifest,
My husband's ghost : which, Oh, but ill express'd
His forme and beautie, late divinely rare !
Now pale and naked, with yet dropping haire :
Here stood the miserable ! in this place :
Here, here ! (and sought his aerie steps to trace).

SANDYS' *Ovid*, b. 11.

*Nulla est Alcyone, nulla est, ait ; occidit una
Cum Ceyce suo ; solantia tollite verba :
Naufragus interiit ; vidi agnovique, manusque
Ad discedentem, cupiens retinere, tetendi.
Umbra fuit : sed et umbra tamen manifesta, virique
Vera mei ; non ille quidem, si quæris, habebat
Assuetos vultus, nec quo prius ore nitebat.
Pallentem, nudumque, et adhuc humente capillo,*

Infelix vidi : stetit hoc miserabilis ipso

Ecce loco : (et quærit vestigia siqua supersint.)

Metam. l. 11.

IN the above example, the *solantia tollite verba* is translated with peculiar felicity, “ Silent be all sounds of comfort ;” as are these words, *Nec quo prius ore nitebat*, “ Which, oh ! but ill express’d his forme
“ and beautie.” “ No mortal bands could
“ force his stay,” has no strictly corresponding sentiment in the original. It is a happy amplification ; which shews that Sandys knew what freedom was allowed to a poetical translator, and could avail himself of it.

FROM the time of Sandys, who published his translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, in 1626, there does not appear to have been much improvement in the art of translating poetry till the age of Dryden * :

* In the poetical works of Milton, we find many noble imitations of detached passages of the ancient classics ; but there is nothing that can be termed a translation, unless an

for though Sir John Denham has thought proper to pay a high compliment to Fanshaw on his translation of the *Pastor Fido*, terming him the inventor of “a new and “nobler way*” of translation, we find nothing in that performance which should entitle it to more praise than the *Metamorphoses* by Sandys, and the *Pharsalia* by May †.

English version of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; which it is probable the author meant as a whimsical experiment of the effect of a strict conformity in English both to the expression and measure of the Latin. See this singular composition in the Appendix, NO. 2.

* That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame;
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

DENHAM to SIR R. FANSHAW.

† One of the best passages of Fanshaw's translation of the *Pastor Fido*, is the celebrated apostrophe to Spring:

BUT it was to Dryden that poetical translation owed a complete emancipation from her fetters ; and exulting in her new liberty, the danger now was, that she should run

Spring, the year's youth, fair mother of new flowers,
New leaves, new loves, *drawn by the winged hours*,
Thou art return'd ; but the felicity
Thou brought'st me last is not return'd with thee.
Thou art return'd ; but nought returns with thee,
Save my lost joy's regretful memory.
Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund : but I am no more
The thing I was, so gracious in her sight,
Who is heaven's masterpiece and earth's delight.
O bitter sweets of love ! far worse it is
To lose than never to have tasted bliss.

O Primavera gioventu del anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'herbe novelle, e di novelli amori :
Tu torni ben, ma teco,
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie !
Tu torni ben, tu torni,
Ma teco altro non torna
Che del perduto mio caro tesoro
La rimembranza misera e dolente.

into the extreme of licentiousness. The followers of Dryden saw nothing so much to be emulated in his translations as the ease of his poetry: Fidelity was but a secondary object, and translation for a while was considered as synonymous with paraphrase. A judicious spirit of criticism was now wanting, to prescribe bounds to this increasing licence, and to determine to what precise degree a poetical translator might assume to himself the character of an original writer. In that design, Roscommon wrote his *Essay on Translated Verse*; in

Tu quella se' tu quella,
Ch'eri pur dianzi vezzosa e bella.
Ma non son io già quel ch'un tempo fui,
Si caro a gli occhi altrui.
O dolcezze amarissime d'amore!
Quanto è più duro perdervi, che mai
Non v'haver ò provate, ò possedute!

Pastor Fido, act 3. sc. 1.

In those parts of the English version which are marked in Italics, there is some attempt towards a freedom of translation; but it is a freedom of which Sandys and May had long before given many happier specimens.

which, in general, he has shewn great critical judgment; but proceeding, as all reformers, with rigour, he has, amidst many excellent precepts on the subject, laid down one rule, which every true poet (and such only should attempt to translate a poet) must consider as a very prejudicial restraint. After judiciously recommending to the translator, first to possess himself of the sense and meaning of his author, and then to imitate his manner and style, he thus prescribes a general rule,

Your author always will the best advise;

Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.

FAR from adopting the former part of this maxim, I conceive it to be the duty of a poetical translator, never to suffer his original to fall *. He must maintain with him

* I am aware, that a sense may be given to this precept of Roscommon, which will justify its propriety: "Let the
"elevation of the copy keep pace with that of the original,
"where the subject requires elevation of expression: let it
"imitate it likewise in plainness and simplicity, if such be

a perpetual contest of genius ; he must attend him in his highest flights, and soar, if he can, beyond him : and when he perceives, any time, a diminution of his powers, when he sees a drooping wing, he must raise him on his own pinions *. Homer has been judged by the best critics to fall at times beneath himself, and to offend, by introducing low images and puerile allusions. Yet how admirably is this defect veiled over, or altogether removed, by his translator Pope. In the beginning of the 8th book

“ the character which the sentiment requires.” I have no fault to find with the precept, if so qualified.

* A very ingenious critic, to whom I am indebted for a singularly able and candid review of this Essay in the European Magazine, for September and October 1793, has censured this opinion as allowing to translators a liberty of departing from that truth and fidelity of representation, which it is their first duty rigidly to observe. But in a subsequent part of the same criticism, it appears, that this difference of opinion is more a seeming than a real opposition of sentiment : and I am happy to find the opinion I have advanced on this head, sanctioned by so respectable an authority as that of M. Delille ; whose translation of the Georgics of Virgil, though censurable (as I shall remark) in a few particulars, is, on the whole, a very fine performance. “ Il faut etre quelquefois

of the Iliad, Jupiter is introduced in great majesty, calling a council of the gods, and giving them a solemn charge to observe a strict neutrality between the Greeks and Trojans :

Ἦὸς μὲν προκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν·
 Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος,
 Ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Οὐλύμποιο·
 Αὐτὸς δὲ σφ' ἀγόρευε, θεοὶ δ' ἅμα πάντες ἄκρον·

“ AURORA with her saffron robe had
 “ spread returning light upon the world,
 “ when Jove delighting-in-thunder sum-

“ superieur à son original, précisément parce qu'on lui est
 “ tres-inférieur.” *Delille Disc. Prelim. à la Trad. des*
Georgiques. Of the same opinion is the elegant author of
 the poem on Translation :

Unless an author like a mistress warms,
 How shall *we* hide *his* faults, or taste his charms ?
 How all his modest, latent beauties find ;
 How trace each lovelier feature of the mind ;
 Soften each blemish, and each grace improve,
 And treat him with the dignity of love ?

FRANCKLIN,

“ moned a council of the gods upon the
 “ highest point of the many-headed Olym-
 “ pus; and while he thus harangued, all
 “ the immortals listened with deep atten-
 “ tion.” This is a very solemn opening;
 but the expectation of the reader is mise-
 rably disappointed by the harangue itself,
 of which I shall give a literal translation,

Κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ, πᾶσαι τε θείαιαι,
 Ὅφρ' εἶπω, τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει·
 Μῆτε τις ἔν θήλεια θεὸς τόγε, μήτε τις ἄρσιν
 Πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ἔπος· ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντες
 Αἰνεῖτ', ὅφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
 Ον δ' ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐδέλον' αἰ νοήσω
 Ἐλθόντ', ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηγέμεν, ἢ Δαναοῖσι,
 Πληγὰς δ' ἀκατακοσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε·
 Ἡ μιν ἐλὼν ῥίψω ἐς Τάρταρον ἡερόεντα,
 Τῆλε μαλλ', ἥχι βάθισον ὑποχθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
 Ἐνθα σιδήρεαι τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος ἐδὸς,
 Τόσσον ἔνερθ' αἶδω, ὅσον ἐρανός ἐς' ἀπὸ γαίης·
 Γνώσεται ἔπειθ', ὅσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
 Εἴδ' ἄγε, πειρήσασθε θεοὶ, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες,
 Σειρὴν χρυσείην ἐξ ἐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες·
 Πάντες δ' ἐξώπλισθε θεοὶ, πᾶσαι τε θείαιαι·
 Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἂν μ' ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ ἐρανόθεν πεδίοις

Ζῆν' ὕπατον μήσωρ', ἐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε·
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλοιμι ἐρύσσαι
 Αὐτῇ κεν γαίῃ ἐρύσαιμ', αὐτῇ τε θαλάσσῃ·
 Σειρην μὲν κεν ἔπειτα περὶ ρίον Οὐλύμποιο
 Δησαίμην· τὰ δέ κ' αὖτε μετῆορα πάντα γένοιτο·
 Τόσσον ἐγὼ περὶ τ' εἰμὶ θεῶν, περὶ τ' εἰμὶ ἀνθρώπων·

“ Hear me, all ye gods and goddesses,
 “ whilst I declare to you the dictates of
 “ my inmost heart. Let neither male nor
 “ female of the gods attempt to controvert
 “ what I shall say ; but let all submissively
 “ assent, that I may speedily accomplish my
 “ undertakings : for whoever of you shall
 “ be found withdrawing to give aid either
 “ to the Trojans or Greeks, shall return to
 “ Olympus marked with dishonourable
 “ wounds : or else I will seize him, and
 “ hurl him down to gloomy Tartarus, where
 “ there is a deep dungeon under the earth,
 “ with gates of iron, and a threshold of
 “ brass, as far below hell, as the earth is be-
 “ low the heavens. Then he shall know
 “ how much stronger I am than all the
 “ other gods. But come now, Gods, and make

“ trial, that ye may all be convinced. Sus-
“ pend a golden chain from heaven, and
“ hang all by one end of it, with your whole
“ weight, gods and goddesses together : you
“ will never pull down from the heaven to
“ the earth, me, Jupiter, the supreme coun-
“ sellor, though you should strain with your
“ utmost force. But when I choose to pull,
“ I will raise you all, with the earth and
“ sea together, and fastening the chain to
“ the top of Olympus, will keep you all
“ suspended at it. So much am I superior
“ both to gods and men.”

OR, as the same speech is rendered in a similar strain of tame fidelity, with the addition only of metrical rhythm, by Cowper :

Gods ! goddesses ! inhabitants of heaven !
Attend ; I make my secret purpose known.
Let neither god nor goddess interpose
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
Approve it, that it reach at once its end.
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
Disgrace shall find him ; shamefully chastised
He shall return to the Olympian height,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulphs

Of gloomy Tartarus, where hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.
There shall he learn how far I pass in might
All others ; which if ye incline to doubt,
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From heaven, and at its nether links pull all,
Both goddesses and gods. But me your king
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may :
Yet I, when once I shall be pleas'd to pull,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp,
Of the Olympian, that all things upheav'd
Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I
Compared with all who live, transcend them all.

It must be owned, that this speech is far beneath the dignity of the Thunderer ; that the braggart vaunting in the beginning of it is nauseous ; and that a mean and ludicrous picture is presented, by the whole group of gods and goddesses pulling at one end of a chain, and Jupiter at the other. To veil these defects in a translation, was

difficult *; but to give any degree of dignity to this speech, required certainly most uncommon powers. Cowper, an excellent

* Witness the attempt of a translator of no ordinary ability.

Pulchra mari, crocea surgens in veste, per omnes
Fundebat sese terras Aurora : deorum
Summo concilium cœlo regnator habebat.
Cuncta silent : Solio ex alto sic Jupiter orsus.

Huc aures cuncti, mentesque advertite vestras,
Dique Deæque, loquar dum quæ fert corde voluntas,
Dicta probate omnes ; neve hinc præcidere quisquam
Speret posse aliquid, seu mas seu fœmina. Siquis
Auxilio veniens, dura inter prælia, Troas
Juverit, aut Danaos, fœde remeabit Olympum
Saucius : arreptumve obscura in Tartara longè
Demittam ipse manu jaciens ; immane barathrum
Altè ubi sub terram vasto descendit hiatu,
Orcum infra, quantum jacet infra sidera tellus :
Ære solum, æterno ferri stant robore portæ.
Quam cunctis melior sim Dīs, tum denique discet.
Quin agite, atque meas jam nunc cognoscite vires,
Ingentem heic auro e solido religate catenam,
Deinde manus cuncti validas adhibete, trahentes
Ad terram : non ulla fuit vis tanta, laborque,

poet, it is plain from the foregoing specimen, has failed egregiously. Yet I am much mistaken, if Mr Pope has not happily succeeded. I shall take the passage from the beginning :

“ Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
 “ Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn,
 “ When Jove conven’d the senate of the skies,
 “ Where high Olympus’ cloudy tops arise,
 “ The sire of Gods his awful silence broke,
 “ The heavens attentive, trembled as he spoke.

“ Celestial states, immortal gods ! give ear ;
 “ Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear ;
 “ The fix’d decree, which not all heaven can move ;
 “ Thou, fate ! fulfil it ; and, ye powers ! approve !
 “ What God but enters yon forbidden field,
 “ Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
 “ Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
 “ Gash’d with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven ;

Cœlesti qui sede Jovem deducere possit.

Ast ego vos, terramque et magni cœrula ponti

Stagna traham, dextra attollens, et vertice Olympi

Suspendam : vacuo pendebunt aëre cuncta.

Tantum supra homines mea vis, et numina supra est.

Ilias Lat. vers. express. a Raymundo Cunighio, Rom. 1776.

“ Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown,
“ Low in the dark Tartarean gulph shall groan ;
“ With burning chains fix’d to the brazen floors,
“ And lock’d by hell’s inexorable doors ;
“ As deep beneath th’ infernal centre hurl’d,
“ As from that centre to th’ ethereal world.
“ Let him who tempts me dread those dire abodes ;
“ And know th’ Almighty is the God of gods.
“ League all your forces then, ye pow’rs above,
“ Join all, and try th’ omnipotence of Jove :
“ Let down our golden everlasting chain,
“ Whose strong embrace holds Heaven, and Earth, and
“ Main :
“ Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
“ To drag by this, the Thunderer down to earth :
“ Ye strive in vain ! If I but stretch this hand,
“ I heave the gods, the ocean and the land ;
“ I fix the chain to great Olympus’ height,
“ And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !
“ For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
“ And such are men and gods, compar’d to Jove * !”

F 4

* See a translation of this passage by Hobbes, in the true spirit of the *Bathos*. Appendix, NO. 3.

It would be endless to point out all the instances in which Mr Pope has improved both upon the thought and expression of his original. We find frequently in Homer, amidst the most striking beauties, some circumstances introduced which diminish the merit of the thought or of the description. In such instances, the good taste of the translator invariably covers the defect of the original, and often converts it into an additional beauty. Thus, in the simile in the beginning of the 3d book, there is one circumstance which offends against good taste.

Εὔτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι Νότος κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην,
 Παιμέσιν ἔτι φίλην, κλέπτῃ δὲ τε νυκτὸς αμείνω,
 Τὸ σπον τίς τ' ἐπιλεύσσει, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ λαῶν ἦσιν·
 Ὡς ἄρα τῶν ὑπο ποσσὶ κοίσσσαλος ἄρνυτ' ἀελλῆς
 Ερχομένων· μάλα δ' ᾧκα διέπρησσαν πεδίοιο.

“ As when the south wind pours a thick
 “ cloud upon the tops of the mountains,
 “ whose shade is unpleasant to the shep-
 “ herds, but more commodious to the thief
 “ than the night itself, and when the gloom

“ is so intense, that one cannot see farther
“ than he can throw a stone : So rose the
“ dust under the feet of the Greeks march-
“ ing silently to battle.”

WITH what superior taste has the translator heightened this simile, and exchanged the offending circumstance for a beauty. The fault is in the third line ; τὸσον τίς τ' ἐπιλεύσει, &c. which is a mean idea, compared with that which Mr Pope has substituted in its stead :

“ Thus from his shaggy wings when Eurus sheds
“ A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
“ Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
“ To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade ;
“ While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
“ Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day :
“ So wrapt in gath'ring dust the Grecian train,
“ A moving cloud, swept on and hid the plain.”

IN the 9th book of the Iliad, v. 484. where Phoenix reminds Achilles of the care he had taken of him while an infant, one circumstance extremely mean, and even disgusting, is found in the original.

——— ὅτε δὴ σ' ἐπ' ἑμοῖσιν ἔγω γενασσι καθίσσας,
 Οψε τ' ἄσαιμι προταμῶν, καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχών.
 Πολλάκι μοι κατέδυσας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
 Οἶνε ἀποβλύζων ἐν νηπιέῃ ἀλεγεινῇ.

“ When I placed you on my knees, I filled
 “ you full with meat minced down, and
 “ gave you wine, which you often vomited
 “ upon my bosom, and stained my clothes,
 “ in your troublesome infancy.” The
 English reader certainly feels an obligation to the translator for sinking altogether this nauseous image, which, instead of heightening the picture, greatly debases it :

Thy infant breast a like affection show'd,
 Still in my arms, an ever pleasing load ;
 Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'st thou stand,
 No food was grateful but from Phœnix hand :
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares *.

POPE.

* A similar instance of good taste occurs in the following translation of an epigram of Martial, where the indelicacy of

BUT even the highest beauties of the original receive additional lustre from this admirable translator.

the original is admirably corrected, and the sense at the same time is perfectly preserved :

Vis fieri liber ? mentiris, Maxime, non vis :

Sed fieri si vis, hac ratione potes.

Liber eris, cænare foris, si, Maxime, nolis :

Veientana tuam si domat uva sitim :

Si ridere potes miseri Chrysendeta Cinnæ :

Contentus nostrâ si potes esse togâ.

Si plebeia Venus gemino tibi vincitur asse :

Si tua non rectus tecta subire potes :

Hæc tibi si vis est, si mentis tanta potestas,

Liberior Partho vivere rege potes.

MART. lib. 2. ep. 53.

Non, d'être libre, cher Paulin,

Vous n'avez jamais eu l'envie ;

Entre nous, votre train de vie

N'en est point du tout le chemin.

Il vous faut grand'chère, bon vin,

Grand jeu, nombreuse campagne,

Maitresse fringante et jolie,

Et robe du drap le plus fin.

A striking example of this kind has been remarked by Mr Melmoth *. It is the translation of that picture in the end of the 8th book of the Iliad, which Eustathius esteemed the finest night-piece that could be found in poetry :

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν ἔρανῳ ἄστροι φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην,
 φαίνεται ἀριπρεπεία, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ,
 Ἐκ τ' ἐφάνον πᾶσαι σκοπιαί· καὶ πρόνες ἄκροι,
 καὶ νάπαι· ἔρνανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
 Πάντα δέ τ' αἶδετα ἄστρα· γέγηδε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν·

“ As when in the heavens the stars appear
 “ gracefully around the moon, when eve-
 “ ry breath of air is hush'd ; when the high
 “ watch-towers, the hills, and woods, are
 “ distinctly seen ; when the sky appears

Il faudroit aimer, au contraire,
 Vin commun, petit ordinaire,
 Habit simple, un ou deux amis ;
 Jamais de jeu, point d'Amarante :
 Voyez si le parti vous tente,
 La liberté n'est qu' à ce prix.

* Fitzosborne's Letters, l. 19.

“ to open to the sight, and every constellation is visible, and when the shepherd’s heart is delighted within him.” This is beautiful, even in the most literal prose ; but how nobly is the picture raised and improved by Mr Pope !

“ As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 “ O’er heav’n’s clear azure spreads her *sacred* light ;
 “ When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 “ *And not a cloud o’ercasts the solemn scene ;*
 “ Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 “ And stars unnumber’d gild the glowing pole ;
 “ O’er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 “ And tip with silver every mountain’s head :
 “ Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 “ *A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :*
 “ The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
 “ *Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light *.*

* Thus likewise translated with great beauty of poetry, and sufficient fidelity to the original.

Ut lunam circa fulgent cum lucida pulchro
 Astra choro, nusquam cœlo dum nubila, nusquam
 Aërios turbant ventorum flamina campos ;
 Apparent speculæ, nemoroso et vertice montes

THESE passages from Pope's Homer afford examples of a translator's improvement of his original, by a happy amplification and embellishment of his imagery, or by the judicious correction of defects ; but to fix the precise degree to which this amplification, this embellishment, and this liberty of correction, may extend, requires a great exertion of judgment. It may be useful to remark some instances of the want of this judgment.

It is always a fault when the translator adds to the sentiment of the original author, what does not strictly accord with his characteristic mode of thinking, or expressing himself.

Fron diferi et saltus ; latè se fulgidus æther
Pandit in immensum, penitusque abstrusa remoto
Signa polo produnt longè sese omnia ; gaudet
Visa tuens, hæretque immoto lumine pastor.

Ilias Lat. vers. a Raym. Cunighio, Rom. 1776.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui

Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ ;

Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,

Dulcè loquentem.

HOR. *Od.* 22. l. 1.

Thus translated by Roscommon :

The burning zone, the frozen isles,

Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles ;

All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,

And dare all heat, but that in Celia's eyes.

THE witty ideas in the two last lines are foreign to the original ; and the addition of these is quite unjustifiable, as they belong to a quaint species of wit, of which the writings of Horace afford no example.

EQUALLY faulty, therefore, is Cowley's translation of a passage in the Ode to Pyrrha :

Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem

Sperat, nescius auræ fallacis. ———

He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,

And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

As is the same author's version of that passage, which is characterised by its beautiful simplicity :

somnus agrestium

Lenis virorum non humiles domos
 Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam
 Non zephyris agitata Tempe.

HOR. 3. 1.

Sleep is a god, too proud to wait on palaces,
 And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
 The meanest country cottages ;
 This poppy grows among the corn.
 The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
 In any stormy breast :
 'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and darkness in their mind ;
 Darkness but half his work will do,
 'Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.

HERE is a profusion of wit, and poetic imagery ; but the whole is quite opposite to the character of the original.

CONGREVE is guilty of a similar impropriety in translating.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum

Soracte : nec jam sustineant onus

Sylvæ laborantes.

HOR. i. 9.

Bless me, 'tis cold ! how chill the air !

How naked does the world appear !

Behold the mountain tops around,

As if with fur of ermine crown'd :

And lo ! how by degrees,

The universal mantle hides the trees,

In hoary flakes which downward fly,

As if it were the autumn of the sky,

Whose fall of leaf would theirs supply :

Trembling, the groves sustain the weight, and bow,

Like aged limbs which feebly go,

Beneath a venerable head of snow.

No author of real genius is more censurable on this score than Dryden.

Obsidere alii telis angusta viarum

Oppositi : stat ferri acies mucrone corusco

Stricta parata neci.

Æneis, ii. 322.

Thus translated by Dryden :

To several posts their parties they divide,
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide :
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise ;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.

Of these four lines, there are scarcely more than four words which are warranted by the original. "Some block the narrow streets." Even this is a faulty translation of *Obsidere alii telis angusta viarum* ; but it fails on the score of mutilation, not redundancy. The rest of the ideas which compose these four lines, are the original property of the translator ; and the antithetical witticism in the concluding line, is far beneath the chaste simplicity of Virgil.

THE same author, Virgil, in describing a pestilential disorder among the cattle, gives the following beautiful picture, which, as an ingenious writer justly remarks *, has every excellence that can belong to descriptive poetry :

* Dr Beattie's Dissertation on Poetry and Music, p. 357. 4to. edit.

Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus
 Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem,
 Extremosque ciet gemitus. It tristis arator,
 Mœrentem abjungens fraterna morte juvenum,
 Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.

Which Mr Dryden thus translates :

The steer who to the yoke was bred to bow,
 (Studious of tillage and the crooked plow),
 Falls down and dies ; and dying, spews a flood
 Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
 The clown, who, *cursing Providence, repines*;
 His mournful fellow from the team disjoins ;
 With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
 And in the unfinish'd furrow leaves the share,

“ I would appeal to the reader,” says Dr Beattie, “ whether, by debasing the charming simplicity of *It tristis arator* with his blasphemous paraphrase, Dryden has not destroyed the beauty of the passage.” He has undoubtedly, even although the translation had been otherwise faultless. But it is very far from being so. *Duro fumans sub vomere*, is not translated at all, and another idea is put in its place. *Extremosque ciet*

gemitus, a most striking part of the description, is likewise entirely omitted. “Spews a flood,” is vulgar and nauseous; and “a flood of foamy madness” is nonsense. In short, the whole passage in the translation is a mass of error and impropriety*.

THE simple expression, *Jam Procyon furit*, in Horace, 3. 29. is thus translated by the same author :

The Syrian star
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky.

* A late translator of the *Georgics* thus renders the passage with equal fidelity and good taste :

At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,
Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke:
He groans his last: the melancholy swain
Leaves the fixt plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,
And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye
Beholds with fond regret a brother die.

The Georgics of Virgil transl. by W. SOTHEY.

This *barking* of a *star* is a bad specimen of the music of the spheres. Dryden, from the fervour of his imagination, and the rapidity with which he composed, is frequently guilty of similar impropriety in his metaphorical language. Thus, in his version of Du Fresnoy, *de Arte Graphica*, he translates

Indolis ut vigor inde potens obstrictus hebescat,

“ Neither would I extinguish the *fire* of a
“ *vein* which is lively and abundant.”

THE following passage in the second Georgic, as translated by Delille, is an example of vitious taste :

Ac, dum prima novis adolescit frondibus ætas,

Parcendum teneris : et dum se lætus ad auras

Palmes agit, laxis per purum immissus habenis,

Ipsa acies nondum falce tentanda.—

Quand ses premiers bourgeons s’empresseront d’éclore,

Que l’acier rigoureux n’y touche point encore ;

Même lorsque dans l’air, qu’il commence à braver,

Le rejetton moins frêle ose enfin s’élever ;

Pardonne à son audace en faveur de son âge.—

The expression of the original is bold and figurative, *latus ad auras*,—*laxis per purum immissus habenis*; but there is nothing that offends the chastest taste. The concluding line of the translation is disgustingly finical,

Pardonne à son audace en faveur de son âge.

MR Pope's translation of the following passage of the *Iliad*, is censurable on a similar account :

Λαοὶ μὲν φθινύθουσι περὶ πτόλιν, αἰπύ τε τῆχος,
Μαγνάρμυνοι·

Iliad, 6. 327.

For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend the wall.

Of this conceit, of dead men defending the walls of Troy, Mr Pope has the sole merit. The original, with grave simplicity, declares, that the people fell, fighting before the town, and around the walls*.

* Fitzosborne's Letters, 43.

IN the translation of the two following lines from Ovid's Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, the same author has added a witticism, which is less reprehensible, because it accords with the usual manner of the poet whom he translates ; yet it cannot be termed an improvement of the original :

“ Scribimus, et lachrymis oculi rorantur abortis,

“ Aspice, quàm sit in hoc multa litura loco.”

See, while I write, my words are lost in tears,

The less my sense, the more my love appears.

POPE.

THE favourite English anacreontic “ *Bussy, curious, thirsty Fly,*” is thus translated in the *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, vol. ii. ; a collection which contains some pieces of high merit.

Picta auro, et nitidis variata coloribus alas,

Musca, veni nostris hospes amica scyphis.

Hospes eris, madidæ seu te moderator uvæ

Hauftus, seu recreet plenior, hospes eris.

Indulge geniali horæ, faciliq̃ue Lyæo,

Dum sævum Lachesis tarda moratur opus.

Nam tua, devolvi præceps, brevis interit ætas,
Et nostra est parili præcipitata fugâ.
Non tamen est sortem cur indignemur iniquam,
Virgilius periit, Virgiliique culex *.

IN this version, which is not without merit, the superadded illustration in the last line, flowing naturally from the sentiment of the original, is no more than what is allowable in poetical translation; but I doubt if it is an improvement. Sure I am, at least, that *Dum sævum Lachesis tarda moratur opus*, though likewise consonant to the sentiment of the original, has no propriety

* Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I ;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up ;
Make the most of life you may ;
Life is short, and wears away :

Both alike, both thine and mine,
Hasten quick to their decline ;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore :
Threescore summers, when they're gone
Will appear as short as one.

when applied to the short life of *a fly*. In the version of the same anacreontic by Vincent Bourne, the translator, with better taste, has adhered to the chastened simplicity of the original, without any attempt at embellishment :

Potare, musca, de meo aut quovis scypho,

Vocata, non vocata, præsens advena ;

Lubens, libensque curiosam exple sitim,

Siccare totum, si valebis poculum :

Ævi fugacis punctulum carpe, arripe ;

Ævi, quod interire pergit indies.

Utriusque vita properat, et tua et mea,

Ad exitum cursu incitato vergere ;

Æstas tuæ, nec amplius spatium est meæ,

Ad bis tricenas usque si redit vices :

Cùm præteribit bis tricena, sicuti

Unius æstatis videbitur fuga.

BUT if authors, even of taste and genius, be found at times to have made an injudicious use of that liberty which is allowed in the translation of poetry, we must expect to see it miserably abused indeed, where those talents are evidently wanting. The following specimen of a Latin version of the *Paradise Lost*, is an example of every

thing that is vitious and offensive in poetical translation.

Primævi cano furta patris, furtumque secutæ
 Tristia fata necis, labes ubi prima notavit
 Quotquot Adamæo genitos de sanguine vidit
 Phæbus ad Hesperias ab Eoo cardine metas ;
 Quos procul auricomis Paradisi depulit hortis.
 Dira cupido attavûm, raptique injuria pomi :
 Terrigena donec meliorque et major Adamus,
 Amissis meliora bonis, majora reduxit.
 Quosque dedit morti lignum inviolabile, mortis
 Unicus ille alio rapuit de limine ligno.
 Terrenusque licet pereat Paradisus, at ejus
 Munere laxa patet Paradisi porta superni :
 Hæc æstro stimulata novo mens pandere gestit.
 Quis mihi monstret iter ? Quis carbasa nostra profundo
 Dirigat in dubio?————

GUL. HOGÆI *Paradisus Amissus*, l. 1.

How completely is Milton disguised in this translation ! His majesty exchanged for meanness, and his simplicity for bombast *.

* It is amusing to observe the conceit of this author, and the compliment he imagines he pays to the taste of his patron in applauding this miserable composition : “ Adeo tibi

THE preceding observations, though they principally regard the first general rule of translation, viz. that which enjoins a complete transfusion of the ideas and sentiments of the original work, have likewise a near connection with the second general rule, which I shall now proceed to consider.

“ placuit, ut quædam etiam in melius mutasse tibi visus fuerim.” With similar arrogance and absurdity, he gives Milton credit for the materials only of the poem, assuming to himself the whole merit of its structure: “ Miltonus Paradisum Amissum invenerat; ergo Miltoni hæc lana est, at mea tela tamen.”

CHAP. V.

Second General Rule : The Style and Manner of writing in a Translation should be of the same Character with that of the Original.—Translations of the Scriptures ;—Of Homer, &c. ;—A just Taste requisite for the Discernment of the Characters of Style and Manner.—Examples of failure in this particular ;—The grave exchanged for the formal ;—The elevated for the bombast ;—The lively for the petulant ;—The simple for the childish. —Hobbes, L'Es-trange, Echard, &c.

NEXT in importance to a faithful transfusion of the sense and meaning of an author, is an assimilation of the style and manner of writing in the translation to that of the original. This requisite of a good transla-

tion, though but secondary in importance, is more difficult to be attained than the former ; for the qualities requisite for justly discerning and happily imitating the various characters of style and manner, are much more rare than the ability of simply understanding an author's sense. A good translator must be able to discover at once the true character of his author's style. He must ascertain with precision to what class it belongs ; whether to that of the grave, the elevated, the easy, the lively, the florid and ornamented, or the simple and unaffected ; and these characteristic qualities he must have the capacity of rendering equally conspicuous in the translation as in the original. If a translator fail in this discernment, and want this capacity, let him be ever so thoroughly master of the sense of his author, he will present him through a distorting medium, or exhibit him often in a garb that is unsuitable to his character.

THE chief characteristic of the historical style of the Sacred Scriptures, is its simplicity. This character belongs indeed to the

language itself. Dr Campbell has justly remarked, that the Hebrew is a simple tongue; that “ their verbs have not, like the
“ Greek and Latin, a variety of moods and
“ tenses, nor do they, like the modern lan-
“ guages, abound in auxiliaries and con-
“ junctions. The consequence is, that in
“ narrative, they express by several simple
“ sentences, much in the way of the re-
“ lations used in conversation, what in
“ most other languages would be compre-
“ hended in one complex sentence of three
“ or four members *.” The same author gives, as an example of this simplicity, the beginning of the first chapter of Genesis, where the account of the operations of the Creator on the first day is contained in eleven separate sentences. “ 1. In the
“ beginning God created the Heaven and
“ the Earth. 2. And the earth was without
“ form, and void. 3. And darkness was
“ upon the face of the deep. 4. And the
“ spirit of God moved upon the face of the
“ waters. 5. And God said, let there be

* Third Preliminary Dissertation to a New Translation of the Four Gospels.

“ light. 6. And there was light. 7. And
“ God saw the light, that it was good. 8.
“ And God divided the light from the
“ darkness. 9. And God called the light
“ day. 10. And the darkness he called
“ night. 11. And the evening and the
“ morning were the first day.” “ This,”
says Dr Campbell, “ is a just representa-
“ tion of the style of the original. A more
“ perfect example of simplicity of struc-
“ ture, we can no where find. The sen-
“ tences are simple, the substantives are not
“ attended by adjectives, nor the verbs by
“ adverbs; no synonymas, no superlatives,
“ no effort at expressing things in a bold,
“ emphatical, or uncommon manner.”

CASTALIO's version of the Scriptures is
entitled to the praise of elegant Latinity,
and he is in general faithful to the sense of
his original; but he has totally departed
from its style and manner, by substituting
the complex and florid composition to the
simple and unadorned. His sentences are
formed in long and intricate periods, in
which many separate members are artfully

combined ; and we observe a constant endeavour at a classical phraseology and ornamented diction *. In Castalio's version of the foregoing passage of Genesis, nine sentences of the original are thrown into one period. 1. *Principio creavit Deus cælum et terram.* 2. *Quum autem esset terra iners atque rudis, tenebrisque effusum profundum, et divinus spiritus sese super aquas libraret, jussit Deus ut existeret lux, et extitit lux ; quam quum videret Deus esse bonam, lucem secrevit a tenebris, et lucem diem, et tenebras noctem appellavit.* 3. *Ita extitit ex vespere et mane dies primus.*

H

* “ His affectation of the manner of some of the poets
 “ and orators has metamorphosed the authors he interpreted,
 “ and stript them of the venerable signatures of antiquity,
 “ which so admirably befit them ; and which, serving as in-
 “ trinsic evidence of their authenticity, recommend their
 “ writings to the serious and judicious. Whereas, when ac-
 “ coutred in this new fashion, no body would imagine them
 “ to have been Hebrews ; and yet, (as some critics have justly
 “ remarked), it has not been within the compass of Castalio's
 “ art, to make them look like Romans.” Dr Campbell's
 10th Prelim. Diss.

DR BEATTIE has justly remarked, that the translation of the Old Testament by Castalio does great honour to that author's learning, but not to his taste. "The quaintness of his Latin betrays a deplorable inattention to the simple majesty of his original. In the Song of Solomon, he has debased the magnificence of the language and subject by *diminutives*, which, though expressive of familiar endearment, he should have known to be destitute of dignity, and therefore improper on solemn occasions."—" *Mea Columbula, ostende mihi tuum vulticulum; fac ut audiam tuam voculam; nam et voculam venustulam, et vulticulum habes lepidulum.— Veni in meos hortulos, sororcula mea sponsa.— Ego dormio, vigilante meo corcullo **," &c.

THE version of the Scriptures by Arias Montanus, is in some respects a contrast to that of Castalio. Arias, by adopting the li-

* Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition.

teral mode of translation, probably intended to give as faithful a picture as he could, both of the sense and manner of the original. Not considering the different genius of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin, in the various meaning and import of words of the same primary sense; the difference of combination and construction, and the peculiarity of idioms belonging to each tongue; he has treated the three languages as if they corresponded perfectly in all those particulars; and the consequence is, he has produced a composition which fails in every one requisite of a good translation: it conveys neither the sense of the original, nor its manner and style; and it abounds in barbarisms, solecisms, and grammatical inaccuracy*. In Latin, two negatives make an affirmative; but it is otherwise in Greek, they only give force to the negation †: *χαρις*

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* Dr Campbell, 10th Prel. Diss. part 2.

† The Greek language even admits of three negatives, with similar effect in strengthening the negation, as *Οὐδὲς ἀνὴρ οὐδὲν οὐδένος*.

ἐμὲ οὐ δυνασθε ποιεῖν ἔδειν, as translated by Arias, *sine me non potestis facere nihil*, is therefore directly contrary to the sense of the original : And surely that translator cannot be said either to do justice to the manner and style of his author, or to write with the ease of original composition, who, instead of perspicuous thought, expressed in pure, correct, and easy phraseology, gives us obscure and unintelligible sentiments, conveyed in barbarous terms and constructions, irreconcilable to the rules of the language in which he uses them. *Et nunc dixi vobis ante fieri, ut quum factum fuerit credatis.—Ascendit autem et Joseph a Galilæa in civitatem David, propter esse ipsum ex domo et familia David, describi cum Maria desponsata sibi uxore, existente prægnante. Factum autem in esse eos ibi, impleti sunt dies parere ipsam.—Venerunt ad portam, quæ spontanea aperta est eis, et exeuntes processerunt vicum.—Nunquid aquam prohibere potest quis ad non baptizare hos?—Spectat descendens super se vas quoddam linteum, quatuor initiis*

vinctum.—Aperiens autem Petrus os, dixit : In veritate deprehendo quia non est personarum acceptor Deus.*

THE characteristic of the language of Homer is strength united with simplicity. He employs frequent images, allusions, and similes ; but he very rarely uses metaphorical expression. The use of this style, therefore, in a translation of Homer, is an offence against the character of the original. Mr Pope, though not often, is sometimes char-

H 3

* The language of that ludicrous work, *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, is an imitation, and by no means an exaggerated picture of the style of Arias Montanus's version of the Scriptures. *Vos bene audivistis qualiter Papa habuit unum magnum animal quod vocatum fuit Elephas ; et habuit ipsum in magno honore, et valde amavit illud. Nunc igitur debetis scire, quod tale animal est mortuum. Et quando fuit infirmum, tunc Papa fuit in magna tristitia, et vocavit medicos plures, et dixit eis : Si est possibile, sanate mihi Elephas. Tunc fecerunt magnam diligentiam, et viderunt ei urinam, et dederunt ei unam purgationem quæ constat quinque centum aureos, sed tamen non potuerunt Elephas facere merdare, et sic est mortuum ; et Papa dolet multum super Elephas ; quia fuit mirabile animal, habens longum rostrum in magna quantitate.—Ast ego non curabo ista mundana negotia, quæ affe-
runt perditionem animæ. Valet.*

geable with this fault ; as where he terms the arrows of Apollo “ the feather’d fates,” Iliad, l. 68., a quiver of arrows, “ a store of “ flying fates,” Odyssey, 22. 136 : or instead of saying, that the soil is fertile in corn, “ in “ wavy gold the summer vales are dress’d,” Odyssey, 19. 131 * ; the soldier wept, “ from “ his eyes pour’d down the tender dew.” Ibid. 11. 486.

VIRGIL, in describing the shipwreck of the Trojans, says,

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto ;

Which the Abbé des Fontaines thus translates : “ A peine un petit nombre de ceux qui “ montoient le vaisseau purent se sauver à “ la nage.” Of this translation Voltaire justly remarks, “ C’est traduire Virgile “ en style de gazette. Où est ce vaste

* It is well known, that the greater part of the Odyssey was not translated by Pope himself, but by some assistants, whom he employed and paid for their labours ; but having revised the whole, and published the work under his own name, he is justly responsible for all its faults.

“ gouffre que peint le poète, *gurgite vasto* ?
 “ Où est l’apparent *rari nantes* ? Ce n’est
 “ pas ainsi qu’on doit traduire l’Eneide.”
Voltaire, Quest. sur l’Encyclop. mot Ampli-
fication.

If we are thus justly offended at hearing Virgil speak in the style of the Evening Post or the Daily Advertiser, what must we think of the translator, who makes the solemn and sententious Tacitus express himself in the low cant of the streets, or in the dialect of the waiters of a tavern ?

Facile Asinium et Messalam inter Antonium et Augustum bellorum præmiis refertos : Thus translated in a version of Tacitus by Mr Dryden and several eminent hands:
 “ Asinius and Messala, who feathered their
 “ nests well in the civil wars ’twixt Antho-
 “ ny and Augustus.” *Vinolentiam et libi-*
dines usurpans : “ Playing the good-fellow.”
Frustra Arminium præscribi : “ Trumping
 “ up Arminius’s title.” *Sed Agrippina li-*
bertam æmulam, nurum ancillam, aliæque eun-
dem in modum muliebriter fremere : “ But

“ Agrippina could not bear that a freed-
“ woman should *nōse* her.” And another
translator says, “ But Agrippina could not
“ bear that a freedwoman should *beard* her.”
Of a similar character with this translation
of Tacitus is a translation of Suetonius by
several gentlemen of Oxford*, which a-
bounds with such elegancies as the follow-
ing: *Sestio Gallo, libidinoso et prodigo seni* :
“ Sestius Gallus, a most notorious old Sir
“ Jolly.” *Jucundissimos et omnium horarum*
amicos ; “ His boon companions and sure
“ cards.” *Nullam unquam occasionem de-*
dit : “ They never could pick the least hole
“ in his coat.”—So likewise in a translation
of Livy, *Samnites pro aris et focis pugna-*
bant : “ The Samnites fought for church and
“ chimney, as the saying is.”—And with
equal elegance, *Quidam Lucanorum pretio*
asciti, clari magis quam honesti, quum cor-
pora nuda intulissent, &c : “ The Lucani-
“ ans, a parcel of rascallions, ran away in
“ *querpo*.”

* London, 1691,

JUNO's apostrophe to Troy, in her speech to the Gods in council, is thus translated in a version of Horace by "The Most Eminent hands."

————— *Ilion, Ilion,*

Fatalis incestusque iudex, &c.

HOR. 3. 3.

O Ilion, Ilion, I with transport view

The fall of all thy wicked, perjur'd crew!

Pallas and I have borne a rankling grudge

To that curst Shepherd, that incestuous judge.

IN the following passage of Juvenal's tenth Satire, the striking moral of the thought is most happily aided by the language in which it is clothed:

————— *nulla aconita bibuntur*

Fictilibus ; tunc illa times, quum pocula sumes

Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.

But how miserably is the sentiment debased by the expression in a modern translation:

_____yet no poisonous drug

Was ever swallow'd from an earthen mug :

When rich wine sparkles in the bowl superb,

With gold and gems, then fear the deadly herb.

OWEN'S *Juvenal*.

THE description of the majesty of Jupiter, contained in the following passage of the first book of the *Iliad*, is allowed to be a true specimen of the sublime. It is the archetype from which Phidias acknowledged he had framed his divine sculpture of the Olympian Jupiter :

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων·
'Αμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος,
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο, μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλυμπον·

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God :

High heav'n, with trembling, the dread signal took,

And all Olympus to its centre shook.

POPE.

CERTAINLY Mr Hobbes of Malmsbury perceived no portion of that sublime which

was felt by Phidias and by Pope, when he could thus translate this fine description :

This said, with his black brows he to her nodded,

Wherewith displayed were his locks divine ;

Olympus shook at stirring of his godhead,

And Thetis from it jump'd into the brine.

IN the translation of the Georgics, Mr Dryden has displayed great powers of poetry. But Dryden had little relish for the pathetic, and no comprehension of the natural language of the heart. The beautiful simplicity of the following passage has entirely escaped his observation, and he has been utterly insensible to its tenderness :

Ipsæ cavæ solans ægrum testudine amorem,

Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,

Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

VIRG. Geor. 4.

Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,

Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,

And sought his mournful mind with music to restore.

}

On thee, dear Wife, in deserts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung; his griefs with day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.

}

The three verbs, *call'd sigh'd, sung*, are here substituted, with peculiar infelicity, for the repetition of the pronoun; a change which converts the pathetic into the ludicrous.

IN the same episode, the poet compares the complaint of Orpheus to the wailing of a nightingale, robb'd of her young, in those well known beautiful verses :

*Qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbra
 Amissos queritur fætus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes, detraxit: at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et mæstis late loca questibus implet.*

Thus translated by Dryden :

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone;
 Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
 By stealth, convey'd the feather'd innocence;

But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

How poor is this translation when compared with its original ; yet, on the whole, less censurable than the following version by a French poet of high reputation :

Telle sur un rameau durant la nuit obscure
Philomele plaintive attendrit la nature,
Accuse en gémissant l'oiseleur inhumain,
Qui, glissant dans son nid une furtive main,
Ravit ces tendres fruits que l'amour fit eclorre,
Et qu'un léger duvet ne couvroit pas encore.

DELILLE, *Georg. de Virg.*

It is evident, that there is a complete evaporation of the beauties of the original in this translation : and the reason is, that the French poet has substituted sentiments for facts, and refinement for the simple pathetic. The nightingale of Delille melts all nature with her complaint ; accuses with her sighs the inhuman fowler, who glides his thievish hand into her nest, and plunders the tender fruits that were hatched by love ! How different this sentimental foppery from

the chaste simplicity of Virgil !—We perceive a similar vein of affected sentiment in the translation of the *Paradise Lost* by the same author :

So spake our general mother ; and with eyes
Of conjugal affection unprov'd
And meek surrender, half embracing, lean'd
On our first father ; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid ; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love.

*Sur Adam à ces mots, d'un air affectueux
Elle jette un regard chaste et voluptueux,
Tel qu'en permet l'Hymen, tel qu' amour en inspire :
Le ciel qui la forma se peint dans son sourire.
Le cœur sur son époux doucement appuyé,
Ses bras respectueux l'entourent à moitié ;
Et voilant à demi ce sein qu'il idolâtre
Ses cheveux d'or flottoient, sur sa gorge d'albâtre.
Adam reste muet, il admire tout bas
Un amour si soumis, de si chastes appas ;
Et ses yeux rassurant la beauté qui l'embrasse
Peignent la Majesté souriant à la grace.*

Parad. Perd. l. iv.

IN the beautiful story of Pyramus and Thisbe, Ovid describes in a single couplet, the death of Pyramus, in terms of the most affecting simplicity :

Ad nomen Thisbes, oculos jam morte gravatos

Pyramus erexit, visâque recondidit illâ.

A FRENCH author of some reputation, has thus rendered the passage, accommodating it to the taste of his age and country :

C'est Pyrame ! c'est lui ! dormiroit-il, grands Dieux !

Pyrame ! à cette voix Pyrame ouvre les yeux :

“ Je croyois qu'aux enfers tu venois de descendre,

“ Et que tu m'attendais—c'est moi qui vais t'attendre.”

Il dit.—Son œil couvert du voile de la mort,

Cherche Thisbe dans l'ombre, et la trouvant encor,

Avec un doux effort longtems fixé sur elle,

Se renferme et s'éteint dans la nuit éternelle.

Lettres à Emilie par DEMOUTIER.

WE may affirm for certain, that the writer who could depart thus widely from the character of his original, had not the smallest feeling of that beautiful simplicity which characterizes it.

THE following passage in the 6th book of the Iliad has not been happily translated by Mr Pope. It is in the parting interview between Hector and Andrómache.

"Ως εἰπὼν, ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε
 Παῖδ' ἐδὼν· ἥ δ' ἄρα μιν κηῶδεϊ δέξατο κολπῇ,
 Δακρυόεν γέλασσα· πόσις δ' ἐλέησεν νόησας,
 Χεῖρί τε μιν κατέρεζεν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

THIS, it must be allowed, is good poetry ; but it wants the affecting simplicity of the original. *Fondly gazing on her charms—pleasing burden—The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear*, are injudicious embellishments. The beautiful expression *Δακρυόεν*

γελασασα is enfeebled by amplification ; and the fine circumstance, which so much heightens the tenderness of the picture, *Χεiri τε μιν κατερεξεν*, is forgotten altogether.

IN the same parting scene between Hector and Andromache, Pope has failed in many particulars :

Book vi. l. 504.

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind.

This has nothing of the simplicity of the original, and does not fully express the picture given by Homer :

Ητοι ο μιν μειδησεν ιδων ες παιδα σιωπη.

Book vi. l. 544.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.

*Εκτορ, αταρ συ μοι εσσι πατηρ και πολνια μητηρ,
Ηδε κασιγνηλος, συ δε μοι θαλερος παρακοιτης.*

The translator has here unaccountably omitted the most energetic particular, which fills up the climax, *συ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.*

Book vi. l. 570.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates,
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates.)

This last line is a poor and superfluous addition, merely to furnish out a rhyme. *Relates*, too, is improperly used for uttering a prophecy. The original has uncommon grandeur and emphasis :

Εἶ μιν γὰρ τόδε ὀίδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,
Εσσεῖ' ἡμᾶς, ὅτ' ἂν πολ' ὀλώλη Ἰλῖος ἰσθ, &c.

JOHNSON has thus beautifully discriminated the characteristic features of the two great Epics of Greece and Rome : “ In the
“ comparison of Homer and Virgil, the dis-
“ criminative excellence of Homer is ele-
“ vation and comprehension of thought, and
“ that of Virgil is grace and splendor of
“ diction. The beauties of Homer are
“ therefore difficult to be lost, and those of
“ Virgil difficult to be retained. The massy

“ trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity ;
 “ but the blossoms of elocution easily drop
 “ away. The author having the choice of
 “ his own images, selects those which he
 “ can best adorn ; the translator must, at all
 “ hazards, follow his original, and express
 “ thoughts which perhaps he would not
 “ have chosen.”

JOHNSON'S *Life of Dryden.*

IN the true, simple style of the Greek epigram is the following, on a miser, from the *Anthologia* ;

Μον' Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
 Καὶ, τὶ ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλῃατε μῦ, παρ' εμοί ;
 Ἥδ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, Μηδὲν, φίλε, φησὶ, φοβηθῆς.
 Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χερίζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.

A great part of the beauty of the above epigram depends on the singular brevity of expression in which the dialogue is given between the mouse and the miser.

COWPER has spun it out into ten heavy lines, without a spark of the spirit of the original :

A miser traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest,
Briskly inquisitive, address'd :
“ Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
“ I owe this unexpected visit ?”
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And smiling, pleasantly replied,
“ Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard ;
“ I come to lodge, and not to board.”

The following version of the same epigram,
if not altogether faithful, rivals the original
at least in brevity :

To old Harpagon thus, lamenting his hap,
A mouse whom the miser had caught in a trap :
“ My life and my lodging I pray thee to spare ;
“ As for victuals, I know, I must seek them elsewhere.”

BUT a translator may discern the general
character of his author's style, and yet fail
remarkably in the imitation of it. Unless
he is possessed of the most correct taste, he
will be in continual danger of presenting an
exaggerated picture or a caricatura of his
original. The distinction between good and
bad writing is often of so very slender a na-

ture, and the shadowing of difference so extremely delicate, that a very nice perception alone can at all times define the limits. Thus, in the hands of some translators, who have discernment to perceive the general character of their author's style, but want this correctness of taste, the grave style of the original becomes heavy and formal in the translation; the elevated swells into bombast, the lively froths up into the petulant, and the simple and *naïf* degenerates into the childish and insipid *.

IN the fourth Oration against Catiline, Cicero, after drawing a most striking picture of the miseries of his country, on the supposition that success had crowned the de-

F 3

* ———— *Sectantem levia nervi*

Deficiunt animique : professus grandia turget :

Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellæ.—

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

HOR. *Ep. ad Pis.*

signs of the conspirators, closes the detail with this grave and solemn application :

Quia mihi vehementer hæc videntur misera atque miseranda, idcirco in eos qui ea perficere voluerunt, me severum, vehementemque præbeo. Etenim quæro, si quis paterfamilias, liberis suis a servo interfectis, uxore occisâ, incensâ domo, supplicium de servo quàm acerbissimum sumserit ; utrum is clemens ac misericors, an inhumanissimus et crudelissimus esse videatur ? Mihi verò importunus ac ferreus, qui non dolore ac cruciatu nocentis, suum dolorem ac cruciatum lenierit.

How awkwardly is the dignified gravity of the original imitated, in the following heavy, formal, and insipid version.

“ Now as to me these calamities appear
“ extremely shocking and deplorable: there-
“ fore I am extremely keen and rigorous in
“ punishing those who endeavoured to
“ bring them about. For let me put the
“ case, that a master of a family had his

“ children butchered, his wife murdered, his
“ house burnt down by a slave, yet did not
“ inflict the most rigorous of punishments
“ imaginable upon that slave: would such
“ a master appear merciful and compas-
“ sionate, and not rather a monster of cruel-
“ ty and inhumanity? To me that man
“ would appear to be of a flinty cruel na-
“ ture, who should not endeavour to soothe
“ his own anguish and torment by the
“ anguish and torment of its guilty cause*.”

OVID, in describing the fatal storm in which Ceyx perished, says,

Undarum incurso gravis unda, tonitribus æther

Fluctibus erigitur, cælumque æquare videtur

Pontus.—

An hyperbole, allowable in poetical description; but which Dryden has exaggerated into the most outrageous bombast:

I 4

* The Orations of M. T. Cicero translated into English, with notes, historical and critical. *Dublin* 1766.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And in the fires above the water fries.

IN the first scene of the *Amphitryo* of Plautus, Sosia thus remarks on the unusual length of the night :

*Neque ego hac nocte longiorem me vidisse censeo,
Nisi item unam, verberatus quam pependi perpetem.
Eam quoque, Ædepol, etiam multo hæc vicit longitudine.
Credo equidem dormire solem atque appotum probe.
Mira sunt, nisi invitavit sese in cæna plusculum.*

To which Mercury answers :

*Ain vero, verbero ? Deos esse tui similes putas ?
Ego, Pol, te istis tuis pro dictis et malefactis, furcifer,
Accipiam, modo sis veni huc : invenies infortunium.*

ECHARD, who saw no distinction between the familiar and the vulgar, has translated this in the true dialect of the streets :

“ I think there never was such a long
“ night since the beginning of the world,
“ except that night I had the strappado,
“ and rid the wooden horse till morning ;
“ and o’ my conscience, that was twice as

“ long*. By the mackins, I believe Phœ-
“ bus has been playing the good-fellow,
“ and’s asleep too. I’ll be hang’d if he
“ ben’t in for’t, and has took a little too
“ much o’ the creature.

“ *Mer.* Say you so, slave? What, treat
“ Gods like yourselves. By Jove, have
“ at your doublet, Rogue, for *scandalum*
“ *magnatum*. Approach then, you’ll ha’
“ but small joy here.

“ *Mer.* *Accedam, atque hanc appellabo*
“ *atque supparasitabo patri.*” Ibid. sc. 3.

“ *Mer.* I’ll to her, and tickle her up as
“ my father has done.”

“ *Sosia.* *Irritabis crabrones.*” Ibid. act 2.
sc. 2.

“ *Sosia.* You’d as good p—ss in a bee-
“ hive.”

SENECA, though not a chaste writer, is remarkable for a courtly dignity of expres-

* Echard has here mistaken the author’s sense. He ought to have said, “ o’ my conscience, this night is twice as long as that was.”

sion, which, though often united with ease, is in the opposite extreme to meanness or vulgarity. L'Estrange has presented him through a medium of such coarseness, that he is hardly to be known.

Probatos itaque semper lege, et siquando ad alios divertere libuerit, ad priores redi.—Nihil æque sanitatem impedit quam remediorum crebra mutatio, Ep. 2.——“ Of authors
“ be sure to make choice of the best ; and,
“ as I said before, stick close to them ; and
“ though you take up others by the bye, reserve some select ones, however, for your
“ study and retreat. Nothing is more hurtful, in the case of diseases and wounds,
“ than the frequent shifting of physic and
“ plasters.”

Fuit qui diceret, Quid prodis operam ? ille quem quæris elatus, combustus est. De benef. lib. 7. c. 21.——“ Friend, says a fellow, you
“ may hammer your heart out, for the man
“ you look for is dead.”

Cum multa in crudelitatem Pisistrati conviva ebrius dixisset. De ira, lib. 3. c. 11.
“Thrasippus, in his drink, fell foul upon
“the cruelties of Pisistratus.”

FROM the same defect of taste, the simple and natural manner degenerates into childish and insipid.

J'ai perdu tout mon bonheur,

J'ai perdu mon serviteur,

Colin me délaisse.

Helas ! il a pu changer !

Je voudrois n'y plus songer :

J'y songe sans cesse.

ROUSSEAU, *Devin de Village.*

I've lost my love, I've lost my swain :

Colin leaves me with disdain.

Naughty Colin ! hateful thought !

To Colinette her Colin's naught.

I will forget him—that I will !

Ah, t'wont do—I love him still.

CHAPTER VI.

Examples of a good Taste in Poetical Translation.—Bourne's Translations from Mallet and from Prior.—Dr Atterbury from Horace.—The Duke de Nivernois from Horace.—Dr Jortin from Simonides.—Imitation of the same by Dr Markham.—Mr Glasse from Mason's Caractacus.—Mr Webb from the Anthologia.—Grotius from the same.—Hughes from Claudian.—Beattie from Pope.—Pope from Boileau.—Fragments of the Greek Dramatists by Mr Cumberland.

AFTER these examples of faulty translation, from a defect of taste in the translator, or the want of a just discernment of his author's style and manner of writing, I shall

now present the reader with some specimens of perfect translation, where the authors have entered with exquisite taste into the manner of their originals, and have succeeded most happily in the imitation of it.

THE first is the opening of the beautiful ballad of *William and Margaret*, translated by *Vincent Bourne*.

I.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry-cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that Kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

I.

*Omnia nox tenebris, tacitaque involerat umbrâ,
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies :
Cum valvæ patuere, et gressu illapsa silenti,
Thyrsidis ad lectum stabat imago Chloës.*

II.

*Vultus erat, qualis lachrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies ;
Quaque sepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.*

III.

*Cumque dies aberunt molles, et læta juvenus,
Gloria pallebit, sic Cyparissi tua ;
Cum mors decutiet capiti diademata, regum
Hac erit in trabea conspiciendus honos.*

IV.

*Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) nascentis ad instar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet ;
Et Veneres risere, et subrubuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima rosis.*

V.

*Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
Et faciles risus, et juvenile decus ;
Et rosa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
Oscula ; præripuit mors properata Chloen.*

THE second is a small poem by Prior, entitled *Chloe Hunting*, which is likewise translated into Latin by *Bourne*.

Behind her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Chloe went ; she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid ;
And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said ;
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake :
And laughing, cried, Learn better, great Divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's banks, or Latmus' peak.

But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know ;
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle Love.
Go with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chace the flying deer :
I, and my Chloe, take a nobler aim ;
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

*Forte Chloe, pulchros nodo collecta capillos
Post collum, pharetraque latus succincta decora,
Venatrix ad sylvam ibat : cervumque secuta
Elapsum visu, deserta per avia tendit
Incerta. Errantem nympham conspexit Apollo,
Et, converte tuos, dixit, mea Cynthia, cursus ;
En ibi (monstravitque manu) tibi cervus anhelat
Occultus dumo, latebrisque moratur in illis.*

*Improbis hæc audivit Amor, lepidumque cachinnum
Attollens, poterantne etiam tua numina falli ?
Hinc, quæso, bone Phæbe, tuam dignosce sororem,
Et melius venerare meam. Tua Cynthia longe,
Mæandri ad ripas, aut summi in vertice Latmi,
Versatur ; nostra est soror hæc, nostra, inquit amica, est,
Hæc nostros promit calamos, arcumque sonantem
Incurvat, Tamumque colens, placidosque recessus
Lucorum, quos alma quies sacravit amori.*

*Ite per umbrosos saltus, lustrisque vel aprum
Excute horrentem setis, cervumve fugacem,
Tuque sororque tua, et directo sternite ferro :
Nobilior labor, et divis dignissima cura,
Meque Chloenque manet ; nos corda humana ferimus,
Vibrantes certum vulnus nec inutile telum.*

THE third example I shall give, is Bishop Atterbury's translation of the third Ode of the fourth book of Horace * :

He, on whose birth the Lyric Queen
Of numbers smil'd, shall never grace
Th' Isthmian gauntlet, nor be seen
First in the fam'd Olympic race,

He shall not, after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarch's pride,
With laurel'd brows, conspicuous far,
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

But him the streams that warbling flow
Rich Tyber's flow'ry meads along,
And shady groves (his haunts) shall know
The Master of the Æolian song.

* It is of this celebrated ode that Joseph Scaliger has absurdly said, "that he had rather have been the author, than King of Arragon."

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
 Have fix'd me in the Poet's choir,
 And envy now, or dead, or dumb,
 Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
 Who canst the finny race, tho' mute,
 To Cygnet's dying accents raise;

Thy gift it is, that all with ease,
 My new, unrival'd honours own;
 That I still live, and living please,
 O Goddess! is thy gift alone.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,
 Illum non labor Isthmius
 Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger*

*Curru ducet Achaico
 Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis]
 Ornatum foliis ducem,
 Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,*

*Ostendet Capitolio:
 Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
 Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.*

*Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros ;
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.*

*O, testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas !
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura Cycni, si libeat, sonum !*

*Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ :
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est *.*

* An anonymous English translator of the same ode has done justice to his original, in a complete transfusion of its sense, and a considerable portion of its nerve and spirit ; but with a sensible deficiency of that ease and melody of numbers which characterize his prototype, and shine conspicuously in the preceding translation :

Whom thou, O daughter chaste of Jove,
Didst at his birth, with eyes of love
Behold, in Isthmian games, nor he
Fam'd for the wrestler's wreath shall be ;
Nor yet his latest lineage grace,
By conquering in the chariot-race :
Nor him the toils to warriors known,
A laurel'd chief, shall victor crown.

THE fourth specimen, is a translation by the Duke de Nivernois, of Horace's dialogue with Lydia :

HORACE.

Plus heureux qu'un monarque au faite des grandeurs,
J'ai vu mes jours dignes d'envie,
Tranquilles, ils couloient au gré de nos ardeurs :
Vous m'aimiez, charmante Lydie.

But fruitful Tibur's winding floods,
And all her verdant mass of woods,
To render famous shall conspire,
For varied verse that suits the lyre.
Imperial Rome, the nurse of Fame,
Has deign'd to register my name
Among the poets' tuneful choir,
And envy now abates her ire.
Goddess, who the notes dost swell,
So sweetly on my golden shell ;
Who canst confer, if such thy choice,
On fishes mute the cygnet's voice :
'Tis to thee I wholly owe
Whispers flying where I go ;
That to the pressing throng I'm show'd
Inventor of the Roman ode.

LYDIE.

Que mes jours étoient beaux, quand des soins les plus doux
Vous payiez ma flamme sincère !
Venus me regardoit avec des yeux jaloux ;
Chloé n'avoit pas sçu vous plaire.

HORACE.

Par son luth, par sa voix, organe des amours,
Chloé seule me paroît belle :
Si le Destin jaloux veut épargner ses jours,
Je donnerai les miens pour elle.

LYDIE.

Le jeune Calaïs, plus beau que les amours,
Plait seul à mon ame ravie :
Si le Destin jaloux veut épargner ses jours,
Je donnerai deux fois ma vie.

HORACE.

Quoi, si mes premiers feux, ranimant leur ardeur,
Etouffoient une amour fatale ;
Si, perdant pour jamais tous ses droits sur mon cœur,
Chloé vous laissoit sans rivale——

LYDIE.

Calaïs est charmant : mais je n'aime que vous,
Ingrat, mon cœur vous justifie ;
Heureuse également en des liens si doux,
De perdre ou de passer la vie.

HORACE.

*Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat ;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.*

LYDIA.

*Donec non aliam magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen ;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.*

HORACE.

*Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens :
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.*

LYDIA.

*Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi ;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.*

HORACE.

*Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
 Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
 Si flava excutitur Chloe,
 Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?*

LYDIA.

*Quamquam sidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
 Iracundior Hadria;
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.*

HOR. l. 3. Od. 9.

IF any thing is faulty in this excellent translation by the Duke de Nivernois, it is the last stanza, which does not convey the happy petulance, the *procacitas* of the original. The reader may compare with this, the fine translation of the same Ode by Bishop Atterbury, "Whilst I was fond, " and you were kind," which is too well known to require insertion.

THE next example is a translation by Dr Jortin, of that beautiful fragment of Simo- nides, preserved by Dionysius, in which Danae, exposed with her child to the fury

of the ocean, by command of her inhuman father, is described lamenting over her sleeping infant :

Ex Dionys. Hal. De Compositione Verborum, c. 26.

"Οτε λάρνακι εν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
 Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινήθεῖσα δε λιμνα
 Δείματι ἔρειπεν· ἔτ' ἀδιάνταισι
 Παρεῖαῖς, ἀμφι τε Περσεῖ βάλλε
 Φίλαν χερα, εἶπεν τέ· ὦ τεκνον,
 'Οιον εχω πονον. συ δ' αὖτε γαλαθηνῶ
 "Ητορι κνώσσεις εν ἀτερπει δώματι,
 Χαλκεογόμφῳ δε, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,
 Κυανῶ τε ὄνοφῳ· συ δ' αυαλεαν
 Ὑπερθε τεαν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
 Παριόντος κύματος εκ ἀλέγεις
 'Ουδ' ἀνεμῃς φθόγγων, πορφυρέα
 Κείμενος εν χλανιδι, πρόσωπον καλόν·
 Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν
 Καί κεν ἔμων ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
 Ὑπεῖχες ἕας. κελομαι, ἔυδε, βρέφος,

Ἐυδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδετω ἄμετρον κακόν.

Ματαιοβελία δέ τις φανείη

Ζεὺ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅτι δὴ θαρσαλέον

Ἔπος, εὐχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας μοι.

Nocte sub obscura, verrentibus æquora ventis,

Quum brevis immensa cymba nataret aqua

Multa gemens Danaë subjecit brachia nato,

Et teneræ lacrymis immaduere genæ.

Tu tamen ut dulci, dixit, pulcherrime, somno

Obrutus, et metuens tristia nulla, jaces !

Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi concutit unda,

Præbet et incertam pallida luna facem,

Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,

Et prope, subsultans, irrigat ora liquor.

Nate, meam sentis vocem ? Nil cernis et audis,

Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei ;

Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæsa labellis

Murmura, nec notos confugis usque sinus.

Care, quiesce, puer, sævique quiescite fluctus,

Et mea qui pulsas corda, quiesce, dolor.

Cresce puer ; matris leni atque ulciscere luctus,

Tuque tuos saltem protege summe Tonans.

THIS admirable translation falls short of its original only in a single particular, the measure of the verse. One striking beauty

of the original, is the easy and loose structure of the verse, which has little else to distinguish it from animated discourse, but the harmony of the syllables ; and hence it has more of natural impassioned eloquence, than is conveyed by the regular measure of the translation. That this characteristic of the original should have been overlooked by the ingenious translator, is the more remarkable, that the poem is actually quoted by Dionysius, as an apposite example of that species of composition in which poetry approaches to the freedom of prose ; τῆς ἐμμέλως καὶ ἐμμέτρως συνθέσεως, τῆς ἐχέσης πολλὴν ὁμοιότητα πρὸς τὴν πεζὴν λέξιν. Dr Markham saw this excellence of the original ; and in that fine imitation of the verses of Simoni-des, which an able critic * has pronounced to be far superior to the original, has given it its full effect. The passage alluded to is an apostrophe of a mother to her sleeping infant, a widowed mother, who has just left the deathbed of her husband.

* Dr Warton.

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum,
Qua nutrix placido sinu fovebat :
Dormis, inquit, O miselle, nec te
Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore ;
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
Risus in roseis tuis labellis.—
Dormi parvule ! nec mali dolores
Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando tales
Redibunt oculis meis sopores !

As a counterpart to these specimens of Latin translation, or imitation from the Greek, I shall now lay before the reader, what I conceive to be an attempt yet more arduous, though accomplished with equal felicity. The specimen I allude to is taken from a complete translation of Mason's *Caractacus* into Greek verse, by the late Mr

Glasse of Christ Church, Oxon ; a work which has been justly deemed one of the most extraordinary efforts in Greek literature that has appeared since the revival of letters.

The following speech of Caractacus to the Druids, who attempt to soothe his agitated mind, preparatory to the ceremony of initiating him in their mysteries, and adopting him into their sacred order, must be allowed to possess great poetical merit. I present it first in the English ; in order that those parts may be more particularly remarked, in which the translator has assumed an allowable latitude, and perhaps even improved upon his original.

THE Chief of the Druids thus addresses Caractacus ; proposing to him the virtuous fortitude of his daughter as an example :

See, Prince, this prudent maid,
Now, while the ruddy flame of sparkling youth

Glows on her beauteous cheek, can quit the world

Without a sigh, whilst thou——

CARACTACUS.

would save my queen,

From a base ravisher ; would wish to plunge

This falchion in his breast, and so avenge

Insulted royalty. O holy men !

Ye are the sons of piety and peace ;

Ye never felt the sharp vindictive spur

That goads the injur'd warrior ; the hot tide

That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek

Of him who burns for glory ; else indeed

Ye much would pity me : would curse the fate

That coops me here inactive in your graves,

Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel

Must never cleave one Roman helm again,

Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.

DRUID.

'Tis Heaven's high will——

CARACTACUS.

I know it, reverend fathers!

'Tis Heaven's high will, that these poor aged eyes

Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,

To whom my youth was constant : 'twas Heaven's high will

To take her from me at that very hour,

When best her love might soothe me ; that black hour,
 May memory ever raze it from her records !
 When all my squadrons fled, and left their king
 Old and defenceless : him, who nine whole years
 Had taught them how to conquer : yes, my friends,
 For nine whole years against the sons of rapine
 I led my veterans, oft to victory,
 Never, till then, to shame ! Bear with me, Druid,
 I've done : begin the rites.

The beauties of this fine speech are not impaired in the following version, which, with equal pathos, has a simplicity more consonant to the language of the translation, than would have been any attempt to imitate the glowing diction of the original :

ΧΟΡΟΣ (εἰς Ευηλινην).

Καλῶς ἔλεξας· και το βέλτισον φρονεῖς,
 "Ητις, νεᾶνις ἔσα, καρτερῶς ἔτλης
 Δεινὸν ταραγμὸν, ἡδ' ὑποπτῶσιν φερεῖν
 'Αρχῆς τ' ἀγαυῆς, και καλῆς τυραννίδος.
 Σὺ δ' ὦ Καρακτακ' —————

ΚΑΡΑΚΤΑΚΟΣ.

Ἐκ μιάσορος θέλω
 Ἀλοχον σαῶσαι· τῷδε τ' αλκιμῷ δορὶ
 Παῖσαι τὸν ὑβρισηρ', ὅπως, γύπων ἔλωρ,
 Τιμωρίαν βδελυγμίας δεινὴν λάβῃ.
 Ὑμεῖς ἐν ὄλβῳ, χήσυχῳ, θεοπροποί,
 Γηράσκετ'· εἰ δὲ κέρηρον, ᾧ δυσάμμορος
 Ἄναξ κακῆται, τήν τε σεμνὴν ἔκτασιν
 Ἐνθεσιασμόν τ' ἀνέρος σφαλιγέτε
 Ἐνοήσαί', οἰκτείροιτ' ἂν ἀθλιώτατον,
 Ὅν ἐξολωλότ' ὀβρίμῃ μοίρᾳς ἄπο
 Λέλοιπεν ἐλπίς· οὐποτ', ἔποθ' ὕσερον
 Ρωμαῖον ἐν μάχαισιν ἔτασσω ζίφει·
 Δαμαρῇ' ἀφ' ὑβρισηρος ἐ σαώσομαι,
 Ὅου γῆν παλῶαν. Λέξετ', "Ἦθελον Θεοί."
 Γνωστὸν, γεραιοί· ὦψήφισαν δεινοὶ θεοί,
 Μέμῃκέτ' εἰσιδεῖν ἐμὴν Γυιδηρίαν,
 Ἢβῃ τε, γήρα τ', αἰὲν ἡγαπημένην.
 Ἀπώλεσ', ὥτε μάλισα σώζειν ὄφελον
 Μείλιγμ' ἀνίας, καὶ πόνων θελκτήριον·

Ὀλοῖτο πικρὸν ἥμαρ, ᾧ Φύγον κακῶς
 Δειλαὶ φαλαγγες, καὶ μ' ἐτόλμησαν λιπεῖν
 Ἀναχθ', ὃς Ἰτάλων ἀποπλύσων κάτα
 Ἠγησάμην πρὸς κυδὸς ἐννάειες στρατῶ.
 Αἰσχυρῶς ἐφευγον πάντες—Ω Δρυῖ, Δρυῖ,
 Μανίη φορῶμαι—ποῖον ἐξηύδων λόγον;
 Σιγῶ. περαίνεθ', ὡς ἔοικε, θεσμια.

CARACTACUS, *Græco Carmine redditus*, a GEORGIO HENRICO
 GLASSE, A. B. *Ædes Christi alumno*. Oxon. 1771 *.

THE next specimen I shall give, is the translation of a beautiful epigram, from the *Anthologia*, which is supposed by Junius to be descriptive of a painting mentioned by Pliny †, in which, a mother wounded, and

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* The author of this excellent translation gave afterwards to the public a similar proof of erudition and taste in his version of the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton. See ΣΑΜΨΩΝ ΑΓΩΝΙΣΤΗΣ, *Græco Carmine redditus*, a G. H. GLASSE, A. M. *Ædes Christi nuper alumno*. Oxon. 1788.

† *Hujus (viz. Aristidis) pictura est, oppido capto, ad matris morientis e vulnere mammam adrepens infans; intelligi-*

in the agony of death, is represented as giving suck to her infant for the last time.

Ἐλκε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρος ὅν κ' ἔτι μαζὸν ἀμελξείς,

Ἐλκυσσον ὕστατιον νᾶμα καταφθιμένης.

Ἦδη γὰρ ξιφέεσσι λιπόπνοος· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρος

Φιλτρακαὶ ἐν αἰδῇ παιδοκομειν ἔμαθον.

Thus happily translated into English by Mr Webb :

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,

Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives !

She dies : her tenderness survives her breath,

And her fond love is provident in death:

turque sentire mater et timere, ne emortuo lacte sanguinem infans lambat. PLIN. Nat. Hist. l. 35. c. 10.—If the epigram was made on the subject of this picture, Pliny's idea of the expression of the painting is somewhat more refined than that of the epigrammatist, though certainly not so natural. As a complicated feeling can never be clearly expressed in painting, it is not improbable that the same picture should have suggested ideas somewhat different to different observers.

NOR with less felicity of expression, and with yet more strict fidelity to the original, is the following epigram from the Anthologia, translated into Latin by Grotius :

Ἡ Παφίη Κυθέρεια δι' οἰδυάλους εἰς Κνίδον ἦλθε,
 Βελομένη καλιδεῖν εἰκόνα τὴν ἰδίην.
 Πάνη δ' ἀθρήσασα περισκέπτῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ,
 Φθέγγατο, Πῶ γυμνὴν εἶδε με Πραξιτέλης ;
 Πραξιτέλης ἔκ' εἶδεν ἃ μὴ θέμις, ἀλλ' ὁ σίδηρος
 "Εξέσ' Ἀρης οἶαν ἤθελε τὴν Παφίην.

Lib. iv. c. 12.

Diva Paphi Cnidiam trans æquora venit ad urbem,
 Effigiem cupiens pulchra videre suam.
 Venit ut in templum, lustravitque omnia, Quando est
 Praxiteles nudam me speculatus ? ait.
 Non vidit, Venus, ille nefas quæ cernere ; sed Mars
 Ferreus expressit qualem amat ipse Deam.

EQUAL in merit to any of the preceding, is the following translation by Mr Hughes from Claudian.

Ex Epithalamio Honorii et Mariæ.

*Cunctatur stupefacta Venus ; nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera Luncæ :
Assurgit ceu fortè minor sub matre virenti
Laurus : et ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas : vel flore sub uno
Seu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis
Roribus indulget spatio : latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.*

The goddess paus'd ; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face,
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows ;
That, the full moon, and this, the crescent shows.
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is seen
The laurel shoot, while in its early green
Thick sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
And all the promise of a future shade.
Or blooming thus, in happy Pæstan fields,
One common stock two lovely roses yields :
Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day :
That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies.

THE following passage, from a Latin version of the Messiah of Pope, by a youth of uncommon genius *, exhibits the singular union of ease, animation and harmony of numbers, with the strictest fidelity to the original.

Lanigera ut cautè placidus regit agmina pastor,

Aëria ut explorat purum, camposque virentes ;

Amissas ut quærit oves, moderatur euntum

Ut gressus, curatque diu, noctuque tuetur :

Ut teneros, agnos lenta inter brachia tollit,

Mulcenti pascit palma, gremioque focillat ;

Sic genus omne hominum sic complectetur amanti

Pectore, promissus seculo Pater ille futuro.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;

L 3

* J. H. Beattie, son of the learned and ingenious Dr Beattie of Aberdeen, a young man who disappointed the promise of great talents by an early death. In him, the author of *The Minstrel* saw his *Edwin* realized.

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage
The promis'd Father of the future age.

THE following translation by Pope, of a fable from Boileau, affords a singular example of a very rare conjunction, the most scrupulous fidelity to the original, with a complete transfusion of its poetical spirit :

Once, (says an author, where, I need not say,)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There take, (says Justice), take ye, each, a shell.
We thrive at Westminster by fools like you !
'Twas a fat oyster.—Live in peace—Adieu.

Un jour, dit un auteur, n'importe en quel chapitre,
Deux voyageurs à jeun, rencontrèrent une huître.
Tous deux la contestoient. lorsque dans leur chemin,
La Justice pass , la balance à la main ;

Devant elle à grand bruit ils expliquent la chose ;
Tous deux avec depens veulent gagner leur cause.
La Justice, pesant ce droit litigieux,
Demande l'huître, l'ouvre, et l'avale à leurs yeux ;
Et par ce bel arrêt terminant la bataille ;
Tenez, voilà, dit elle, à chacun une écaille.
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais ;
Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne.—Adieu.—Vivez en paix.

To these specimens of perfect translation, in which, not only the ideas of the original are completely transfused, but the manner most happily imitated, I add the following admirable translations by Mr Cumberland *, of two fragments from the Greek dramatists Timocles and Diphilus, which are preserved by Athenæus.

THE first of these passages beautifully illustrates the moral uses of the tragic drama :

L 4

* Observer, vol. iv. p. 115. and vol. v. p. 145.

Nay, my good friend, out hear me ! I confess
Man is the child of sorrow, and this world,
In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us ;
But it hath means withal to soothe these cares :
And he who meditates on others woes,
Shall in that meditation lose his own :
Call then the tragic poet to your aid,
Hear him, and take instruction from the stage :
Let Telephus appear ; behold a prince,
A spectacle of poverty and pain,
Wretched in both.—And what if you are poor ?
Are you a demigod ? Are you the son
Of Hercules ? Begone ! Complain no more.
Doth your mind struggle with distracting thoughts ?
Do your wits wander ? Are you mad ? Alas !
So was Alcmeon, whilst the world ador'd
His father as their God. Your eyes are dim ;
What then ! The eyes of Œdipus were dark,
Totally dark. You mourn a son ; he's dead ;
Turn to the tale of Niobe for comfort,
And match your loss with hers. You're lame of foot ;
Compare it with the foot of Philoctetes,
And make no more complaint. But you are old,
Old and unfortunate ; consult Oëneus ;
Hear what a king endur'd, and learn content.
Sum up your miseries, number up your sighs,

The tragic stage shall give you tear for tear,
And wash out all afflictions but its own *.

THE following fragment from Diphilus
conveys a very favourable idea of the spirit

* The original of the fragment of Timocles :

ὦ τάν, ἄκασον ἦν τί σοι μελλω λέγειν.
 Ανθρωπός ἐστι ζῶον ἐπίπονον φύσει,
 Καί πολλά λυπῆρ' ὁ βίος ἐν ἑαυτῷ φέρεται.
 Παραψυχὰς οὖν φροντίδων ἀνέυρατο
 Ταύτας. ὁ γὰρ νῦν τῶν ἰδίων λήθην λαβὼν,
 Πρὸς ἄλλοτριᾷ τε ψυχαγωγηθεὶς πάθει,
 Μεθ' ἡδονῆς ἀπῆλθε παιδευθεὶς θ' ἅμα.
 Τὲς γὰρ τραγωδᾶς πρῶτον εἰ βέλει σκοπεῖ,
 Ὡς ὠφελῆστί παντας. ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἂν πένης
 Πτωχότερον αὐτὴ καταμαθὼν τὸν Τήλεφον
 Γενόμενον, ἤδη τὴν τενίαν ῥᾶον φέρεται.
 Ο νοσῶν δὲ μανικῶς, Αλκμαίων' ἐσκέψατο.
 Οφθαλμιαῖ' τις; εἰσὶ Φινεΐδαι τυφλοί.
 Τέττηνκέ τῷ παῖς; ἡ Νιόβη κεκέφικε.
 Χαλὸς τις ἐστί; τὸν Φιλοκλήτην ὄρεᾷ.

of the dialogue, in what has been termed the New Comedy of the Greeks, or that which was posterior to the age of Alexan-

Γέρων τις ἐτυχεῖ; καλέμαθε τὸν Οἰνέα.

Ἀπαντα γὰρ τὰ μίζον' ἢ πέποιθέ τις

Ἀτυχήματ' ἄλλοις γεγονότ' ἐννοέμενος,

Τὰς αὐτὸς αὐτῷ συμφορὰς ῥᾶον φέρει.

Athen. Deip. lib. vi.

Thus, in the literal version of Dalechampius :

Hem amice, nunc auscultā quod dicturus sum tibi.

Animal natura laboriosum homo est.

Tristia vita secum affert plurima :

Itaque curarum hæc adinvenit solatia :

Mentem enim suorum malorum oblitam,

Alienorum casuum reputatio consolatur,

Indeque fit ea læta, et erudita ad sapientiam.

Trajicos enim primum, si libet, considera,

Quam prosint omnibus. Qui eget,

Pauperiorem se fuisse Telephum

Cum intelligit, lenius fert inopiam.

Insania qui ægrotat, de Alcmeone is cōgitet.

Lippus est aliquis, Phinea cæcum is contempletur.

Obiit tibi filius, dolorem levabit exemplum Niobes,

Claudicat quispiam, Philocteten is respicito.

der the Great. Of this period Diphilus and Menander were among the most shining ornaments :

We have a notable good law at Corinth,
Where, if an idle fellow outruns reason,
Feasting and junketting at furious cost,
The sumptuary proctor calls upon him,
And thus begins to sift him.—You live well,
But have you well to live? You squander freely,
Have you the wherewithal? Have you the fund
For these outgoings? If you have, go on!
If you have not, we'll stop you in good time,
Before you outrun honesty; for he
Who lives we know not how, must live by plunder;
Either he picks a purse, or robs a house,
Or is accomplice with some knavish gang,
Or thrusts himself in crowds, to play th' informer,
And put his perjur'd evidence to sale:
This a well-order'd city will not suffer;
Such vermin we expel.—“ And you do wisely:
“ But what is that to me?”——Why this it is:

Miser est senex aliquis, in Ceneum is intuetor.

Omnia namque graviora quam patiatur

Infortunia quavis animadvertens in aliis eumprehenderit,

Suas calamitates luget minus.

Here we behold you every day at work,
 Living forsooth ! not as your neighbours live,
 But richly, royally, ye gods !—Why man,
 We cannot get a fish for love or money,
 You swallow the whole produce of the sea :
 You've driv'n our citizens to browse on cabbage ;
 A sprig of parsley sets them all a fighting,
 As at the Isthmian games : If hare or partridge,
 Or but a simple thrush comes to the market,
 Quick, at a word, you snap him : By the Gods !
 Hunt Athens through, you shall not find a feather
 But in your kitchen ; and for wine, 'tis gold——
 Not to be purchas'd.—We may drink the ditches. *

* The original of the fragment of Diphilus :

Τοῖς το νόμιμόν ἐς βέλτις ἐνθαδὲ
 Κορίνθίοις, ἵν' ἔαν τιν' ὀψωνῶντ' αἰεὶ
 Λαμπρῶς ὀρώμεν, τῷτον ἀνακρίνεῖν πόθεν
 Ζῆν, καὶ τί ποιῶν. καὶ μὲν ἐσίαν ἔχῃ
 Ἡς αἱ πρόσοδοι λύσει τ' ἀναλώματά,
 Εἴαν ἀπὸ λαύειν ἢ δὲ τῷτον τὸν βίον.
 Εἴαν δ' ὑπὲρ τὴν ἐσίαν δαπανῶν τύχη,
 Αὐτῷ ποῖν αὐτῷ τῷτο μὴ ποιεῖν ἔτι.
 Ος ἂν δὲ μὴ πείθῃτ', ἐπέβαλον ζημίαν
 Εἴαν δὲ μηδὲ ὅτις ἔχων ζῇ πολυτελεῶς,
 Τῷ δὲ δημιῷ παρίδωκαν αὐτον. Ἡράκλειος
 ΟΥκ ἐνδύχεται γὰρ ζῆν ἀνευ κακῶ τινῶς

OF equal merit with these two last specimens, are the greatest part of those translations given by Mr Cumberland of the fragments of the Greek dramatists. The lite-

Τῆτον' συνίης ; ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 Η λωποδυλεῖν τὰς νύκτας, ἢ τειχωρυχεῖν,
 Η τῶν ποιητῶν ταῦτα κοινῶναι τισιν.
 Η συκοφαντεῖν καὶ ἀγορεύειν, ἢ μαρτυρεῖν
 Ψευδῆ. τοιούτων ἐκκαθαίρομεν γένος.
 Ορθῶς γε νῆ Δί', ἀλλὰ δὴ τί τῶτ' ἐμοί;
 Ορῶμεν ἀφανῆνθ' ἐκάστης ἡμέρας,
 ΟΥΧΙ μετρίως, βέλυσέ, σ', ἀλλ' ὑπερφάνως.
 ΟΥΚ ἔστιν ἰχθυάριον ὑπὸ σῶ μεταλαβῆν.
 Συνῆκας ἡμῶν εἰς τα λάχανα την πόλιν,
 Περὶ τῶν σέλινων μαχόμεθ' ὥσπερ Ἰσθμίοις.
 Λαγῶς τις εἰσελήλυθ' ; εὐθὺς ἤρπακας.
 Πέρδικα δ' ἢ κιχλὴν ; καὶ νῆ Δί' ἐκ ἔτι
 Ἔστιν δὲ ὑμῶς ἔδὲ πετομένην ἰδεῖν.
 Τὸν ξενικὸν οἶνον ἐπιλείμῃκας πολὺ.

Athen. Deip. lib. vi.

Thus in the version of Dalechampius :

A. *Talis istic lex est, o vir optime,
 Corinthiis : si quem obsonantem semper
 Splendidius aspexerint, illum ut interrogent
 Unde vivat, quidnam agat : quod si facultates illi sunt*

rary world owes to that ingenious writer a very high obligation for his excellent view of the progress of the dramatic art among the Greeks, and for the collection he has

*Quarum ad eum sumptum reditus sufficiat,
Eo vitæ luxu permittunt frui :
Sin amplius impendat quam pro re sua,
Ne id porro faciat interdicitur.
Si non pareat, mulcta quidem plectitur.
Si sumptuose vivit qui nihil prorsus habet,
Traditur puniendus carnifici. B. Proh Hercules.*

*A. Quod enim scias, fieri minime potest
Ut qui eo est ingenio, non vivat improbe : itaque necessum
Vel noctu grassantem obvios spoliare, vel effractarium pa-
rietem suffodere,
Vel his se furibus adjungere socium,
Aut delatorem et quadruplatorem esse in foro ; aut falsum
Testari : à talium hominum genere purgatur civitas.*

B. Recte, per Jovem : sed ad me quid hoc attinet ?

*A. Nos te videmus obsonantem quotidie
Haud mediocriter, vir optime, sed fastuose, et magnifice,
Ne pisciculum quidem habere licet caussa tua :
Cives nostros commisisti, pugnaturos de oleribus :*

made of the remains of more than fifty of their comic poets *.

De apio dimicamus tanquam in Isthmiis,

Si lepus accessit, eum extemplo rapis.

Perdicem, ac turdum ne volantem quidem

Propter vos, ita me Jupiter amet, nobis jam videre licet,

Peregrini multum auxistis vini pretium.

* The greater part of the fragments translated by Mr Cumberland, are to be found in two separate works of Grotius, viz. *Excerpta ex Tragædiis et Commædiis Græcis*, Paris, 1626, 4to; and *Dicta Poetarum quæ apud Stobæum extant*; Paris, 1623, 4to.

of the year 1713, and the year 1714.

The year 1713, and the year 1714.

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CHAP. VII.

Limitation of the Rule regarding the Imitation of Style.—This Imitation must be regulated by the Genius of Languages.—The Latin admits of a greater Brevity of Expression than the English ;—As does the French.—The Latin and Greek allow greater Inversions than the English,—And admit more freely of Ellipsis.

THE rule which enjoins to a translator the imitation of the style of the original author, demands several limitations.

1. THIS imitation must always be regulated by the nature of the genius of the languages of the original and of the translation.

THE Greek language, from the frequency and familiarity of ellipsis, allows a conciseness of expression which is scarcely attainable in any other tongue, and perhaps least of all in the English.

·Ο μὲν ἐφ' οἷς δᾷ, καὶ οἷς δᾷ ὀργιζόμενος, ἐτι δὲ καὶ ὡς δᾷ, καὶ ὅτε, καὶ ὅσον χρόνον, ἐπαινῆται.

ARISTOT.

To render this faithfully into English, it is impossible to use fewer words than the following: “ He is to be commended, who is
“ angry with those persons whom he ought
“ to be angry with, and who is angry in such
“ a manner, and at such proper time, and
“ only for so long a time, as the cause and
“ occasion justify.”

THE Latin language, too, though in an inferior degree to the Greek, admits of a brevity, which cannot be successfully imitated in the English.

CICERO thus writes to Trebatius, (Lib. 7, ep. 17.):

In Britanniam te profectum non esse gaudeo, quod et tu labore caruisti, et ego te de rebus illis non audiam.

It is impossible to translate this into English with equal brevity, and at the same time do complete justice to the sentiment. Melmoth, therefore, has shewn great judgment, in sacrificing the imitation of style to the perfect transfusion of the sense. “ I am
“ glad, for my sake as well as yours, that
“ you did not attend Cæsar into Britain ;
“ as it has not only saved you the fatigue of
“ a very disagreeable journey, but me likewise that of being the perpetual auditor
“ of your wonderful exploits.” *Melm. Cic. Lett. b. 2. l. 12.*

PLINY to Minutianus, Lib. 3. Ep. 9. says, towards the end of his letter : *Temerè dixi—Succurrit quod præterieram, et quidem serò: sed quanquam præposterè reddetur. Facit hoc Homerus, multique illius exemplo. Est alioqui perdecorum: a me tamen non ideo fiet.* It is no doubt possible to translate this passage into English with a conciseness

almost equal to the original ; but in this experiment we must sacrifice all its ease and spirit. “ I have said this rashly—I recollect an omission—somewhat too late indeed. It shall now be supplied, though a little preposterously. Homer does this : and many after his example. Besides, it is not unbecoming ; but this is not my reason.” Let us mark how Mr Melmoth, by a happy amplification, has preserved the spirit and ease, though sacrificing the brevity of the original. “ But upon recollection, I find that I must recal that last word ; for I perceive, a little too late indeed, that I have omitted a material circumstance. However, I will mention it here, though something out of its place. In this, I have the authority of Homer, and several other great names, to keep me in countenance ; and the critics will tell you this irregular manner has its beauties : but, upon my word, it is a beauty I had not at all in my view.”

AN example of a similar brevity of expression, which admits of no imitation in

English, occurs in another letter of Cicero to Trebatius, (*Ep. l. 7. 14.*)

Chrysippus Vettius, Cyri architecti libertus, fecit, ut te non immemorem putarem mei. Valde jam lautus es qui gravere literas ad me dare, homine præsertim domestico. Quod si scribere oblitus es, minus multi jam te advocato causâ cadent. Sin nostri oblitus es, dabo operam ut isthuc veniam, antequam planè ex animo tuo effluo.

IN translating this passage, Mr Melmoth has shewn equal judgment. Without attempting to imitate the brevity of the original, which he knew to be impossible, he saw, that the characterising features of the passage were ease and vivacity; and these he has very happily transfused into his translation.

“ IF it were not for the compliments you
“ sent me by Chrysippus, the freedman of
“ Cyrus the architect, I should have imagi-
“ ned I no longer possessed a place in your
“ thoughts. But surely you are become a

“ most intolerable fine gentleman, that you
“ could not bear the fatigue of writing to
“ me, when you had the opportunity of do-
“ ing so by a man, whom, you know, I look
“ upon as one almost of my own family.
“ Perhaps, however, you may have forgot-
“ ten the use of your pen : and so much
“ the better, let me tell you, for your clients,
“ as they will lose no more causes by its
“ blunders. But if it is myself only that
“ has escaped your remembrance, I must
“ endeavour to refresh it by a visit, before
“ I am worn out of your memory, beyond
“ all power of recollection.”

NUMBERLESS instances of a similar exercise of judgment and of good taste are to be found in Mr Murphy's excellent translation of Tacitus. After the death of Germanicus, poisoned, as was suspected, by Piso, with the tacit approbation of Tiberius, the public loudly demanded justice against the supposed murderer, and the cause was solemnly tried in the Roman Senate. Piso, foreseeing a judgment against him, chose to anticipate his fate by a voluntary death. The

Senate decreed, that his family name should be abolished for ever, and that his brother Marcus should be banished from his country for ten years ; but in deference to the solicitations of the Empress, they granted a free pardon to Plancina, his widow. Tacitus proceeds to relate, that this sentence of the Senate was altered by Tiberius: *Multa ex ea sententia mitigata sunt a principe ; ne nomen Pisonis fastis eximeretur, quando M. Antonii, qui bellum patriæ fecisset, Julii Antonii, qui domum Augusti violasset, manerent ; et M. Pisonem ignominiae exemit, concessitque ei paterna bona ; satis firmus, ut sæpe memoravi, adversus pecuniam ; et tum pudore absolutæ Plancinæ placabilior. Atque idem cum Valerius Messalinus signum aureum in æde Martis Ultoris, Cæcina Severus aram ultioni statuendam censuissent, prohibuit : ob externas ea victorias sacrari dictitans, domestica mala tristitia operiendâ. An. l. 3. c. 18.*

Thus necessarily amplified, and translated with the ease of original composition, by Mr Murphy :

“ THIS sentence, in many particulars,
“ was mitigated by Tiberius. The family
“ name, he said, ought not to be abolished,
“ while that of Mark Antony, who appear-
“ ed in arms against his country, as well
“ as that of Julius Antonius, who by his in-
“ trigues dishonoured the house of Augus-
“ tus, subsisted still, and figured in the Ro-
“ man annals. Marcus Piso was left in
“ possession of his civil dignities, and his
“ father’s fortune. Avarice, as has been
“ already observed, was not the passion of
“ Tiberius. On this occasion, the disgrace
“ incurred by the partiality shown to Plan-
“ cina, softened his temper, and made him
“ the more willing to extend his mercy to
“ the son. Valerius Messalinus moved,
“ that a golden statue might be erected in
“ the temple of Mars the Avenger. An
“ altar to Vengeance was proposed by Cæ-
“ cina Severus. Both these motions were
“ over-ruled by the Emperor. The prin-
“ ciple on which he argued, was, that public
“ monuments, however proper in cases of
“ foreign conquest, were not suited to the
“ present juncture. Domestic calamity

“ should be lamented, and as soon as possible consigned to oblivion.”

THE conclusion of the same chapter affords an example yet more striking of the same necessary and happy amplification by the translator.

Addiderat Messalinus, Tiberio et Augustæ, et Antonia, et Agrippinæ, Drusoque, ob vindictam Germanici grates agendas, omiseratque Claudii mentionem; et Messalinum quidem L. Aspernas senatu coram percunctatus est, an prudens præterisset? Ac tum demum nomen Claudii adscriptum est. Mihi quanto plura recentium, seu veterum revolve, tanto magis ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis obversantur; quippe fama, spe, veneratione potius omnes destinabantur imperio, quam quem futurum principem fortuna in occulto tenebat.

“ MESSALINUS added to his motion a vote
“ of thanks to Tiberius and Livia, to Antonia, Agrippina, and Drusus, for their
“ zeal in bringing to justice the enemies of

“ Germanicus. The name of Claudius was
“ not mentioned. Lucius Asperanus desired
“ to know, whether that omission was intend-
“ ed. The consequence was, that Claudius
“ was inserted in the vote. Upon an occasion
“ like this, it is impossible not to pause for
“ a moment, to make a reflection that na-
“ turally rises out of the subject. When
“ we review what has been doing in the
“ world, is it not evident, that in all trans-
“ actions, whether of ancient or of modern
“ date, some strange caprice of fortune turns
“ all human wisdom to a jest? In the junc-
“ ture before us, Claudius figured so little
“ on the stage of public business, that there
“ was scarce a man in Rome, who did not
“ seem, by the voice of fame and the wish-
“ es of the people, designed for the sove-
“ reign power, rather than the very person,
“ whom fate, in that instant, cherished in
“ obscurity, to make him, at a future pe-
“ riod, master of the Roman world.”

So likewise in the following passage, we must admire the judgment of the translator in forbearing all attempt to rival the bre-

vity of the original, since he knew it could not be attained but with the sacrifice both of ease and perspicuity :

Is finis fuit ulciscenda Germanici morte, non modo apud illos homines qui tum agebant, etiam secutis temporibus vario rumore jactata ; adeo maxima quæque ambigua sunt, dum alii quoquo modo audita pro comperitis habent ; alii vera in contrarium vertunt ; et gliscit utrumque posteritate. An. l. 3. c. 19.

“ IN this manner ended the inquiry concerning the death of Germanicus ; a subject which has been variously represented, not only by men of that day, but by all subsequent writers. It remains, to this hour, the problem of history. A cloud for ever hangs over the most important transactions ; while, on the one hand, credulity adopts for fact the report of the day ; and, on the other, politicians warp and disguise the truth* : between

* There is a slight impropriety of language in opposing abstract term, *credulity* to *politicians* ; even allowing that

“ both parties two different accounts go
“ down from age to age, and gain strength
“ with posterity.”

IN the same parallel with Melmoth and with Murphy, as possessing a masterly skill in the true principles of the art, must be ranked the ingenious translator of Sallust *; whose elaborate work, the version of a most difficult author, into easy, pure, correct, and often most eloquent language, has justly entitled him to a high rank among the English translators from the classics. Observing in general a very strict fidelity to the sense of his original, he saw at once

the former is a personification : for simple and figurative expression do not happily combine.

* Henry Steuart, Esq; of Allanton, a Scottish gentleman of ancient family, who most laudably employs his leisure in the elegant and manly pursuits of classical science and polite letters. The translation of Sallust is printed for Messrs Baldwin, in 2 vols. 4to, 1806. The accompanying essays on the life and writings of the historian, with the historical and critical notes, contain altogether a great store of ingenious criticism and classical information.

the fruitlessness of any attempt to imitate the abrupt and sententious manner, together with those other prominent characteristics of the style of Sallust, which, although the natural partiality to his author has led him to vindicate and even to panegyrisé, he well knew the utter impossibility of transferring to a language widely different in its structure and idioms from that of the original. This attempt, therefore, he has with great judgment altogether abandoned; limiting himself to the correct expression of the sense of his author, in pure and eloquent language, possessing all the ease of original composition.

MR Steuart's translation of the following passage appears to me to be executed with singular felicity: *At populo Romano nunquam ea copia fuit: quia prudentissimus quisque negotiosus maximè erat. Ingenium nemo sine corpore exercebat: optimus quisque facere quam dicere, et sua ab aliis benefacta laudari, quam ipse aliorum narrare malebat. Igitur domi militiæque boni mores colebantur. Concordia maxima, minima avaritia erat: jus*

bonumque apud eos non legibus magis quam natura valebat : jurgia, discordias, iras, simultates cum hostibus exercebant ; cives cum civibus de virtute certabant. In suppliciis Deorum magnifici, domi parci, in amicos fideles erant. Duabus his artibus audacia in bello, ubi pax evenerat, æquitate, seque remque publicam curabant.

“ AMONG the Romans, the same advantages have not been enjoyed. Here few writers arose during the early ages. The most busy scenes constantly called forth the brightest talents : and even the distinctions were long unknown, that separate active from speculative life. To act, rather than to write or speak, was then the practice. The Roman of other times preferred the glory of deeds which he himself should achieve, to that of recounting and embellishing the achievements of other men. Thus at home and abroad the Roman manners were adorned with a virtuous simplicity. The voice of dissention and the suggestions of avarice, were never heard. Justice and equity

“ were then the dictates of nature, and the
“ offspring of sentiment : the terrors of the
“ law were seldom necessary to enforce
“ them. Rancour, animosity and fierce
“ contention, our forefathers reserved for
“ the enemies of their country. Among
“ themselves, it was the struggle of citizens
“ for the palm of superior excellence. In
“ their offerings to the Gods, they obser-
“ ved a pious magnificence ; in their own
“ habitations a modest frugality ; to their
“ friends a fidelity which was unshaken and
“ inviolable. Their maxims were few and
“ simple ; valour in war, and in peace equi-
“ ty and moderation, formed the leading
“ principles of their conduct. By means
“ of these they maintained the honour of
“ the republic, by communicating to it the
“ energy of their own character.”

IN the original of this passage, a brief and sententious antithesis runs through the whole ; evidently the effect of art and study, and therefore unpleasant from the sense of the labour which the author has bestowed upon it. The translator has with much

judgment refrained from all imitation of this abrupt and disjointed sententiousness; while in correct and eloquent language he has given the full meaning, with more ease than belongs to his original. In proof of the above remark, let the reader attend particularly to the version of *Ingenium nemo sine corpore exercebat—jurgia, discordias, iras, similtates cum hostibus exercebant : cives cum civibus de virtute certabant.*

IN his version of the following passage, the translator has evinced the same ability, with an equal degree of good taste, in happily amplifying, without adding to the thought of his author, where it was impossible to do justice to the original by any imitation of its compressed and antithetical brevity.

Sed primò magis ambitio quam avaritia animos hominum exercebat, quod tamen vitium propius virtutem erat. Nam gloriam, honorem, imperium, bonus et ignavus æquè sibi exoptant. Sed ille verâ nititur viâ : huic quia bonæ artes desunt, dolis atque fallaciis

contendit. Avaritia pecuniæ studium habet, quam nemo sapiens concupivit : ea quasi venenis malis imbuta, corpus virile animumque effæminat. Semper infinita, insatiabilis est, neque copiâ neque inopiâ minuitur.

“ IN the first stages of corruption, it was
“ ambition, and not avarice, that laid the
“ strongest hold on the minds of men ;
“ and this in the order of things was natu-
“ rally to be expected. Ambition, being of
“ the two, more a-kin to virtue, its indul-
“ gence may admit of a specious apology.
“ The heights of power, and the prize of
“ glory or honour, alike stimulate the good
“ and the worthless. But the former pur-
“ sue the straight road to their object ; the
“ latter, being strangers to every honourable
“ feeling, turn aside into the paths of arti-
“ fice and fraud. Avarice, on the other
“ hand, sets its affection on riches, a pos-
“ session that no wise man ever immode-
“ rately coveted. In avarice there is a sor-
“ did principle, from which ambition is ex-
“ empt. It possesses, so to speak, the most
“ poisonous qualities ; of power not only

“ to effeminate the body, but to depress
“ the faculties of the soul. It is a flame
“ that unceasingly burns; and whether it
“ be fed by plenty or starved by want, con-
“ tinues equally unquenchable.

IF I have said less in praise of this excellent translation of a most difficult classic author than its uncommon merits justly call for, the ingenious author has himself in some measure to blame for the reserve which he compels me to maintain, in speaking of a work in which he has honoured this Essay with unbounded encomium.

THE French language admits of a brevity of expression more corresponding to that of the Latin: and of this D'Alembert has given many happy examples in his translations from Tacitus.

Quod si vita suppetit, principatum divi Nervæ et imperium Trajani, uberiores, securioresque materiam senectuti seposui: rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et

quæ sentias dicere licet. Præf. ad Hist. “ Si
“ les dieux m’accordent des jours, je de-
“ stine à l’occupation et à la consolation
“ de ma vieillesse, l’histoire interessante et
“ tranquille de Nerva et de Trajan ; tems
“ heureux et rares, où l’on est libre de pen-
“ ser et de parler.”

AND with equal, perhaps superior felicity,
the same passage is thus translated by
Rousseau : “ Que s’il me reste assez de
“ vie, je reserve pour ma vieillesse la riche
“ et paisible matiere des regnes de Nerva
“ et de Trajan : rares et heureux tems, où
“ l’on peut penser librement, et dire ce
“ que l’on pense.”

BUT D’Alembert, from too earnest a de-
sire to imitate the conciseness of his ori-
ginal, has sometimes left the sense imper-
fect. Of this an example occurs in the pas-
sage before quoted, An. l. 1. c. 2. *Cum cæ-
teri nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior,
opibus et honoribus extollerentur* : the trans-
lator, too studious of brevity, has not given
the complete idea of his author, “ Le reste

“ des nobles trouvoit dans les richesses et
“ dans les honneurs, la récompense de l’es-
“ clavage.” This does not convey the sense
of the original, “ that riches and honours
“ were bestowed on the courtiers, *in pro-*
“ *portion to their degrees of servility.*” *Om-*
nium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset,
Tac. hist. 1. 49. “ Digne de l’empire au
“ jugement de tout le monde, tant qu’il ne
“ regna pas.” This is not the idea of the
author ; for Tacitus does not mean to say
that Galba was judged worthy of the em-
pire till he attained to it ; but that all the
world would have thought him worthy of
the empire if he had never attained to it.

2. THE Latin and Greek languages ad-
mit of inversions which are inconsistent with
the genius of the English :

MR Gordon, injudiciously aiming at an
imitation of the Latin construction, has gi-
ven a barbarous air to his translation of
Tacitus : “ To Pallas, who was by Claudius
“ declared to be the deviser of this scheme,
“ the ornaments of the prætorship, and

“ three hundred seventy-five thousand
“ crowns, were adjudged by Bareas Soranus
“ consul designed,” *An. b.* 12.—“ Still to
“ be seen are the Roman standards in the
“ German groves, there, by me, hung up,”
An. lib. 1. “ Naturally violent was the spi-
“ rit of Arminius, and now, by the capti-
“ vity of his wife, and by the fate of his
“ child, doomed to bondage though yet un-
“ born, enraged even to distraction.” *Ibid.*
“ But he, the more ardent he found the af-
“ fetions of the soldiers, and the greater the
“ hatred of his uncle, so much the more
“ intent upon a decisive victory, weighed
“ with himself all the methods,” &c. *Ib.*
lib. 2.

Thus, Mr Macpherson, in his translation of Homer, (a work otherwise valuable, as containing for the most part a faithful trans- fusion of the sense of his author), has generally adopted an inverted construction, which is incompatible with the genius of the English language. “ Tlepolemus, the race
“ of Hercules,—brave in battle and great in
“ arms, nine ships led to Troy, with mag-

“ unanimous Rhodians filled. Those who
“ dwelt in Rhodes, distinguished in nations
“ three,—who held Lindus, Ialysus, and
“ white Camirus, beheld him afar.—Their
“ leader in arms was Tlepolemus, renown-
“ ed at the spear, *Il. l. 2.*—The heroes the
“ slaughter began.—Alexander first a war-
“ rior slew—Through the neck, by the helm
“ passed the steel.—Iphinous, the son of
“ Dexius, through the shoulder he pierced
“ —to the earth fell the chief in his blood,
“ *Ib. l. 7.* Not unjustly we Hector admire;
“ matchless at launching the spear; to
“ break the line of battle, bold, *Ib. l. 5.*
“ Nor for vows unpaid rages Apollo; nor
“ solemn sacrifice denied.” *Ib. l. 1.*

3. THE English language is not incapable of an elliptical mode of expression; but it does not admit of it to the same degree as the Latin. Tacitus says, *Trepida civitas incusare Tiberium*, for *trepida civitas incept incusare Tiberium*. We cannot say in English, “The terrified city to blame Tiberius:” And even as Gordon has translated these words, the ellipsis is too violent

for the English language ; “ hence against
“ Tiberius many complaints.”

Ἐννῆμαρ μὲν ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὥχετο κῆλα θεοῖο.

Il. lib. 1. l. 53.

“ For nine days the arrows of the god
“ were darted through the army.” The
elliptical brevity of Mr Macpherson’s trans-
lation of this verse, has no parallel in the
original ; nor is it agreeable to the English
idiom :

“ Nine days rush the shafts of the God.”

CHAPTER VIII.

*Whether a Poem can be well translated into
Prose.*

FROM all the preceding observations respecting the imitation of style, we may derive this precept, That a translator ought always to figure to himself, in what manner the original author would have expressed himself, if he had written in the language of the translation.

THIS precept leads to the examination, and probably to the decision, of a question which has admitted of some dispute, Whether a poem can be well translated into prose?

THERE are certain species of poetry, of which the chief merit consists in the sweetness and melody of the versification. Of these it is evident, that the very essence must perish in translating them into prose. What should we find in the following beautiful lines, when divested of the melody of verse ?

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

POPE'S *Windsor Forest*.

BUT a great deal of the beauty of every regular poem, consists in the melody of its numbers. Sensible of this truth, many of the prose translators of poetry, have attempted to give a sort of measure to their prose, which removes it from the nature of ordinary language. If this measure is uniform, and its return regular, the composition is no longer prose, but blank-verse. If it is not uniform, and does not regularly return

upon the ear, the composition will be more unharmonious, than if the measure had been entirely neglected. Of this, Mr Macpherson's translation of the Iliad is a strong example.

BUT it is not only by the measure that poetry is distinguishable from prose. It is by the character of its thoughts and sentiments, and by the nature of that language in which they are clothed *. A boldness of figures, a luxuriancy of imagery, a frequent use of metaphors, a quickness of transition, a liberty of digressing; all these are not only *allowable* in poetry, but to many species of it, *essential*. But they are quite unsuitable to the character of prose. When seen in a *prose translation*, they appear preposterous and out of place, because they are never found in an *original prose composition*.

* “ C'est en quoi consiste le grand art de la Poësie, de dire figurément presque tout ce qu'elle dit.” *Rapin Reflex. sur la Poétique en général*, § 29.

IN opposition to these remarks, it may be urged, that there are examples of poems originally composed in prose, as Fenelon's *Telemachus*. But to this we answer, that Fenelon, in composing his *Telemachus*, has judiciously adopted nothing more of the characteristics of poetry than what might safely be given to a prose composition. His good taste prescribed to him certain limits, which he was under no necessity of transgressing. But a translator is not left to a similar freedom of judgment : he must follow the footsteps of his original. Fenelon's Epic Poem is of a very different character from the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, or the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The French author has, in the conduct of his fable, seldom transgressed the bounds of historic probability ; he has sparingly indulged himself in the use of the Epic machinery ; and there is a chastity and sobriety even in his language, very different from the glowing enthusiasm that characterizes the diction of the poems we have mentioned : We find nothing in the *Telemaque* of the *Os magna sonaturum*.

THE difficulty of translating poetry into prose, is different in its degree, according to the nature or species of the poem. Didactic poetry, of which the principal merit consists in the detail of a regular system, or in rational precepts which flow from each other in a connected train of thought, will evidently suffer least by being transfused into prose. But every didactic poet judiciously enriches his work with such ornaments as are not strictly attached to his subject. In a prose translation of such a poem, all that is strictly systematic or preceptive may be transfused with propriety; all the rest, which belongs to embellishment, will be found impertinent and out of place. Of this we have a convincing proof in Dryden's translation of the valuable poem of Du Fresnoy, *De Arte Graphica*. The didactic parts of the poem are translated with becoming propriety; but in the midst of those practical instructions in the art of painting, how preposterous appear in prose such passages as the following?

“ THOSE things which the poets have
“ thought unworthy of their pens, the paint-
“ ers have judged to be unworthy of their
“ pencils. For both those arts, that they
“ might advance the sacred honours of re-
“ ligion, have raised themselves to heaven ;
“ and having found a free admission into the
“ palace of Jove himself, have enjoyed the
“ sight and conversation of the Gods, whose
“ awful majesty they observe, and whose
“ dictates they communicate to mankind,
“ whom, at the same time, they inspire with
“ those celestial flames which shine so glo-
“ riously in their works.”

“ BESIDES all this, you are to express the
“ motions of the spirits, and the affections
“ or passions, whose centre is the heart.
“ This is that in which the greatest difficul-
“ ty consists. Few there are whom Jupi-
“ ter regards with a favourable eye in this
“ undertaking.”

“ AND as this part, (the Art of Colour-
“ ing), which we may call the utmost per-
“ fection of Painting, is a deceiving beauty,

“ but withal soothing and pleasing ; so she
“ has been accused of procuring lovers for
“ her sister (Design), and artfully engaging
“ us to admire her.”

BUT there are certain species of poetry, of the merits of which it will be found impossible to convey the smallest idea in a prose translation. Such is Lyric poetry, where a greater degree of irregularity of thought, and a more unrestrained exuberance of fancy, is allowable than in any other species of composition. To attempt, therefore, a translation of a lyric poem into prose, is the most absurd of all undertakings ; for those very characters of the original which are essential to it, and which constitute its highest beauties, if transferred to a prose translation, become unpardonable blemishes. The excursive range of the sentiments, and the play of fancy, which we admire in the original, degenerate in the translation into mere raving and impertinence. Of this the translation of Horace in prose, by Smart, furnishes proofs in every page.

WE may certainly, from the foregoing observations, conclude, that it is impossible to do complete justice to any species of poetical composition in a prose translation ; in other words, that none but a poet can translate a poet.

CHAPTER IX.

Third General Rule—A Translation should have all the Ease of Original Composition.—Extreme difficulty in the observance of this Rule.—Contrasted Instances of Success and Failure.—Of the Necessity of sometimes sacrificing one Rule to another.

IT now remains, that we consider the third general law of Translation.

IN order that the merit of the original work may be so completely transfused as to produce its full effect, it is necessary, not only that the translation should contain a perfect transcript of the sentiments of the original, and present likewise a resemblance

of its style and manner ; but, That the translation should have all the ease of original composition.

WHEN we consider those restraints within which a translator finds himself necessarily confined, with regard to the sentiments and manner of his original, it will soon appear, that this last requisite includes the most difficult part of his task *. It is not

* “ Quand il s’agit de représenter dans une autre langue
 “ les choses, les pensées, les expressions, les tours, les tons
 “ d’un ouvrage ; les choses telles qu’elles sont, sans rien ajouter, ni retrancher, ni déplacer ; les pensées dans leurs couleurs, leurs degrés, leurs nuances ; les tours, qui donnent le feu, l’esprit, et la vie au discours ; les expressions naturelles, figurées, fortes, riches, gracieuses, délicates, &c. le tout d’après un modele qui commande durement, et qui veut qu’on lui obéisse d’un air aisé ; il faut, sinon autant de génie, du moins autant de gout pour bien traduire, que pour composer. Peutêtre même en faut il davantage. L’auteur qui compose, conduit seulement par une sorte d’instinct toujours libre, et par sa matiere qui lui présente des idées, qu’il peut accepter ou rejeter à son gré, est maître absolu de ses pensées et de ses expressions : si la pensée ne lui convient pas, ou si l’expression ne convient pas à la pensée, il peut rejeter, l’une et l’autre ; *quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relin-*

easy for one who walks in trammels, to exhibit an air of grace and freedom. It is difficult, even for a capital painter, to preserve in a copy of a picture all the ease and spirit of the original ; yet the painter employs precisely the same colours, and has no other care than faithfully to imitate the touch and manner of the picture that is before him. If the original is easy and graceful, the copy will have the same qualities, in proportion as the imitation is just and perfect. The translator's task is very different : He uses not the same colours with the original, but is required to give his picture the same force and effect. He is not allowed to copy the touches of the original, yet is required, by

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“ *quit.* Le traducteur n'est maître de rien ; il est obligé de
“ suivre partout son auteur, et de se plier à toutes ses varia-
“ tions avec une souplesse infinie. Qu'on en juge par la va-
“ riété des tons qui se trouvent nécessairement dans une
“ même sujet, et à plus forte raison dans un même genre.---
“ Quelle idée donc ne doit-on pas avoir d'une traduction faite
“ avec succès ?”

BATTEUX, *De la Construction Oratoire, Par. 2.*

touches of his own, to produce a perfect resemblance. The more he studies a scrupulous imitation, the less his copy will reflect the ease and spirit of the original. How then shall a translator accomplish this difficult union of ease with fidelity? To use a bold expression, he must adopt the very soul of his author, which must speak through his own organs *.

* The following observations by Cowper, though loosely thrown out, and a little deficient in precision of thought, contain much matter deserving of a translator's attention: " There are *minutiæ* in every language, which, transfused into another, will spoil the version. Such extreme fidelity " is in fact unfaithful. Such close resemblance takes away " all likeness. The original is elegant, easy, natural; the " copy is clumsy, constrained, unnatural: To what is this " owing? To the adoption of terms not congenial to your " purpose, and of a context such as no man writing an original work would make use of. Homer is every thing that " a poet should be. A translation of Homer so made will " be every thing a translation of Homer should not be. Because it will be written in no language under heaven. It " will be English, and it will be Greek, and therefore it will " be neither. He is the man, whoever he be, (I do not " pretend to be that man myself,) he is the man best qualified as a translator of Homer, who has drenched, and " steeped, and soaked himself in the effusions of his genius,

LET us proceed to exemplify this third rule of translation, which regards the attainment of ease of style, by instances both of success and failure.

o 3

“ till he has imbibed their colour to the bone, and who, when he is thus dyed through and through, distinguishing between what is essentially Greek and what may be habited in English, rejects the former, and is faithful to the latter, as far as the purposes of fine poetry will permit, and no farther: this, I think, may be easily proved. Homer is every where remarkable either for ease, dignity, or energy of expression; for grandeur of conception, and a majestic flow of numbers. If we copy him so closely as to make every one of these excellent properties of his absolutely unattainable, which will certainly be the effect of too close a copy, instead of translating, we murder him. Therefore, after all*****has said, I still hold freedom to be indispensable. Freedom I mean with respect to the expression; freedom so limited, as never to leave behind *the matter*; but at the same time indulged with a sufficient scope to secure the spirit, and as much as possible of the manner. I say as much as possible, because an English manner must differ from a Greek one, in order to be graceful, and for this there is no remedy. Can an ungraceful, awkward translation of Homer be a good one? No: but a graceful, easy, natural, faithful version of him, will not that be a good one? Yes: Allow me but this, and I insist upon it, that such a one may be produced on my principles, and can be produced on no other.”

COWPER's *Letters*.

THE familiar style of epistolary correspondence is rarely attainable even in original composition. It consists in a delicate medium between the perfect freedom of ordinary conversation and the regularity of written dissertation or narrative. It is extremely difficult to attain this delicate medium in a translation: because the writer has neither a freedom of choice in the sentiments, nor in the mode of expressing them. Mr Melmoth appears to me to be a great model in this respect. His Translations of the Epistles of Cicero and of Pliny have all the ease of the originals, while they present in general a very faithful transcript of his author's sense.

“ Surely, *my friend*, your couriers are a
“ *set of the most unconscionable fellows.*
“ *Not that they have given me any parti-*
“ *cular offence; but as they never bring*
“ *me a letter when they arrive here, is it*
“ *fair, they should always press me for one*
“ *when they return?*” *Melmoth, Cic. Ep.*
10. 20.

Præposteros habes tabellarios ; etsi me quidem non offendunt. Sed tamen cum a me discedunt, flagitant literas, cum ad me veniunt, nullas afferunt. Cic. Ep. l. 15. ep. 17.

“ Is it not more worthy of your might
 “ ambition, to be blended with your learn-
 “ ed brethren at Rome, than to stand the
 “ sole great wonder of wisdom amidst a par-
 “ cel of paltry provincials ?” Melmoth,
 Cic. Ep. 2. 23.

Velim—ibi malis esse ubi aliquo numero sis, quam isthic ubi solus sapere videare. Cic. Epist. l. 1. ep. 10.

“ In short, I plainly perceive your finan-
 “ ces are in no flourishing situation, and I
 “ expect to hear the same account of all your
 “ neighbours ; so that famine, my friend,
 “ most formidable famine, must be your
 “ fate, if you do not provide against it in
 “ due time. And since you have been re-
 “ duced to sell your horse, e’en mount your
 “ mule, (the only animal, it seems, belong-
 “ ing to you, which you have not yet sacri-

“ *ficed to your table*), and convey yourself
“ immediately to Rome. To encourage you
“ to do so, you shall be honoured with a
“ chair and cushion next to mine, and sit
“ the second great pedagogue in my cele-
“ brated school.” Melmoth, Cic. Ep. 8. 22.

*Video te bona perdidisse : spero idem ist-
huc familiares tuos. Actum igitur de te est,
nisi provides. Potes mulo isto quem tibi re-
liquum dicis esse (quando cantherium come-
disti) Romam pervehi. Sella tibi erit in
ludo, tanquam hypodidascalo ; proxima eam
pulvinus sequitur. Cic. Ep. l. 9. ep. 18.*

“ ARE you not a pleasant mortal, to que-
“ stion me concerning the fate of those
“ estates you mention, when Balbus had
“ just before been paying you a visit ?”
Melmoth, Cic. Ep. 8. 24.

*Non tu homo ridiculus es, qui cum Bal-
bus noster apud te fuerit, ex me quæras quid
de istis municipiis et agris futurum putem ?
Cic. Ep. 9. 17.*

“ *And now I have raised your expectations of this piece, I doubt you will be disappointed when it comes to your hands. In the meanwhile, however, you may expect it, as something that will please you : And who knows but it may ?*”
Plin. Ep. 8. 3.

Erexi expectationem tuam ; quam vereor ne destituat oratio in manus sumpta. Intirim tamen, tanquam placituram, et fortasse placebit, expecta. Plin. Ep. 8. 3.

“ I consent to undertake the cause which you so earnestly recommend to me ; but as glorious and honourable as it may be, I will not be your counsel without a fee. Is it possible, you will say, that my friend Pliny should be so mercenary ? In truth it is ; and I insist upon a reward, which will do me more honour than the most disinterested patronage.” Plin. Ep. 6. 23.

Impensè petis ut agam causam pertinentem ad curam tuam, pulchram alioquin et famo-

sam. Faciam, sed non gratis. Qui fieri potest (inquis) ut non gratis tu? Potest: exigam enim mercedem honestiorem gratuito patrocinio. Plin. Ep. 8. 3.

To these examples of the ease of epistolary correspondence, I add a passage from one of the orations of Cicero, which is yet in a strain of greater familiarity: “A certain mechanic—*What’s his name?—Oh, I’m obliged to you for helping me to it: Yes, I mean Polycletus.*” *Melmoth.*

Artificem—quemnam? Recte admones. Polycletum esse ducebant. Cicero, Orat. 2. in Verrem.

IN the preceding instances from Mr Melmoth, the words of the English translation which are marked in Italics, are those which, in my opinion, give it the ease of original composition.

SOMETIMES, though very rarely, Mr Melmoth fails to rival the ease and spirit of his model. The following passage from one of

Pliny's Epistles has an uncommon felicity of expression in the original. Pliny thus jocularly remonstrates with his friend Præsens, for passing so much of his time in the country: *Quousque regnabis? Quousque vigilabis quum voles? dormies quamdiu voles? quousque calcei nusquam? toga feriata? liber totos dies? Tempus est te revisere molestias nostras, vel ob hoc solùm, ne voluptates istæ satietate languescant.* Ep. lib. vii. 3.

“ Are you obstinately bent to live your
“ own master, and sleep and rise when you
“ think proper? Will you never change
“ your country dress for the habit of the
“ town, but spend your whole days unem-
“ barrased by business? It is time, how-
“ ver, you should revisit our scene of hurry,
“ were it only that your rural pleasures may
“ not grow languid by enjoyment,” *Melmoth's Pliny.*

THE looseness of this version, and at the same time its insipidity, when contrasted with the happy ease and familiarity of the original, would almost incline us to suspect,

that in this instance the translator had not fully apprehended his author's meaning. The sense, at least, if not the full spirit of the passage, may be thus more faithfully given :

“ How long must you enjoy the royal
“ privilege of idleness—sleep when you
“ please, and wake when you please—
“ saunter the livelong day, with your book
“ in your hand ; in all the comfort of an old
“ coat, and a pair of easy shoes ; your town
“ accoutrements and dress-pumps gone,
“ the Lord knows where, and not to be
“ found for love or money ?—For heaven's
“ sake, come and taste of our turmoils :
“ seek something to plague you, were it
“ only to give a zest to your happiness.”

BUT while a translator endeavours to transfuse into his work all the ease of the original, the most correct taste is requisite to prevent that ease from degenerating into licentiousness. I have, in treating of the imitation of style and manner, given some examples of the want of this taste. The most licentious of all translators was Mr Thomas

Brown, of facetious memory, in whose translations from Lucian we have the most perfect ease; but it is the ease of Billingsgate and of Wapping. I shall contrast a few passages of his translation of this author, with those of another translator, who has given a faithful transcript of the sense of his original, but from an over-scrupulous fidelity has failed a little in point of ease.

GNATHON. “What now! Timon, do
“you strike me? Bear witness, Hercules!
“O me, O me! But I will call you into
“the Areopagus for this. TIMON, Stay a
“little only, and you may bring me in
“guilty of murder *.” FRANCKLIN’S *Lucian*.

GNATHON: “Confound him! what a
“blow he has given me! What’s this for,

* ΓΝ. Τι τῆτο; παίεις ὦ Τίμων; μαρτύρομαι ὦ Ηράκλεις· ἰοῦ.
ἰοῦ. Προκαλᾶμαι σε τραύματος εἰς Ἀρειον πάγον· ΤΙΜ. Καὶ μὴν ἂν
γέ μιν ἐπὶ ἐπιβραδυνης, φόνου τάχα προεκλήσῃ με. LUCIAN, *Timon*.

“ old Touchwood ? Bear witness, Hercules,
 “ that he has struck me. I warrant you, I
 “ shall make you repent of this blow. I’ll
 “ indite you upon an action of the case, and
 “ bring you *coram nobis* for an assault and
 “ battery.” TIMON. “ Do, thou confound-
 “ ed law-pimp, do ; but if thou stayest one
 “ minute longer, I’ll beat thee to pap. I’ll
 “ make thy bones rattle in thee, like three
 “ blue beans in a blue bladder. Go, stink-
 “ ard, or else I shall make you alter your
 “ action, and get me indicted for manslaugh-
 “ ter.” *Timon, trans. by Brown in Dryden’s*
Lucian.

“ ON the whole, a most perfect charac-
 “ ter ; we shall see presently, with all his
 “ modesty, what a bawling he will make.”
 FRANKLIN’S *Lucian, Timon**.

“ IN fine, he’s a person that knows the
 “ world better than any one, and is extreme-

* Και ὅλος πάνσοφον τὸ χρεῖμα, καὶ πανταχόθεν ἀκριβὲς, καὶ ποικι-
 λὸς ἐντελὲς· οἰμώζεται τοιγαρὶν ἢ ἐν μακρᾷ χρεστώδῳ ἄν. LUCIAN,
Timon.

“ ly well acquainted with the whole *Encyclo-*
 “ *pædia* of villany ; a true elaborate fi-
 “ nished rascal ; and for all he appears so
 “ demure now, that you’d think butter
 “ would not melt in his mouth, yet I shall
 “ soon make him open his pipes, and roar
 “ like a persecuted bear.” DRYDEN’S *Lu-*
cian, Timon.

“ HE changes his name, and instead of
 “ Byrria, Dromo, or Tibius, now takes the
 “ name of Megacles, or Megabyzus, or Pro-
 “ tarchus, leaving the rest of the expectants
 “ gaping and looking at one another in si-
 “ lent sorrow.” FRANCKLIN’S *Lucian, Ti-*
mon *.

“ STRAIGHT he changes his name, so that
 “ the rascal, who the moment before had
 “ no other title about the house, but, you
 “ son of a whore, you bulk-begotten cur,
 “ you scoundrel, must now be called his

* Αντὶ τοῦ τῆς Πυρρίης, ἢ Δρόμανος, ἢ Τιβίης, Μεγακλῆς, ἢ Μεγάβυ-
 ζος, ἢ Πρώταρχος μετονομασθεὶς, τὸς μάλιστα κεχηνότας ἐκείνης εἰς ἀλλή-
 λους ἀποβλεπόντας καταλιπὼν, &c. LUCIAN, *Timon*.

“ worship, his excellency, and the Lord
“ knows what. The best on’t is, that this
“ mushroom puts all these fellows noses out
“ of joint.” &c. DRYDEN’S *Lucian, Timon*.

From these contrasted specimens we may decide, that the one translation of *Lucian* errs perhaps as much on the score of restraint, as the other on that of licentiousness. The preceding examples from *Melmoth* point out, in my opinion, the just medium of free and spirited translation, for the attainment of which the most correct taste is requisite.

If the order in which I have classed the three general laws of translation be their just and natural arrangement, which I think will hardly be denied, it will follow, that in all cases where a sacrifice is necessary to be made of one of those laws to another, a due regard ought to be paid to their rank and comparative importance. The different genius of the languages of the original and translation, will sometimes make

it necessary to depart from the manner of the original, in order to convey a faithful picture of the sense ; but it would be highly preposterous to depart, in any case, from the sense, for the sake of imitating the manner. Equally improper would it be, to sacrifice either the sense or manner of the original, (if these can be preserved consistently with purity of expression), to a fancied ease or superior gracefulness of composition. This last is the fault of the French translations of D'Ablancourt, an author otherwise of very high merit. His versions are admirable, so long as we forbear to compare them with the originals : they are models of ease, of elegance, and perspicuity ; but he has considered these qualities as the primary requisites of translation, and both the sense and manner of his originals are sacrificed, without scruple, to their attainment *.

* The following apology made by D'Ablancourt of his own version of Tacitus, contains, however, many just observations ; from which, with a proper abatement of that extreme liberty for which he contends, every translator may derive much advantage.

Of Tacitus he thus remarks : “ Comme il considere souvent les choses par quelque biais étranger, il laisse quelquefois ses narrations imparfaites, ce qui engendre de l’obscurité dans ses ouvrages, outre la multitude des fautes qui s’y rencontrent, et le peu de lumiere qui nous reste de la plupart des choses qui y sont traitées. Il ne faut donc pas s’étonner s’il est si difficile à traduire, puisqu’il est même difficile à entendre. D’ailleurs il a accoutumé de mêler dans une même periode, et quelquefois dans une même expression diverses pensées qui ne tiennent point l’une à l’autre, et dont il faut perdre une partie, comme dans les ouvrages qu’on polit, pour pouvoir exprimer le reste sans choquer les délicatesses de notre langue, et la justesse du raisonnement. Car on n’a pas le même respect pour mon François que pour son Latin ; et l’on ne me pardonneroit pas des choses, qu’on admire souvent chez lui, et s’il faut ainsi dire, qu’on revere. Par tout ailleurs je l’ai suivi pas à pas, et plutôt en esclave qu’en compagnon ; quoique peutetre je me pusse donner plus de liberté, puisque je ne traduis pas un passage, mais un livre, de qui toutes les parties doivent etre unies ensemble, et comme fondues en un même corps. D’ailleurs, la diversité qui se trouve dans les langues est si grande, tant pour la construction et la forme des periodes, que pour les figures et les autres ornemens, qu’il faut à tous coups changer d’air et de visage, si l’on ne veut faire un corps monstrueux, tel que celui des traductions ordinaires, qui sont ou mortes et languissantes, ou confuses et embrouillées, sans aucun ordre ni agrément. Il faut donc prendre garde qu’on ne fasse perdre la grace à son auteur par trop de scrupule, et que de peur de lui manquer de foi en quelque chose, on ne lui soit infidele en tout : principalement quand on fait un ouvrage qui doit tenir lieu de l’original, et qu’on ne travaille pas pour faire entendre aux jeunes gens le Grec ou le Latin. Car on sait que les ex-

“ pressions hardies ne sont point exactes, parceque la justesse
“ est ennemie de la grandeur, comme il se voit dans la pein-
“ ture et dans l’écriture ; mais la hardiesse du trait en supplée le
“ défaut, et elles sont trouvées plus belles de la sorte, que si
“ elles étoient plus régulières. D’ailleurs il est difficile d’être
“ bien exact dans la traduction d’un auteur qui ne l’est point.
“ Souvent on est contraint d’ajouter quelque chose à sa pen-
“ sée pour l’éclaircir ; quelquefois il faut en retrancher une
“ partie, pour donner jour à tout le reste. Cependant, cela
“ fait que les meilleurs traductions paroissent les moins fide-
“ les ; et un critique de notre tems a remarqué deux mille
“ fautes dans le Plutarque d’Amyot, et un autre presque autant
“ dans les traductions d’Erasme ; peutetre pour ne pas sa-
“ voir que la diversité des langues et des styles oblige à des
“ traits tout differens, *parceque l’Eloquence est une chose si*
“ *delicate, qu’il ne faut quelquefois qu’une syllabe pour la cor-*
“ *rompre.* Car du reste, il n’y a point d’apparence que deux
“ si grands hommes se soient abusés en tant de lieux, quoi-
“ qu’il ne soit pas étrange qu’on se puisse abuser en quelque
“ endroit. Mais tout le monde n’est pas capable de juger
“ d’une traduction, quoique tout le monde s’en attribue la
“ connoissance ; et ici comme ailleurs, la maxime d’Aristote
“ devoit servir de regle, qu’il faut croire chacun en son
“ art.”

CHAPTER X.

It is less difficult to attain the Ease of Original Composition in Poetical, than in Prose Translation.—Lyric Poetry admits of the greatest Liberty of Translation.—Examples distinguishing Paraphrase from Translation,—from Dryden, Lowth, Fontenelle, Prior, Anguillara, Hughes.

IT may perhaps appear paradoxical to assert, that it is less difficult to give to a poetical translation all the ease of original composition, than to give the same degree of ease to a prose translation. Yet the truth of this assertion will be readily admitted, if assent is given to that observation, which I before endeavoured to illustrate, viz. That

a superior degree of liberty is allowed to a poetical translator in amplifying, retrenching from, and embellishing his original, than to a prose translator. For without some portion of this liberty, there can be no ease of composition; and where the greatest liberty is allowable, there that ease will be most apparent, as it is less difficult to attain to it *.

For the same reason, among the different species of poetical composition, the lyric is

* “ It is almost impossible,” says Dryden, in reference to his own poetical translations, “ to translate verbally, and
“ at the same time to translate well. The verbal copier is
“ encumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can
“ never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at
“ the same time, the thought of the author, and his words,
“ and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and besides this, he is to confine himself to the
“ compass of numbers and the slavery of rhyme. It is
“ like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: A man can shun
“ a fall by using caution, but the gracefulness of motion is
“ not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it,
“ it is but a foolish task: for no sober man would put himself into a danger, for the applause of escaping without
“ breaking his neck.”

that which allows of the greatest liberty in translation ; as a freedom both of thought and expression is agreeable to its character. Yet even in this, which is the freest of all species of translation, we must guard against licentiousness ; and perhaps the more so, that we are apt to persuade ourselves that the less caution is necessary. The difficulty indeed is, where so much freedom is allowed, to define what is to be accounted licentiousness in poetical translation. A moderate liberty of amplifying and retrenching the ideas of the original, has been granted to the translator of prose ; but is it allowable, even to the translator of a lyric poem, to add new images and new thoughts to those of the original, or to enforce the sentiments by illustrations which are not in the original ? As the limits between free translation and paraphrases are more easily perceived than they can be well defined, instead of giving a general answer to this question, I think it safer to give my opinion upon particular examples.

DR Lowth has adapted to the present times, and addressed to his own countrymen, a very noble imitation of the 6th ode of the 3d book of Horace: *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*, &c. The greatest part of this composition is of the nature of parody; but in the version of the following stanza there is perhaps but a slight excess of that liberty which may be allowed to the translator of a lyric poet:

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus

Jam nunc, et incestos amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.

The ripening maid is vers'd in every dangerous art,
That ill adorns the form, while it corrupts the heart;

Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,

In wanton mask to lead the way,

To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye;

With Folly's gayest partizans to vie,

In empty noise and vain expence;

To celebrate with flaunting air

The midnight revels of the fair:

Studious of every praise, but virtue, truth, and sense.

HERE the translator has indeed superadded no new images or illustrations ; but he has, in two parts of the stanza, given a moral application which is not in the original : “ That ill adorns the form, while it corrupts the heart ;” and “ Studious of every praise, but virtue, truth, and sense.” These moral lines are unquestionably a very high improvement of the original ; but they seem to me to exceed the liberty allowed in a professed translation of a poem.

IN that fine translation by Dryden, of the 29th ode of the 3d book of Horace, which upon the whole is paraphrastical, the version of the two following stanzas has no more licence than what is justifiable :

*Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.*

*Laudo manentem : si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit : et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero.*

Fortune, who with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd ;
Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
And Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

THE celebrated verses of Adrian, addressed to his Soul, have been translated and imitated by many different writers.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis !
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, frigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis joca ?

By Casaubon.

Εράσμιον ψυχάριον,
 Ξένη καὶ ἑταιρὴ σωματος,
 Ποῖ νυν τάλαιν ἔλευσται,
 Ἀμεινὴς, γοεράτε καὶ σκία,
 Οὐδ' οἷα παρὸς τρυφήσαι ;

Except in the fourth line, where there is a slight change of epithets, this may be termed a just translation, exhibiting both the sense and manner of the original.

By Fontenelle.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sache où tu vas.
 Tu pars seulette, nue, et tremblotante, hélas !
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne ?
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats ?

THE French translation is still more faithful to the original, and exhibits equally with the former its spirit and manner.

THE following verses by Prior are certainly a great improvement upon the original ;

by a most judicious and happy amplification of the sentiments, (which lose much of their effect in the Latin, from their extreme compression); nor do they, in my opinion, exceed the liberty of poetical translation.

Poor little pretty flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And do'st thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, thou know'st not whither?

The hum'rous vein, the pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

MR Pope's "Dying Christian to his soul," which is modelled on the verses of Adrian, retains so little of the thoughts of the original, and substitutes in their place a train of sentiments so different, that it cannot even be called a *paraphrase*, but falls rather under the description of *imitation*.

THE Italian version of Ovid in *ottava rima*, by Anguillara, is a work of great poetical merit; but is scarcely in any part to be regarded as a translation of the original. It

is almost entirely paraphrastical. The Italian poet is often extremely happy in his amplifications; of which I shall give two remarkable examples. When Polyphemus discovers Galatea in company with his rival Acis, he utters a hideous cry :

Tantaque vox quantum Cyclops iratus habere
Debut, illa fuit : clamore perhorrui *Ætna*.

Met. lib. 13.

Tremò per troppo horrore *Etna* : e *Tifeo*
Fece maggior la fiamma uscir del monte ;
E *Pachino*, e *Peloro*, e *Lilibeo*,
Quasi attuffar nel mar l'altera fronte :
Cadde il martel di man nel monte *Etneo*
Al re di *Lenno*, à *Sterope* e à *Bronte* :
Fuggir fiere, e augei del lor ricetta ;
E si strinse ogni madre il figlio al petto,

EVERY thing in this passage, except the first line, is additional imagery with which Anguillara has embellished his original; but he must be a tasteless reader who is insensible to the high merit of those additions. The exquisitely tender image in the last line, contrasted with the pictures of horror in

those immediately preceding, affords a fine example of the union of the sublime and beautiful.

IN the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, the simple ideas announced in these two lines,

Tempore crevit amor: tædæ quoque jure coïssent ;
Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare,

are the subject of the following paraphrase, which is as beautiful in its composition, as it is unbounded in the licence of its amplification :

Era l'amor cresciuto à poco à poco
Secondo erano in lor cresciuti gli anni :
E dove prima era trastullo, e gioco,
Scherzi, corrucci, e fanciulleschi inganni,
Quando fur giunti a quella età di foco
Dove comincian gli amorosi affanni
Che l'alma nostra ha sì leggiadro il manto
E che la Donna e'l huom s'amano tanto ;

Era tanto l'amor, tanto il desire,
Tanta la fiamma, onde ciascun ardea :
Che l' uno e l' altro si vedea morire,
Se pietoso Himeneo non gli giungea.

E tanto era maggior d'ambi il martire,
Quanto il voler de l'un l'altro scorge.
Ben ambo de le nozze eran contenti,
Ma no'l soffriro i loro empì parenti.

Eran fra i padri lor pochi anni avanti
Nata una troppo cruda inimicitia:
E quanto amore, e fè s'hebbèr gli amanti,
Tanto regnò ne' padri odiò e malitia.
Gli huomini della terra più prestanti,
Tentar pur di ridurli in amicitia;
E vi s'affaticar più volte assai;
Ma non vi sepper via ritrovar mai.

Quei padri, che fra lor fur sì infedeli
Vetaro à la fanciulla, e al giovinetto,
A due sì belli amanti, e sì fedeli
Che non dier luogo al desiato affetto:
Ahi padri irragionevoli e crudeli*,
Perche togliete lor tanto diletto;
S'ogn'un di loro il suo desio corregge
Con la terrena, e la celeste legge?

* A striking resemblance to this beautiful apostrophe "Ahi padri irragionevoli," is found in the beginning of *Moncrif's Romance d'Alexis et Alis*, a ballad which the French justly consider as a model of tenderness and elegant simplicity:

O sfortunati padri, ove tendete,
Qual ve gli fa destin tener disgiunti ?
Perche vetate, quel che non potete ?
Che gli animi saran sempre congiunti ?
Ahi, che sara di voi, se gli vedrete
Per lo vostro rigor restar defunti ?
Ahi, che co' vostri non sani consigli
Procurate la morte a' vostri figli !

Pourquoi rompre leur mariage,
Méchans parens ?
Ils auroient fait si bon menage
A tous momens !
Que sert d'avoir bagues et dentelle
Pour se parer ?
Ah ! la richesse la plus belle
Est de s'aimer.

Quand on a commencé la vie
Disant ainsi :
Oui, vous serez toujours ma mie,
Vous mon ami :
Quand l'age augmente encor l'envie
De s'entreunir,
Qu'avec un autre on nous marie
Vaut mieux mourir.

IN the following poem by Mr Hughes, which the author has entitled an imitation of the 16th ode of the 2d book of Horace, the greatest part of the composition is a just and excellent translation, while the rest is a free paraphrase or commentary on the original. I shall mark in Italics, all that I consider as paraphrastical : the rest is a just translation, in which the writer has assumed no more liberty, than was necessary to give the poem the easy air of an original composition.

I.

Indulgent Quiet ! *Pow'r serene,*
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love,
O say, thou calm, propitious Queen,
Say, in what solitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
By human eyes unseen,
Like some retreated Druid dost thou dwell ?
And why, illusive Goddess ! why,
When we thy mansion would surround,
Why dost thou lead us through enchanted ground,
To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly ?

II.

The wand'ring sailors, pale with fear,
For thee the Gods implore,
When the tempestuous sea runs high,
And when through all the dark, benighted sky,
No friendly moon or stars appear,
To guide their steerage to the shore :
For thee the weary soldier prays,
Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majestic by their side
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd gold.

III.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the Consul's honour'd gate.
Nor antichambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or banish sullen cares, that fly
Across the gilded rooms of state,
And their foul nests like swallows build
Close to the palace-roofs and tow'rs that pierce the sky ?
Much less will Nature's modest wants supply :

And happier lives the homely swain,
Who in some cottage, far from noise,
His few paternal goods enjoys ;
Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering sleep destroys.

IV.

Vain man ! that in a narrow space
At endless game projects the darting spear !
For short is life's uncertain race ;
Then why, capricious mortal ! why
Dost thou for happiness repair
To distant climates and a foreign air ?
Fool ! from thyself thou canst not fly,
Thyself the source of all thy care :
*So flies the wounded stag, provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain ;
The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
And from the smarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.*

V.

But swifter far is execrable Care
Than stags, or winds, that through the skies
Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear ;
Pursuing Care the sailing ship out-flies.

Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides ;
Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
But with the marching horseman rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places
yield.

VI.

Then, since no state's completely blest,
Let's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and, wisely gay,
Enjoy at least the present day,
And leave to Fate the rest.
Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the stage ;
The hero fell by sudden death ;
While Tithon to a tedious, wasting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus, old partial Time, my friend,
Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining wealth, and plenteous joys surround,
And all thy fruitful fields around
Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray ;

Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice,
Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift-measur'd way.
To me the stars with less profusion kind,
An humble fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful Lyric vein,
But a sincere contented mind
That can the vile, malignant crowd disdain *.

* Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægeo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpurâ venale, nec
auro.

Non enim gazæ, neque Consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum :
Nec leves somnos Timor aut Cupido
Sordidus aufert.

ON the subject of poetical translation, no writer has thrown together more sound sense, and just observation, in a small compass, than Mr Dryden : and with his remarks, which go near to exhaust the subject, I shall conclude this chapter :

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa ? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus ? Patriæ quis exul,
Se quoque fugit ?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura, nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare ; et amara lento
Temperat risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem :
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus :
Et mihi forsán, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.

“ No man is capable of translating poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master, both of his author’s language and of his own : nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were, individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thoughts either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum

Mugiunt vaccæ ; tibi tollit hinnitum

Apta quadrigis equa : te bis Afro

Murice tinctæ.

Vestiunt lanæ : mihi parva rura, et

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camcenæ

Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum

Spernere vulgus.

HOR. Od. 2. 16.

“ words. When they appear, which is but seldom, literally graceful, it were an injury
“ to the author, that they should be changed: but since every language is so full
“ of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense in another, it would be
“ unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author’s words. It
“ is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I
“ suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but by innovation of thoughts,
“ methinks, he breaks it. By this means, the spirit of an author may be transfused,
“ and yet not lost: and thus, it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham
“ has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but
“ the words that convey it to our apprehension, (which are the image and ornament
“ of that thought), may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome
“ dress, and rob it of its native lustre.
“ There is, therefore, a liberty to be allow-

“ ed for the expression : Neither is it ne-
“ cessary that words and lines should be
“ confined to the measure of their original.
“ The sense of an author, generally speak-
“ ing, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the
“ fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his cha-
“ racter to be so ; and if I retrench it, he is
“ no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that
“ he receives advantage by this lopping off
“ his superfluous branches ; but I rejoin,
“ that a translator has no such right. When
“ a painter copies from the life, I suppose
“ he has no privilege to alter features and
“ lineaments, under pretence that his pic-
“ ture will look better ; perhaps the face
“ which he has drawn would be more exact,
“ if the eyes or nose were altered ; but it
“ is his business to make it resemble the
“ original. In two cases only there may a
“ seeming difficulty arise ; that is, if the
“ thought be either notoriously trivial or dis-
“ honest : but the same answer will serve
“ for both, That then they ought not to be
“ translated.

“ ————— Et quæ

“ Desperes tractata nitescere posses relinquas.”

DRYDEN'S Pref. to Trans. from OVID's Epistles.

CHAPTER XI.

Of the Translation of Idioms. — General Idioms. — Idiomatic Phrases. — Examples from Spelman, Smollet's Gil Blas, Cotton, Echard, Sterne. — Injudicious Use of Idioms in the Translation, which do not correspond with the Age or Country of the Original. — Idiomatic Phrases sometimes incapable of Translation.

WHILE a translator endeavours to give to his work all the ease of original composition, the chief difficulty he has to encounter will be found in the translation of idioms, or those turns of expression which do not belong to universal grammar, but of which every language has its own,

that are exclusively proper to it. It will be easily understood, that when I speak of the difficulty of translating idioms, I do not mean those peculiar phrases in all languages of which the sense is not accurately conveyed by the literal meaning : As, for example, the French phrase, *un homme bien né*, which we see often translated, *a man well born, or of a good family* ; instead of *a man of good natural dispositions* : for a mistake in phrases of this kind only shews the translator's insufficient knowledge of the language from which he translates. Neither do I mean those general modes of arrangement or construction which regulate a whole language, and which may not be common to it with other tongues : As, for example, the placing the adjective always before the substantive in English, which in French and in Latin is more commonly placed after it ; the use of the participle in English, where the present tense is used in other languages ; as he is writing, *scribit*, *il écrit* ; the use of the preposition *to* before the infinitive in English, where the French use the preposition *de* or *of*. These last, which

may be termed the *general* idioms of a language, are soon understood, and are exchanged for parallel idioms with the utmost ease. With regard to these a translator can never err, unless through affectation or choice. For example, in translating the French phrase, *Il profita d'un avis*, he may choose fashionably to say, in violation of the English construction, *he profited of an advice*; or, under the sanction of poetical licence, he may choose to engraft the idiom of one language into another, as Mr Macpherson has done, where he says, “Him
“to the strength of *Hercules*, the lovely
“Astyochea bore;” Ὁν τεκεν Ἀστυοχεια, βιη
Ἡρακληειη. Il. lib. 2. l. 165.

I must here, however, notice two errors in regard to general idioms into which many translators from the French language into the English, have fallen, either from ignorance, or inattention to the general construction of the two languages. 1. In narrative, or the description of past actions, the French often use the present tense for the preterite: *Deux jeunes nobles Mexicains*

jettent leurs armes, et viennent à lui comme déserteurs. Ils mettent un genouil à terre dans la posture des supplians ; ils le saisissent, et s'élancent de la plateforme.—Cortez s'en débarrasse, et se retient à la balustrade. Les deux jeunes nobles perissent sans avoir exécuté leur généreuse entreprise. Raynal Hist. Phil. et Pol. liv. vi. Let us observe the awkward effect of a similar use of the present tense in English. “ Two young
“ Mexicans of noble birth throw away their
“ arms, and come to him as deserters. They
“ kneel in the posture of suppliants ; they
“ seize him, and throw themselves from the
“ platform. — Cortez disengages himself
“ from their grasp, and keeps hold of the
“ ballustrade. The noble Mexicans perish
“ without accomplishing their generous design.” In like manner, the use of the present for the past tense is very common in Greek, and we frequently remark the same impropriety in English translations from that language. “ After the death of
“ Darius, and the accession of Artaxerxes,
“ Tissaphernes accuses Cyrus to his brother
“ of treason : Artaxerxes gives credit to

“ the accusation, and orders Cyrus to be
 “ apprehended, with a design to put him
 “ to death ; but his mother having saved
 “ him by her intercession, sends him back
 “ to his government.” *Spelman’s Xenophon*.
 In the original, these verbs are put in the
 present tense, διαβαλλει, πειθεται, συλλαμβανει,
 αποπεμπει. But this use of the present tense
 in narrative is contrary to the genius of the
 English language. The poets have assu-
 med it : and in them it is allowable, be-
 cause it is their object to paint scenes as
 present to the eye ; *ut pictura poesis* ; but
 all that a prose narrative can pretend to,
 is an animated description of things past :
 if it goes any farther, it encroaches on the
 department of poetry *.

* In one way, however, this use of the present tense is
 found in the best English historians, namely, in the sum-
 mary heads, or content of chapters. “ Lambert Simnel in-
 “ vades England,—Perkin Warbeck is avowed by the Duchess
 “ of Burgundy—he returns to Scotland—he is taken pri-
 “ soner—and executed,” *Hume*. But it is by an ellipsis
 that the present tense comes to be thus used. The sentence
 at large would stand thus : “ *This chapter relates how Lam-*
 “ *bert Simnel invades England, how Perkin Warbeck is*
 “ *avowed by the Duchess of Burgundy,*” &c.

2. THE following error relative to a general idiom, is one of which we may find examples, even in translations of great merit. The French, in familiar conversation, with an equal or inferior, use the personal pronoun *tu* and *te* or *toi*, in the singular number instead of the plural *vous*; (*Ils se tutoient*). This usage is always indicative of ease and familiarity, and often of endearment. But it is idiomatic, or peculiar to the French language; the English does not admit that mode of speech in familiar discourse. None but a Quaker uses *thee* and *thou*, with the corresponding employment of the verb in the singular number. Such use, therefore, in the English, produces a quite contrary effect to that which it produces in the French; and instead of ease, familiarity or endearment, is necessarily attended with stiffness, formality and precision. The translation of *Gil Blas* by Smollett, is a work of great merit. The English author is true to the sense, manner, and spirit of his original, and is often extremely happy in the interchange of particular idioms. But he has

uniformly erred with regard to that general idiomatic use of the pronoun *tu*, *te*, and *toi* ; and has thus thrown an air of stillness and formality on those parts, which in the original are most distinguished for their ease and spirit. A single example will illustrate these remarks : “ *Fabrice ne pût même s’em-*
“ *pêcher de me dire un jour : En vérité, Gil*
“ *Blas, je ne te reconnois plus. Avant que*
“ *tu fusses à la cour, tu avois toujours l’esprit*
“ *tranquille : à présent je te vois sans cesse*
“ *agité. Tu formes projet sur projet pour*
“ *t’enrichir, et plus tu amasses de bien, plus*
“ *tu veux en amasser. Outre cela, te le di-*
“ *rai-je ? Tu n’as plus avec moi ces épanche-*
“ *mens de cœur, ces manières libres qui font*
“ *le charme des liaisons. Tout au contraire,*
“ *tu t’enveloppes, et me caches le fonds de*
“ *ton ame. Je remarque même de la contrainte*
“ *dans les honnêtetés que tu me fais. En-*
“ *fin Gil Blas n’est plus ce même Gil Blas*
“ *que j’ai connu. Tu plaisantes sans doute,*
“ *lui respondis-je, d’un air assez froid. Je*
“ *n’apperçois en moi aucun changement.—Ce*
“ *n’est point à tes yeux, repliqua-t-il, qu’on*
“ *doit s’en rapporter. Ils sont fascinés.*

“ *Crois-moi, ta metamorphose n'est que trop*
“ *véritable.*” Fabricio one day could not
help saying, “ Truly, Gil Blas, thou art
“ grown out of my knowledge: before thy
“ coming to Court, thou wast always easy
“ and tranquil: at present thou art incessantly
“ agitated with project after project
“ to enrich thyself; and the more wealth
“ thou hast got, the more wouldst thou
“ amass. Besides, let me tell thee, thou no
“ longer treatest me with that effusion of
“ the heart, and freedom of behaviour which
“ are the soul of friendship: on the contrary,
“ thou wrappest thyself up, and concealst
“ from me thy secret views: nay, I
“ can perceive constraint in all thy civilities
“ towards me. In short, Gil Blas is no longer
“ the same Gil Blas whom I formerly
“ knew. You joke, sure, (said I, with an
“ air of indifference), I can't perceive any
“ change in myself.—Thy own eyes are no
“ judges, (answered he), they are bewitched:
“ believe me, the metamorphosis is
“ but too true.”—The contrasted effect of
the ease of the original with the stiffness of
the translation, must be apparent to every

reader. In one place the translator was compelled into the right path. *Tu plaisantes, sans doute, lui répondis-je* : “ You joke, sure,” said I.”—“ *Thou jokest, sure, said I,*” could not have been tolerated in easy conversation : a proof that ought to have led the ingenious translator to suspect that he had been violating the English idiom through the whole passage.

BUT it is not with regard to such general idioms as I have mentioned above, that an able translator will often be led into error. It is in the translation of those particular idiomatic phrases of which every language has its own collection ; phrases which are generally of a familiar nature, and which occur most commonly in conversation, or in that species of writing which approaches to the ease of conversation.

THE translation is perfect, when the translator finds in his own language an idiomatic phrase corresponding to that of the original. Montaigne (Ess. l. 1. c. 29.) says of Gallio, “ *Lequel ayant été envoyé en exil en l’isle*

“ de Lesbos, on fut averti à Rome, *qu’il s’y*
“ *donnoit du bon temps*, et que ce qu’on lui
“ avoit enjoint pour peine, lui tournoit à
“ commodité.” The difficulty of translating this sentence lies in the idiomatic phrase, “ *qu’il s’y donnoit du bon temps*.” Cotton finding a parallel idiom in English, has translated the passage with becoming ease and spirit: “ As it happened to one
“ Gallio, who having been sent an exile to
“ the isle of Lesbos, news was not long after brought to Rome, that *he there lived*
“ *as merry as the day was long*; and that
“ what had been enjoined him for a penance, turned out to his greatest pleasure
“ and satisfaction.” Thus, in another passage of the same author, (Essais, l. 1. c. 29.)
“ *Si j’eusse été chef de part, j’eusse pris*
“ *autre voye plus naturelle*.”—“ *Had I rul’d*
“ *the roast*, I should have taken another
“ and more natural course.” So likewise, (Ess. l. 1. c. 25.) “ Mais d’y enfoncer plus
“ avant, et de m’être rongé les ongles à
“ l’étude d’Aristote, monarque de la doctrine moderne.”—“ But, to dive farther
“ than that, and to have *cudgell’d my brains*

“ *in the study of Aristotle, the monarch of*
 “ *all modern learning.*” So, in the fol-
 lowing passages from Terence, translated
 by Echard : “ *Credo manibus pedibusque*
 “ *obnixè omnia facturum,*” Andr. Act. 1.
 “ I know he’ll be at it tooth and nail.”
 “ *Herus, quantum audio, uxore excidit,*”
 Andr. Act. 2. “ For aught I perceive, my
 “ poor master may go whistle for a wife.”

IN like manner, the following collo-
 quial phrases are capable of a perfect
 translation by corresponding idioms. *Rem*
acu tetigisti, “ You have hit the nail
 “ upon the head.” *Mihi isthic nec seritur*
nec metitur, Plaut. “ That’s no bread and
 “ butter of mine.” *Omnem jecit aleam,*
 “ It was neck or nothing with him.” *Τι πρὸς*
π’ ἀλφίτα; Aristoph. Nub. “ Will that make
 “ the pot boil?”

IT is not perhaps possible to produce a
 happier instance of translation by corre-
 sponding idioms, than Sterne has given in
 the translation of Slawkenbergius’s Tale,
Nihil me pœnitet hujus nasi, “ Quoth Pam-

“ phagus ; that is, my nose has been the ma-
 “ king of me.” *Nec est cur pæniteat* ; “ that
 “ is, How the deuce should such a nose
 “ fail ?” *Tristram Shandy, vol. iii. chap. 7.*
Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit. Dî boni,
nova forma nasi ! “ The centinel looked up
 “ into the stranger’s face.—Never saw such
 “ a nose in his life !” *Ibid.*

As there is nothing which so much con-
 duces both to the ease and spirit of compo-
 sition, as a happy use of idiomatic phrases,
 there is nothing which a translator, who has
 a moderate command of his own language,
 is so apt to carry to a licentious extreme,
 Echard, whose translations of Terence and
 of Plautus, have, upon the whole, much me-
 rit, is extremely censurable for his intempe-
 rate use of idiomatic phrases. In the first
 act of the *Andria*, Davus thus speaks to
 himself:

Enimvero, Dave, nihil loci est segnitiae neque socordiae.

Quantum intellexi senis sententiam de nuptiis :

Quæ si non astu providentur, me aut herum pessundabunt ;

Nec quid agam certum est, Pamphilumne adjutem an auscul-
tem seni.

Terent. Andr. Act. 1. sc. 3.

THE translation of this passage by Echard, exhibits a strain of vulgar petulance, which is very opposite to the chastened simplicity of the original.

“ WHY, seriously, poor Davy, ’tis high
“ time to bestir thy stumps, and to leave off
“ dozing ; at least, if a body may guess at
“ the old man’s meaning by his mumping.
“ If these brains do not help me out at a
“ dead lift, to pot goes Pilgarlick, or his
“ master, for certain : and hang me for a
“ dog, if I know which side to take ; whe-
“ ther to help my young master, or make
“ fair with his father.”

IN the use of idiomatic phrases, a translator frequently forgets both the country of his original author, and the age in which he wrote ; and while he makes a Greek or a Roman speak French or English, he unwittingly puts into his mouth allusions to the manners of modern France or England*.

R 4

* It is surprising, that this fault should meet even with approbation from so judicious a critic as Denham. In the pre-

This, to use a phrase borrowed from painting, may be termed an offence against the *costume*. The proverbial expression, βαρεα-
χω ὑδωρ, in Theocritus, is of similar import
with the English proverb, *to carry coals to*

face to his translation of the second book of the *Æneid*, he says: "As speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so there
"are certain garbs and modes of speaking which vary with
"the times; the fashion of our clothes being not more sub-
"ject to alteration, than that of our speech: and this I think
"Tacitus means by that which he calls *Sermonem temporis*
"*istiùs auribus accommodatum*, the delight of change being as
"due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye: and therefore,
"if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should
"speak, not only *as a man of this nation*, but *as a man of this*
"*age*." The translator's opinion is exemplified in his prac-
tice.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

"Madam, when you command us to review

"Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew."

Of such translation it may with truth be said, in the words
of Francklin,

Thus Greece and Rome, in modern dress array'd,

Is but antiquity in masquerade.

Newcastle ; but it would be a gross impropriety to use this expression in the translation of an ancient classic. Cicero, in his oration for Archias, says, “ *Persona quæ propter otium et studium minimè in judiciis periculisque versata est.*” M. Patru has translated this, “ Un homme que ses études et ses livres ont éloigné du commerce du Palais.” The *Palais*, or the Old Palace of the kings of France, it is true, is the place where the parliament of Paris and the chief courts of justice were assembled for the decision of causes ; but it is just as absurd to make Cicero talk of his haranguing in the *Palais*, as it would be of his pleading in Westminster Hall. In this respect, Echard is most notoriously faulty : We find in every page of his translations of Terence and Plautus, the most incongruous jumble of ancient and of modern manners. He talks of the “ Lord Chief-Justice of Athens,” *Jam tu autem nobis Præturam geris ?* Plaut. Epid. act. 1. sc. 1. and says, “ I will send him to Bridewell with his skin stripped over his ears,” *Hominem irrigatum plagis pistori dabo*, Ibid. sc. 3. “ I must

“ expect to beat hemp in Bridewell all the
 “ days of my life,” *Molendum mihi est us-
 que in pistrina*, Ter. Phormio. act 2. “ He
 “ looks as grave as an alderman,” *Tris-
 tis severitas inest in vultu*, Ibid. Andria,
 act 5.—The same author makes the ancient
 heathen Romans and Greeks swear British
 and Christian oaths ; such as, “ Fore
 “ George, Blood and ounds, Gadzookers,
 “ ’Sbuddikins, By the Lord Harry !” They
 are likewise well read in the books both
 of the Old and New Testament : “ Good
 “ b’ye, Sir Solomon,” says Gripus to Tra-
 chalion, *Salve, Thales !* Pl. Rudens, act 4.
 sc. 3. ; and Sosia thus vouches his own iden-
 tity to Mercury, “ By Jove I am he, and
 “ ’tis as true as the gospel,” *Per Jovem
 juro, mea esse, neque me falsum dicere*, Pl.
 Amphit act 1. sc. 1 *. The same ancients,
 in Mr Echard’s translation, are familiarly

* The modern air of the following sentence is, however,
 not displeasing : Antipho asks Cherea, where he has bespoke
 supper ; he answers, *Apud libertum Discum*, “ At Discus the
 “ freedman’s.” Echard, with a happy familiarity, says, “ At
 “ old Harry Platter’s. Ter. Eun. act. 3. sc. 5.

acquainted with the modern invention of gunpowder; "Had we but a mortar now
" to play upon them under the covert way,
" one bomb would make them scamper,"
*Fundam tibi nunc nimis vellem dari, ut tu
illos procul hinc ex oculo cæderes, facerent
fugam*, Ter. Eun. act 4. And as their soldiers swear and fight, so they must needs drink like the moderns: "This god can't afford one brandy-shop in all his dominions," *Ne thermopolium quidem ullum ille instruit*, Pl. Rud. act 2. sc. 9. In the same comedy, Plautus, who wrote 180 years before Christ, alludes to the battle of La Hogue, fought A. D. 1692. "I'll be as great as a king," says Gripus, "I'll have a *Royal Sun* * for pleasure, like the King of France, and sail about from port to port," *Navibus magnis mercaturam faciam*, Pl. Rud. act 4. sc. 2.

* Alluding to the French Admiral's ship *Le Soleil Royal*, beaten and disabled by Russell.

IN the Latin Poems of Pitcairne*, we remark an uncommon felicity in clothing pictures of modern manners in classical phraseology. In familiar poetry, and in pieces of a witty or humorous nature, this has often a very happy effect, and exalts the ridicule of the sentiment, or humour of the picture. But Pitcairne's fondness for the language of Horace, Ovid, and Lucretius, has led him sometimes into a gross violation of propriety, and the laws of good taste. In the translation of a Psalm, we are shocked when we find the Almighty addressed by the epithets of a heathen divinity, and his attributes celebrated in the language and allusions proper to the Pagan mythology. Thus, in the translation of the 104th Psalm, every one must be sensible of the glaring impropriety of the following expressions :

* A poet from whom Dryden and Prior did not disdain to translate. See the epitaph on the Viscount of Dundee, translated by Dryden, and *Gualterus Danistonus ad amicos*, by Prior.

Dexteram invictam canimus, Jovemque

Qui triumphatis, hominum et Deorum

Præsidet regnis ———

Quam tuæ virtus tremefecit orbem

Juppiter dextræ. ———

Et manus ventis tua Dædaleas

Assuit alas.

————— facilesque leges

Rebus imponis, quibus antra parent

Æoli. ———

Proluit siccam pluvialis æther

Barbam, et arentes humeros Atlantis.

Quæ fovet tellus, fluidumque regnum

Tethyos. ———

Juppiter carmen mihi semper. ———

Juppiter solus mihi rex. ———

In the entire translation of the Psalms by Johnston, we do not find a single instance of similar impropriety. And in the admirable version by Buchanan, there are (to my knowledge) only two passages which

are censurable on that account. The one is the beginning of the 4th Psalm :

O Pater, O hominum *Divinique* æterna potestas !

which is the first line of the speech of Venus to Jupiter, in the 10th *Æneid* : and the other is the beginning of Psalm 82. where two entire lines, with the change of one syllable, are borrowed from Horace :

Regum timendorum in propriis græges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est *Jovæ*.

In the latter example, the poet probably judged that the change of *Jovis* into *Jovæ* removed all objection ; and Ruddiman has attempted to vindicate the *Divum* of the former passage, by applying it to saints or angels : but allowing there were sufficient apology for both those words, the impropriety still remains : for the associated ideas present themselves immediately to the mind, and we are justly offended with the literal adoption of an address to Jupiter in a hymn to the Creator.

IF a translator is bound, in general, to adhere with fidelity to the manners of the age and country to which his original belongs, there are some instances in which he will find it necessary to make a slight sacrifice to the manners of his modern readers. The ancients, in the expression of resentment or contempt, made use of many epithets and appellations which sound extremely shocking to our more polished ears, because we never hear them employed but by the meanest and most degraded of the populace. By similar reasoning we must conclude, that those expressions conveyed no such meaning or shocking ideas to the ancients, since we find them used by the most dignified and exalted characters. In the 19th book of the *Odyssey*, Melantho, one of Penelope's maids, having vented her spleen against Ulysses, and treated him as a bold beggar who had intruded himself into the palace as a spy, is thus sharply reprimanded by the Queen :

Πάντως, θαρσαλή, κύον ἄδδεις, ἔτι με λήθεις

Ερδουσα μέγα ἔργον, ὃ ση κεφαλῇ ἀναμάξεις.

THESE opprobrious epithets, in a literal translation would sound extremely offensive from the lips of the περιφρων Πηνελοπεια, whom the poet has painted as a model of female dignity and propriety. Such translation, therefore, as conveying a picture different from what the poet intended, would be in reality injurious to his sense. Of this sort of refinement Mr Hobbes had no idea ; and therefore he gives the epithets in their genuine purity and simplicity :

Bold bitch, said she, I know what deeds you've done,
Which thou shalt one day pay for with thy head.

WE cannot fail, however, to perceive, that Mr Pope has in fact been more faithful to the sense of his original, by accommodating the expressions of the speaker to that character which a modern reader must conceive to belong to her :

Loquacious insolent, she cries, forbear !
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue.

PLINY, in one of his letters to Nepos,

(l. 2. ep. 3.) requests his friend to come and hear Isœus declaim in the rhetorical school; and as an example of the superior effect of hearing an oration delivered, to that of reading it, or listening to its recital by another, he relates the celebrated saying of Æschines, on occasion of his repeating to the people of Rhodes, the animated oration of Demosthenes in the cause of the Crown: Τὶ δὲ, εἰ αὐτὰς τὰς θηρίαις ἀκηκοίτε; This passage, it is evident, cannot be endured in a literal translation. It would carry the idea of a sarcasm or invective of Æschines against his rival, instead of the most generous avowal and splendid encomium of his powers of eloquence. Mr Melmoth accordingly does justice to the sentiment in thus translating the passage: “How would you
 “ have been affected, had you heard the
 “ orator himself thundering out this su-
 “ blime harangue:” But in Lord Orrery’s translation the sentiment is absolutely burlesqued, by an adherence to the literal interpretation: “What would you have said

“ had you heard that furious beast roar out
 “ his own words *”.

A translator will often meet with idiomatic phrases in the original author, to

* “ Il faut prendre un milieu entre l'exactitude trop scrupuleuse qui les déguise (les poètes) et la licence qui les altère. J'appelle déguiser un auteur, l'exposer dans une langue étrangère avec une fidélité, ou folle, ou maligne, ou superstitieuse. Toute langue a ses arrangemens d'idées, ses tours, et ses mots, nobles ou bas, énergiques ou foibles, vifs ou languissans. C'est un principe qu'on ne sauroit nier. Qui voudroit traduire les anciens mot pour mot en François, et suivant le tour Grec, les travestiroit sans doute, et les rendroit ridicules à peu de frais. Voilà le premier degré de cette fausse fidélité dont je parle. Le second, et le plus malin, qu'on peut appeller Parodie, est de changer les expressions reçues dans le bel usage de l'antiquité, en termes bas et populaires, comme le faisoit M. Perrault. Le troisième degré, c'est de s'asservir scrupuleusement, à exprimer toutes les Epithetes, et à faire d'un beau mot Grec une méchante phrase Française, ou un allongement vicieux qui amortit le feu des poètes, malgré tout le soin qu'ils ont eu d'animer leur poésie. On doit à l'équité de les faire parler François (autant qu'on le peut) comme ils parleroient eux-mêmes, s'ils faisoient passer leur pensées en notre langue. Pourquoi changer en monnoye de cuivre un dépôt que l'on peut conserver en or ?” *BRUMOY, Disc. (Préliminaire) sur le Théâtre des Grecs.*

which no corresponding idiom can be found in the language of the translation. As a literal translation of such phrases cannot be tolerated, the only resource is, to express the sense in plain and easy language. Cicero, in one of his letters to Papirius Pætus, says, "*Veni igitur, si vires, et disce jam προλεγομενας quas quaris; etsi sus Minervam,*" Ep. ad Fam. 9. 18. The idiomatic phrase *si vires*, is capable of a perfect translation by a corresponding idiom; but that which occurs in the latter part of the sentence, *etsi sus Minervam*, can neither be translated by a corresponding idiom, nor yet literally. Mr Melmoth has thus happily expressed the sense of the whole passage: "If you have any spirit then, fly hither, and learn from our elegant bills of fare how to refine your own; though, to do your talents justice, this is a sort of knowledge in which you are much superior to your instructors."—Pliny, in one of his epistles to Calvisius, thus addresses him, *Assem para, et accipe auream fabulam: fabulus immo: nam me priorum nova admonuit*, lib 2. ep. 20. To this expression, as-

sem para, &c. which is a proverbial mode of speech, we have nothing that corresponds in English. To translate the phrase literally would have a poor effect: "Give me a penny, and take a golden story, or a story worth gold." Mr Melmoth has given the sense in easy language: "Are you inclined to hear a story? or, if you please, two or three? for one brings to my mind another."

BUT this resource, of translating the idiomatic phrase into easy language, must fail, where the merit of the passage to be translated actually lies in that expression which is idiomatical. This will often occur in epigrams, many of which are therefore incapable of translation: The following epigram of Martial affords a complete example:

Semper agis causas, et res agis, Attale, semper ;

Est, non est quod agas, Attale, semper agis :

Si res et causæ desunt, agis, Attale, mulas ;

Attale, ne quod agas desit, agas animam.

Thus, too, in the following epigram, the point

of wit lies in an idiomatic phrase, and is lost in every other language where the same precise idiom does not occur :

On the wretched imitations of the Diable Boiteux of

LE SAGE :

Le Diable Boiteux est aimable ;

Le Sage y triomphe aujourd'hui ;

Tout ce qu'on a fait après lui

N'a pas valu le Diable.

We say in English, " 'Tis not worth a fig," or, " 'tis not worth a farthing ;" but we cannot say, as the French do, " 'Tis not worth " the devil ;" and therefore the epigram cannot be translated into English.

It is evident, that it is equally impossible to translate those epigrams where the point lies in a pun or play of words in the original language : as, for example,

Ἄνδρες non ἑρέως mihi sit, mihi qui sit ἐράδος :

Sit comis, quisquis vult meus esse comes.

OWENI Epigrammata.

Or another of the same author :

Quid facies, facies Veneris cùm veneris ante ?

Ne sedeas, sed eas, ne pereas per eas.

EQUALLY incapable of justice in any translation are the following lines of Marot, in his *Epitre au Roi*, where the merit lies in the ludicrous *naïveté* of the last line, which is idiomatical, and has no strictly corresponding expression in English :

J'avois un jour un valet de Gascogne,

Gourmand, yvrogne, et assuré menteur,

Pipeur, larron, jureur, blasphémateur,

Sentant la hart de cent pas à la ronde :

Au demeurant *le meilleur filz du monde.*

ALTHOUGH we have idioms in English that are nearly similar to this, we have none which has the same *naïveté*, and therefore no justice can be done to this passage by any English translation.

THE following happy imitation of the style and manner of Marot, would, on account of its singular *naïveté* of expression, prove a most arduous task to any translator :

Si n'avez point encore tendre amourette,
 De tel repos, beau gars, n'avez souci ;
 Trop tôt viendra jour piteux, ou fillette
 A vous pauvret fera crier merci :
 Le sçais par moi ce que vous dis ici :
 Tout comme vous desirai Bachelette,
 Que bien aimasse et qui m'aimât aussi ;
 Or, que m'est il provenu de ceci ?
 Pleurai longtems, longtems contai fleurette,
 Et puis au bout, suis devenu mari.

Bibliothèque des Amans, par M. SYLVAIN M. . . . Paris.

If the above is capable of a translation which should do it justice, it must be done by a skilful imitation of its antiquated language ; and by the pen of a Pope, or a Hawkins Browne *.

* The ingenious author of *A Pipe of Tobacco*, in imitation of the manner of six different English poets ; and yet more distinguished for his admirable poem, *De Immortalitate Animi*, —one of the best specimens of the Latin poetry of the moderns.

The first of these is the fact that the human body is not a simple machine, but a complex organism, capable of adapting itself to its environment. This is evident from the fact that the human body is capable of surviving in a wide range of climates, from the hot tropics to the cold poles. The second is the fact that the human body is capable of learning from experience. This is evident from the fact that the human body is capable of improving its performance over time, as a result of practice and repetition. The third is the fact that the human body is capable of feeling pain and pleasure. This is evident from the fact that the human body is capable of responding to stimuli in a way that is influenced by its emotional state.

It is clear, therefore, that the human body is a complex organism, capable of adapting itself to its environment, learning from experience, and feeling pain and pleasure. This is evident from the fact that the human body is capable of surviving in a wide range of climates, from the hot tropics to the cold poles. The second is the fact that the human body is capable of learning from experience. This is evident from the fact that the human body is capable of improving its performance over time, as a result of practice and repetition. The third is the fact that the human body is capable of feeling pain and pleasure. This is evident from the fact that the human body is capable of responding to stimuli in a way that is influenced by its emotional state.

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CHAPTER XII.

Difficulty of translating Don Quixote, from its Idiomatic Phraseology.—Of the best Translations of that Romance.—Comparison of the Translation by Motteux with that by Smollet.

THERE is perhaps no book to which it is more difficult to do perfect justice in a translation than the *Don Quixote of Cervantes*. This difficulty arises from the extreme frequency of its idiomatic phrases. As the Spanish language is in itself highly idiomatical, even the narrative part of the book is on that account difficult; but the colloquial part is studiously filled with idioms, as one of the principal characters continually expresses

himself in proverbs. Of this work there have been many English translations, executed, as may be supposed, with various degrees of merit. The two best of these, in my opinion, are the translations of Motteux and Smollet, both of them writers eminently well qualified for the task they undertook. It will not be foreign to the purpose of this Essay, If I shall here make a short comparative estimate of the merit of these translations*.

Smollet inherited from nature a strong sense of ridicule, a great fund of original humour, and a happy versatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his style to almost every species of writing. He could adopt alternately the solemn, the lively, the sarcastic, the burlesque, and the vul-

* The translation published by Motteux bears, in the title-page, that it is the work of several hands; but as of these Mr Motteux was the principal, and revised and corrected the parts that were translated by others, which indeed we have no means of discriminating from his own, I shall, in the following comparison, speak of him as the author of the whole work.

gar. To these qualifications he joined an inventive genius, and a vigorous imagination. As he possessed talents equal to the composition of original works of the same species with the romance of Cervantes ; so it is not perhaps possible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect translation of that romance.

Motteux, with no great abilities as an original writer, appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character ; a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave burlesque, and of low humour. Inferior to Smollet in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of *Don Quixote*. It may therefore be supposed, that the contest between them will be nearly equal, and the question of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been so, had Smollet confided in his

own strength, and bestowed on his task that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required: but Smollet too often wrote in such circumstances, that dispatch was his primary object. He found various English translations at hand, which he judged might save him the labour of a new composition. *Jarvis* could give him faithfully the sense of his author; and it was necessary only to polish his asperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraseology. To contend with Motteux, Smollet found it necessary to assume the armour of *Jarvis*. This author had purposely avoided, through the whole of his work, the smallest coincidence of expression with Motteux, whom, with equal presumption and injustice, he accuses in his preface of having "taken his version wholly from the French*." We find,

* The only French translation of *Don Quixote* with which I am acquainted, is that to which is subjoined a continuation of the Knight's adventures, in two supplemental volumes. This translation, which, from a note on the Dedication, appears to be the work of M. Lancelot, has undergone number-

therefore, both in the translation of Jarvis and Smollet, which is little else than an improved edition of the former, that there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of

less editions, and is therefore, I presume, the best; perhaps indeed the only one, except a very old version, which is mentioned in the Preface, as being quite literal, and very antiquated in its style. It is therefore to be presumed, that when Jarvis accuses Motteux of having taken his version entirely from the French, he refers to that translation above mentioned, to which Le Sage has given a supplement. If this be the case, we may confidently affirm, that Jarvis has done Motteux the greatest injustice. On comparing his translation with the French, there is a discrepancy so absolute and universal, that there does not arise the smallest suspicion that he had ever seen that version. Let any passage be compared *ad aperturam libri*; as, for example, the following:

“ De simples huttes tenoient lieu de maisons, et de palais
“ aux habitans de la terre; les arbres se defaisant d’eux-
“ memes de leurs écorces, leur fournissoient de quoi couv-
“ rir leurs cabanes, et se garantir de l’intempérie des sai-
“ sons.”

“ The tough and strenuous cork-trees did of themselves,
“ and without other art than their native liberality, dismiss
“ and impart their broad, light bark, which served to cover
“ those lowly huts, propped up with rough-hewn stakes, that
“ were first built as a shelter against the inclemencies of the
“ air.”——MOTTEUX.

Motteux. Now, Motteux, though he has frequently assumed too great a licence, both

“ La beauté n'étoit point un avantage dangereux aux jeunes filles ; elles alloient librement partout, étalant sans artifice et sans dessein tous les présens que leur avoit fait la Nature, sans se cacher davantage, qu' autant que l'honnêteté commune à tous les siècles l'a toujours demandé.”

“ Then was the time, when innocent beautiful young shepherdesses went tripping over the hills and vales, their lovely hair sometimes plaited, sometimes loose and flowing, clad in no other vestment but what was necessary to cover decently what modesty would always have concealed.”——
MOTTEUX.

It will not, I believe, be asserted, that this version of Motteux bears any traces of being copied from the French, which is quite licentious and paraphrastical. But when we subjoin the original, we shall perceive, that he has given a very just and easy translation of the Spanish.

Los valientes alcornoques despidian de sí sin otro artificio que el de su cortesía, sus anchas y livianas cortezas, sin que se comenzaron á cubrir las casas, sobre rústicas estacas sustentadas, no mas que para defensa de las inclemencias del cielo.

ENTONCES sí, que andaban las simples y hermosas zagalejas de valle en valle, y de otero en otero, en trenza y en cabello, sin mas vestidos de aquellos que eran menester para cubrir honestamente lo que la honestidad quiere.

both in adding to and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has, upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a translator. In the adoption of corresponding idioms he has been eminently fortunate, and, as in these there is no great latitude, he has in general preoccupied the appropriate phrases; so that a succeeding translator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have, in general, altered for the worse. Such, I have said, was the rule laid down by Jarvis, and by his copyist and improver, Smollet, who, by thus absurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taste must have approved, has produced a composition decidedly inferior, on the whole, to that of Motteux. While I justify the opinion I have now given, by comparing several passages of both translations, I shall readily allow full credit to the performance of Smollet, wherever I find that there is a real superiority to the work of his rival translator.

AFTER Don Quixote's unfortunate encounter with the Yanguesian carriers, in

which the Knight, Sancho, and Rozinante, were all most grievously mauled, his faithful squire lays his master across his ass, and conducts him to the nearest inn, where a miserable bed is made up for him in a cock-loft. Cervantes then proceeds as follows :

En esta maldita cama se acostó Don Quixote : y luego la ventera y su hija le emplastáron de arriba abaxo, alumbrandoles Maritornes : que así se llamaba la Asturiana. Y como al vizmalle, viesé la ventera tan acardenalado á partes á Don Quixote, dixo que aquello mas parecian golpes que caída. No fuéron golpes, dixo Sancho, sino que la pena tenia muchos picos y tropezones, y que cada uno habia hecho su cardinal, y tambien le dixo : haga vuestra merced, señora, de manera que queden algunas estopas, que no faltará quien las haya menester, que tambien me duelen á mí un poco los lomos. Desa manera, respondió la ventera, tambien debistes vos de caer ? No caí, dico Sancho Panza, sino que del sobresalto que tome de ver caer á mí amo, de tal manera me duele á mí el

cuervo, que me parece que me han dado mil palos.

Translation by Motteux.

“ IN this ungracious bed was the Knight
“ laid to rest his belaboured carcase ; and
“ presently the hostess and her daughter
“ anointed and plastered him all over, while
“ Maritornes (for that was the name of the
“ Asturian wench) held the candle. The
“ hostess, while she greased him, wonder-
“ ing to see him so bruised all over, I fan-
“ cy, said she, those bumps look much more
“ like a dry beating than a fall. ’Twas no
“ dry beating, mistress, I promise you,
“ quoth Sancho ; but the rock had I know
“ not how many cragged ends and knobs,
“ and every one of them gave my master a
“ token of its kindness. And by the
“ way, forsooth, continued he, I beseech
“ you save a little of that same tow and
“ ointment for me too, for I don’t know
“ what’s the matter with my back, but I
“ fancy I stand mainly in want of a little

“ greasing too. What, I suppose you fell
“ too? quoth the landlady. Not I, quoth
“ Sancho, but the very fright that I took to
“ see my master tumble down the rock, has
“ so wrought upon my body, that I am as
“ sore as if I had been sadly mauled.”

Translation by Smollet.

“ IN this wretched bed Don Quixote ha-
“ ving laid himself down, was anointed from
“ head to foot by the good woman and her
“ daughter, while Maritornes (that was the
“ Asturian’s name) stood hard by, holding
“ a light. . The landlady, in the course of
“ her application, perceiving the Knight’s
“ whole body black and blue, observed, that
“ those marks seemed rather the effects of
“ drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho af-
“ firmed she was mistaken, and that the
“ marks in question were occasioned by the
“ knobs and corners of the rocks among
“ which he fell. And now, I think of it,
“ said he, pray, Madam, manage matters
“ so as to leave a little of your ointment,

“ for it will be needed, I’ll assure you : my
“ own loins are none of the soundest at
“ present. What, did you fall too? said
“ she. I can’t say I did, answered the
“ squire ; but I was so infected by seeing
“ my master tumble, that my whole body
“ akes, as much as if I had been cudgelled
“ without mercy.”

OF these two translations, it will hardly be denied that Motteux’s is both easier in point of style, and conveys more forcibly the humour of the dialogue in the original. A few contrasted phrases will shew clearly the superiority of the former.

Motteux. “ In this ungracious bed was
“ the Knight laid to rest his belaboured
“ carcase.”

Smollet. “ In this wretched bed Don
“ Quixote having laid himself down.”

Motteux. “ While Maritornes (for that
“ was the name of the Asturian wench)
“ held the candle.”

Smollet. “ While Maritornes (that was
“ the Asturian’s name) stood hard by, hold-
“ ing a light.”

Motteux. “ The hostess, while she grea-
“ sed him.”

Smollet. “ The landlady, in the course
“ of her application.”

Motteux. “ I fancy, said she, those
“ bumps look much more like a dry beat-
“ ing than a fall.”

Smollet. “ Observed, that those marks
“ seemed rather the effects of drubbing than
“ of a fall.”

Motteux. “ ’Twas no dry beating, mis-
“ tress, I promise you, quoth Sancho.”

Smollet. “ But Sancho affirmed she was
“ in a mistake.”

Motteux. “ And, by the way, forsooth,
“ continued he, I beseech you save a little
“ of that same tow and ointment for me ;

“ for I don’t know what’s the matter with
“ my back, but I fancy I stand mainly in
“ need of a little greasing too.”

Smollet. “ And now, I think of it, said
“ he, pray, Madam, manage matters so as
“ to leave a little of your ointment, for it
“ will be needed, I’ll assure you : my own
“ loins are none of the soundest at pre-
“ sent.”

Motteux. “ What, I suppose you fell
“ too ? quoth the landlady. Not I, quoth
“ Sancho, but the very fright,” &c.

Smollet. “ What, did you fall too ? said
“ she. I can’t say I did, answered the
“ squire ; but I was so infected,” &c.

THERE is not only more ease of expres-
sion and force of humour in Motteux’s
translation of the above passages than in
Smollet’s, but greater fidelity to the origi-
nal. In one part, *no fueron golpes*, Smol-
let has improperly changed the first person
for the third, or the colloquial style for the

narrative, which materially weakens the spirit of the passage. *Cada uno habia hecho su cardenal* is most happily translated by Motteux, "every one of them gave him a token of its kindness;" but in Smollet's version, this spirited clause of the sentence evaporates altogether.—*Algunas estopas* is more faithfully rendered by Motteux than by Smollet. In the latter part of the passage, when the hostess jeeringly says to Sancho, *Desa manera tambien debistes vos de caer?* the squire, impatient to wipe off that sly insinuation against the veracity of his story, hastily answers, *No cai*. To this Motteux has done ample justice, "Not I," quoth Sancho." But Smollet, instead of the arch effrontery, which the author meant to mark by this answer, gives a tame apologetic air to the squire's reply, "I can't say I did, answered the squire." *Don Quix. par. 1. cap. 16.*

DON Quixote and Sancho, travelling in the night through a desert valley, have their ears assailed at once by a combination of the most horrible sounds, the roaring of ca-

taracts, clanking of chains, and loud strokes repeated at regular intervals ; all which persuade the Knight, that his courage is immediately to be tried in a most perilous adventure. Under this impression, he felicitates himself on the immortal renown he is about to acquire, and, brandishing his lance, thus addresses Sancho, whose joints are quaking with affright :

Asi que aprieta un poco las cinchas a Rocinante, y quédate a Dios ; y asperame aqui hasta tres dias, no mas, en los quales si no volviere, puedes tú volverte á nuestra aldea, y desde allí, por hacerme merced y buena obra, irás al Toboso, donde dirás al incomparable señora mia Dulcinea, que su cautivo caballero murió por acometer cosas, que le hiciesen digno de poder llamarse suyo. Don Quix. par. 1. cap. 20.

Translation by Motteux.

“ COME, girth Rozinante straiter, and
“ then Providence protect thee: Thou may'st

“ stay for me here ; but if I do not return
“ in three days, go back to our village, and
“ from thence, for my sake, to Toboso,
“ where thou shalt say to my incomparable
“ lady Dulcinea, that her faithful knight
“ fell a sacrifice to love and honour, while
“ he attempted things that might have made
“ him worthy to be called her adorer.”

Translation by Smollet.

“ THEREFORE straiten Rozinante’s girth,
“ recommend thyself to God, and wait for
“ me in this place, three days at farthest ;
“ within which time if I come not back,
“ thou mayest return to our village, and,
“ as the last favour and service done to me,
“ go from thence to Toboso, and inform my
“ incomparable mistress Dulcinea, that
“ her captive knight died in attempting
“ things that might render him worthy to
“ be called her lover.”

ON comparing these two translations, that
of Smollet appears to me to have better

preserved the ludicrous solemnity of the original. This is particularly observable in the beginning of the sentence, where there is a most humorous association of two counsels very opposite in their nature, the recommending himself to God, and girding Rozinante. In the request, “and as the last favour and service done to me, go from thence to Toboso ;” the translations of Smollet and Motteux are, perhaps, nearly equal in point of solemnity, but the simplicity of the original is better preserved by Smollet *.

* Perhaps a parody was here intended of the famous epitaph of Simonides, on the brave Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ :

Ω ξειν, ἀγγελον Λακεδαιμόνιοις, ὅτι τῆδε

Κείμεθα, τοις κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

“ O stranger, carry back the news to Lacedemon, that we died here to prove our obedience to her laws.” This, it will be observed, may be translated, or at least closely imitated, in the very words of Cervantes ; *diras—que su caballero murio por acometer cosas, que le hiciesen digno de poder llamarse suyo.*

SANCHO, after endeavouring in vain to dissuade his master from engaging in this perilous adventure, takes advantage of the darkness to tie Rozinante's legs together, and thus to prevent him from stirring from the spot ; which being done, to divert the Knight's impatience under this supposed enchantment, he proceeds to tell him, in his usual strain of rustic buffoonery, a long story of a cock and a bull, which thus begins : “ *Erase que se era, el bien que viniere para todos sea, y el mal para quien lo fuere á buscar ; y advierta vuestra merced, señor mio, que el principio que los antiguos dieron a sus consejas, no fue así como quiera, que fue una sentencia de Caton Zonzorino Romano que dice, y el mal para quien lo fueré á buscar.*” Ibid.

IN this passage, the chief difficulties that occur to the translator are, *first*, the beginning, which seems to be a customary prologue to a nursery-tale among the Spaniards, which must therefore be translated by a corresponding phraseology in English ; and, *secondly*, the blunder of Caton Zonzorino.

Both these are, I think, most happily hit off by Motteux. “ In the days of yore, when
“ it was as it was, good betide us all, and
“ evil to him that evil seeks. And here,
“ Sir, you are to take notice, that they of old
“ did not begin their tales in an ordinary
“ way ; for ’twas a saying of a wise man,
“ whom they call’d Cato the Roman Ton-
“ sor, that said, Evil to him that evil seeks.”
Smollet thus translates the passage : “ There
“ was, so there was ; the good that shall
“ fall betide us all ; and he that seeks evil
“ may meet with the devil. Your worship
“ may take notice, that the beginning of
“ ancient tales is not just what came into
“ the head of the teller : no, they always
“ began with some saying of Cato, the cen-
“ sor of Rome, like this, of ‘ He that seeks
“ evil may meet with the devil.”

The beginning of the story, thus translated, has neither any meaning in itself, nor does it resemble the usual preface of a foolish tale. Instead of *Caton Zonzorino*, a blunder which apologises for the mention of Cato by such an ignorant clown as Sancho,

we find the blunder rectified by Smollet, and Cato distinguished by his proper epithet of the Censor. This is a manifest impropriety in the last translator, for which no other cause can be assigned, than that his predecessor had preoccupied the blunder of *Cato the Tonsor*, which, though not a translation of *Zonzorino*, (the purblind), was yet a very happy parallelism.

IN the course of the same cock-and-bull story, Sancho thus proceeds: “ *Asi que,*
“ *yendo dias y viniendo dias, el diablo que*
“ *no duerme y que todo lo añasca, hizo de*
“ *manera, que el amor que el pastor tenia á*
“ *su pastora se volviese en omecillo y mala vo-*
“ *luntad, y la causa fué segun malas lenguas,*
“ *una cierta cantidad de zelillos que ella le*
“ *dió, tales que pasaban de la raya, y llega-*
“ *ban á lo vedado, y fue tanto lo que el pas-*
“ *tor la aborreció de alli adelante, que por*
“ *no verla se quiso ausentar de aquella tierra,*
“ *é irse donde sus ojos no la vieses jamas; la*
“ *Toralva, que se vió desdeñada del Lope, lue-*
“ *go le quiso bien mas que nunca le habia*
“ *querido.*” Ibid.

Translation by Motteux.

“ WELL, but, as you know, days come
“ and go, and time and straw makes med-
“ lars ripe ; so it happened, that after sever-
“ ral days coming and going, the devil, who
“ seldom lies dead in a ditch, but will have
“ a finger in every pye, so brought it about,
“ that the shepherd fell out with his sweet-
“ heart, insomuch that the love he bore her
“ turned into dudgeon and ill-will ; and the
“ cause was, by report of some mischievous
“ tale-carriers, that bore no good-will to ei-
“ ther party, for that the shepherd thought
“ her no better than she should be, a little
“ loose i’ the hilts, &c *. Thereupon being
“ grievous in the dumps about it, and now
“ bitterly hating her, he e’en resolved to
“ leave that country to get out of her sight :
“ for now, as every dog has his day, the
“ wench perceiving he came no longer a
“ suitering to her, but rather toss’d his

* One expression is omitted which is a little too gross.

“ nose at her and shunn’d her, she began to
“ love him, and doat upon him like any
“ thing.”

I believe it will be allowed, that the above translation not only conveys the complete sense and spirit of the original, but that it greatly improves upon its humour. When Smollet came to translate this passage, he must have severely felt the hardship of that law he had imposed on himself, of invariably rejecting the expressions of Motteux, who had in this instance been singularly successful. It will not therefore surprise us, if we find the new translator to have here failed as remarkably as his predecessor has succeeded.

Translation by Smollet.

“ AND so, in process of time, the devil,
“ who never sleeps, but *wants to have a fin-*
“ *ger in every pye*, managed matters in
“ such a manner, that the shepherd’s love
“ for the shepherdess was turned into ma-

“lice and deadly hate : and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of small jealousies she gave him, exceeding all bounds of measure. And such was the abhorrence the shepherd conceived for her, that, in order to avoid the sight of her, he resolved to absent himself from his own country, and go where he should never set eyes on her again. Toralvo finding herself despised by Lope, began to love him more than ever.”

SMOLLET, conscious that in the above passage Motteux had given the best possible *free* translation, and that he had supplanted him in the choice of corresponding idioms, seems to have piqued himself on a rigid adherence to the very *letter* of his original. The only English idiom, being a plagiarism from Motteux, “*wants to have a finger in every pye*,” seems to have been adopted from absolute necessity : the Spanish phrase would not bear a literal version, and no other idiom was to be found but that which Motteux had preoccupied.

FROM an inflexible adherence to the same law, of rejecting the phraseology of Motteux, we find in every page of this new translation numberless changes for the worse :

Se que no mira del mal ojo á la mochacha.

“ I have observed he casts a sheep’s eye
“ at the wench.” *Motteux.*

“ I can perceive he has no dislike to the
“ girl.” *Smollet.*

*Teresa me pusieron en el bautismo, nombre
mondo y escueto, sin anadiduras, ni cortopi-
zas, ni arrequives de Dones ni Donas.*

“ I was christened plain Teresa, without
“ any fiddle-faddle, or addition of Madam,
“ or Your Ladyship.” *Motteux.*

“ Teresa was I christened, a bare and
“ simple name, without the addition, garni-
“ ture, and embroidery of Don or Donna.”
Smollet.

Sigue tu cuento, Sancho.

“ Go on with thy story, Sancho.” *Motteux.*

“ Follow thy story, Sancho.” *Smollet.*

Yo confieso que he andado algo risueño en demasia.

“ I confess I carried the jest too far.”
Motteux.

“ I see I have exceeded a little in my
“ pleasantry.” *Smollet.*

*De mis viñas vengo, no se nada, no soy
amigo de saber vidas ajenas.*

“ I never thrust my nose into other men’s
“ porridge; it’s no bread and butter of
“ mine: Every man for himself, and God
“ for us all, say I.” *Motteux.*

“ I prune my own vine, and I know no-

“ thing about thine. I never meddle with
“ other people’s concerns.” *Smollet*.

*Y advierta que ya tengo edad para dar
consejos. Quien bien tiene, y mal escoge, por
bien que se enoja, no se venga* *.

“ Come, Master, I have hair enough in
“ my beard to make a counsellor: he that
“ will not when he may, when he will he
“ shall have nay.” *Motteux*.

“ Take notice that I am of an age to give
“ good counsels. He that hath good in his
“ view, and yet will not evil eschew, his folly
“ deserveth to rue.” *Smollet*. Rather than
adopt a corresponding proverb, as *Motteux*
has done, *Smollet* chuses, in this in-
stance, and in many others, to make a pro-
verb for himself, by giving a literal version
of the original in a sort of doggerel rhyme.

* Thus it stands in all the editions by the Royal Academy
of Madrid; though in Lord Carteret’s edition the latter part
of the proverb is given thus, apparently with more propriety:
del mal que le viene no se enoje;

Vive Roque, que es la señora nuestra ama mas ligera que un alcotan, y que puede enseñar al mas diestro Cordobes o Mexicano.

“ By the Lord Harry, quoth Sancho, our
“ Lady Mistress is as nimble as an eel.
“ Let me be hang’d, if I don’t think she
“ might teach the best Jockey in Cordova or
“ Mexico to mount a-horseback.” *Motteux*.

“ By St Roque, cried Sancho, my Lady
“ Mistress is as light as a hawk *, and can
“ teach the most dextrous horseman to
“ ride.” *Smollet*.

THE chapter which treats of the puppet-show, is well translated both by Motteux and Smollet. But the discourse of the boy who explains the story of the piece, in Motteux’s translation, appears somewhat more consonant to the phraseology commonly

U 2

* *Mas ligera que un alcotan* is more literally translated by Smollet than by Motteux; but if Smollet piqued himself on fidelity, why was *Cordobes o Mexicano* omitted.

used on such occasions :—" Now, gentle-
" men, in the next place, mark that perso-
" nage that peeps out there with a crown
" on his head, and a sceptre in his hand :
" That's the Emperor Charlemain.—Mind
" how the Emperor turns his back up-
" on him.—Don't you see that Moor ;
" —hear what a smack he gives on her
" sweet lips, — and see how she spits
" and wipes her mouth with her white
" smoke-sleeve. See how she takes on,
" and tears her hair for very madness,
" as if it was to blame for this affront.—
" Now mind what a din and hurly-burly
" there is." *Motteux*. This jargon ap-
pears to me to be more characteristic
of the speaker than the following : " And
" that personage who now appears with a
" crown on his head and a sceptre in his
" hand, is the Emperor Charlemagne.—Be-
" hold how the Emperor turns about and
" walks off.—Don't you see that Moor ;—
" Now mind how he prints a kiss in the
" very middle of her lips, and with what
" eagerness she spits, and wipes them with
" the sleeve of her shift, lamenting aloud,
" and tearing for anger her beautiful hair,

“ as if it had been guilty of the trans-
“ gression *.”

IN the same scene of the puppet-show, the scraps of the old Moorish ballad are translated by Motteux with a corresponding *naïveté* of expression, which it seems to me impossible to exceed.

U 3

* Smollet has here mistaken the sense of the original, *como si ellos tuvieran la culpa del maleficio*: She did not blame the hair for being guilty of the transgression or offence, but for being the cause of the Moor's transgression, or, as Motteux has properly translated it, “ this affront.” In another part of the same chapter, Smollet has likewise mistaken the sense of the original. When the boy remarks, that the Moors don't observe much form or ceremony in their judicial trials, Don Quixote contradicts him, and tells him there must always be a regular process and examination of evidence to prove matters of fact, “ *para sacar una verdad en limpio, menester son muchas pruebas y repruebas.*” Smollet applies this observation of the Knight to the boy's long-winded story, and translates the passage, “ There is not so much proof “ and counter proof required to bring truth to light.” In both these passages Smollet has departed from his prototype, Jarvis.

*Jugando está á las tablas Don Gayféros,
Que ya de Melisendra está olvidado.*

“ Now Gayferos the live-long day,

“ Oh, errant shame ! at draughts doth play ;

“ And, as at court most husbands do,

“ Forgets his lady fair and true.” *Motteux.*

“ Now Gayferos at tables playing,

“ Of Melisendra thinks no more.” *Smollet.*

Caballero, si á Francia ides,

Por Gayféros preguntad.

“ Quoth Melisendra, if perchance,

“ Sir Traveller, you go for France,

“ For pity’s sake, ask, when you’re there,

“ For Gayferos, my husband dear.” *Motteux.*

“ Sir Knight, if you to France do go,

“ For Gayferos inquire.” *Smollet.*

How miserably does the new translation sink in the above comparison ! Yet Smollet was a good poet, and most of the verse translations interspersed through this work are executed with ability. It is on this head that Motteux has assumed to himself the

greatest licence. He has very presumptuously mutilated the poetry of Cervantes, by leaving out many entire stanzas from the larger compositions, and suppressing some of the smaller altogether: Yet the translation of those parts which he has retained, is possessed of much poetical merit; and in particular, those verses which are of a graver cast, are, in my opinion, superior to those of his rival. The song in the first volume, which in the original is entitled, *Cancion de Grisóstomo*, and which Motteux has entitled, *The Despairing Lover*, is greatly abridged by the suppression of more than one-half of the stanzas in the original; but the translation, so far as it goes, is highly poetical. The translation of this song by Smollet, though inferior as a poem, is, perhaps, more valuable on the whole, because more complete. There is, however, only a single passage, in which he maintains with Motteux a contest which is nearly equal:

U 4

O thou, whose cruelty and hate,
The tortures of my breast proclaim,
Behold, how willingly to fate
I offer this devoted frame.

If thou, when I am past all pain,
Shouldst think my fall deserves a tear,
Let not one single drop distain
Those eyes, so killing and so clear.
No! rather let thy mirth display
The joys that in thy bosom glow:
Ah! need I bid that heart be gay,
Which always triumph'd in my woe. *Smollet.*

It will be allowed that there is much merit in these lines, and that the last stanza in particular is eminently beautiful and delicate. Yet there is, in my opinion, an equal vein of poetry, and more passion, in the corresponding verses of Motteux:

O thou, by whose destructive hate
I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,
When I'm no more, thy pity spare!
I dread thy tears; oh, spare them then—
But, oh! I rave, I was too vain—
My death can never cost a tear! *Motteux.*

In the song of Cardenio, there is a happy combination of tenderness of expression with ingenious thought; the versification is likewise of a peculiar structure, the second

line forming an echo to the first. The song has been translated in a corresponding measure both by Motteux and Smollet; but by the latter with far inferior merit.

CANCION DE CARDENIO.

I.

Quien menoscaba mis bienes?

Desdenes.

Y quien aumenta mis duelos?

Los Zelos.

Y quien prueba mi paciencia?

Ausencia.

De ese modo en mi dolencia,

Ningun remedio se alcanza,

Pues me matan la Esperanza,

Desdenes, Zelos, y Ausencia.

II.

Quien me causa este dolor?

Amor.

Y quien mi gloria repuna?

Fortuna.

Y quien consiente mi duelo?

El Cielo.

*De ese modo yo rézelo,
Morir deste mal extraño,
Pues se aunan en mi daño
Amor, Fortuna, y el Cielo.*

III.

*Quien mejorará mi suerte ?
La Muerte.
Y el bien de amor, quien le alcanza ?
Mudanza.
Y sus malos quien los cura ?
Locura.
De ese modo no es cordura
Querer curar la pasión ;
Quando los remedios son
Muerte, Mudanza, y Locura.*

CARDENIO'S SONG, BY MOTTEUX.

I.

*What makes me languish and complain ?
O, 'tis Disdain !
What yet more fiercely tortures me ?
'Tis Jealousy.
How have I my patience lost ?
By Absence crost.
Then, Hope, farewell, there's no relief ;
I sink beneath oppressing grief ;*

Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, Jealousy, and Absence, bear.

II.

What in my breast this anguish drove?

Intruding *Love.*

Who could such mighty ills create?

Blind *Fortune's* hate.

What cruel powers my fate approve?

The *Powers* above.

Then let me bear, and cease to moan ;

'Tis glorious thus to be undone :

When these invade, who dares oppose ?

Heaven, Love, and Fortune are my foes.

III.

Where shall I find a speedy cure,

Oh ! *Death* is sure.

No milder means to set me free?

Inconstancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuage ?

Distracting Rage.

What, die or change ? *Lucinda* lose ?

O let me rather madness chuse !

But judge, ye gods, what we endure,

When *death* or *madness* are a cure !

IN the last four lines, Motteux has used more liberty with the thought of the original than is allowable for a translator. It must be owned, however, that he has much improved it.

CARDENIO'S SONG, BY SMOLLET.

I.

Ah ! what inspires my woful strain ?

Unkind disdain !

Ah ! what augments my misery ?

Fell Jealousy !

Or say, what hath my patience worn ?

An absent lover's scorn !

The torments then that I endure

No mortal remedy can cure :

For every languid hope is slain

By Absence, Jealousy, Disdain.

II.

From Love, my unrelenting foe,

These sorrows flow :

My infant glory's overthrown

By Fortune's frown.

Confirm'd in this my wretched state

By the decrees of Fate,

In death alone I hope release
From this compounded dire disease,
Whose cruel pangs to aggravate,
Fortune and Love conspire with Fate !

III

Ah ! what will mitigate my doom ?

The silent tomb.

Ah ! what retrieve departed joy ?

Inconstancy !

Or say, can ought but frenzy bear

This tempest of despair !

All other efforts then are vain

To cure this soul-tormenting pain,

That owns no other remedy

Than madness, death, inconstancy.

“ The torments then that I endure—no
“ *mortal* remedy can cure.” Who ever
heard of a *mortal* remedy ? or who could
expect to be cured by it ? In the next line,
the epithet of *languid* is injudiciously gi-
ven to Hope in this place ; for a *languid* or
a *languishing* hope was already dying, and
needed not so powerful a host of murder-
ers to *slay* it, as Absence, Jealousy, and Dis-
dain.—In short, the latter translation ap-

pears to me to be, on the whole, of much inferior merit to the former. I have remarked, that Motteux excels his rival chiefly in the translation of those poems that are of a graver cast. But perhaps he is censurable for having thrown too much gravity into the poems that are interspersed in this work; as Smollet is blameable on the opposite account, of having given them too much the air of burlesque. In the song which Don Quixote composed while he was doing penance in the *Sierra-Morena*, beginning *Arboles Yervas y Plantas*, every stanza of which ends with *Del Toboso*, the author intended, that the composition should be quite characteristic of its author, a ludicrous compound of gravity and absurdity. In the translation of Motteux, there is, perhaps, too much gravity; but Smollet has rendered the composition altogether burlesque. The same remark is applicable to the song of Antonio, beginning *Yo sé Olalla, que me adoras*, and to many of the other poems.

ON the whole, I am inclined to think, that the version of Motteux is by far the

best we have yet seen of the Romance of Cervantes; and that if corrected in its licentious abbreviations and enlargements, and in some other particulars which I have noticed in the course of this comparison, we should have nothing to desire superior to it in the way of translation.

CHAPTER XIII.

Other Characteristics of Composition, which render Translation difficult.—Antiquated Terms — New Terms—Verba ardentia.—Simplicity of Thought and Expression—In Prose—In Poetry.—Naïveté in the Latter.—Chaulieu—Parnell—Theocritus—La Fontaine.—Series of Minute Distinctions marked by Characteristic Terms.—Strada.—Florid Style and Vague Expression.—Pliny's Natural History.

IN the two preceding chapters I have treated pretty fully of what I consider as a principal difficulty in translation, the permutation of idioms. I shall in this chapter touch upon several other characteristics of compo-

sition, which, in proportion as they are found in the original works, serve greatly to enhance the difficulty of doing complete justice to them in a translation.

1. THE poets, in all languages, have a licence peculiar to themselves, of employing a mode of expression very remote from the diction of prose, and still more from that of ordinary speech. Under this licence, it is customary for them to use antiquated terms, to invent new ones, and to employ a glowing and rapturous phraseology, or what Cicero terms *Verba ardentia*. To do justice to these peculiarities in a translation, by adopting similar terms and phrases, will be found extremely difficult; yet without such assimilation, the translation presents no just copy of the original. It would require no ordinary skill to transfuse into another language the thoughts of the following passages, in a similar species of phraseology:

Antiquated Terms :

For Nature crescent doth not grow alone
 In thews and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves thee now,
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
 The virtue of his will——

SHAK. *Hamlet, Act. 1.*

New Terms :

——— So over many a tract
 Of heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last
 Far in th' horizon to the north appeard
 From skirt to shirt a fiery region, stretcht
 In battailous aspect, and nearer view
 Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various with boastful argument pourtrayed.

Paradise Lost, B. 6.

————— All come to this ? the hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 The wishes, do discandy ——

SHAK. *Ant. & Cleop. Act 4. Sc. 10.*

Glowing Phraseology, or *Verba ardentia* :

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this: Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just. ———

SHAK. *K. Lear.*

——— Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous! Caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Those dreadful summoners grace. ——— *Ibid.*

Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould,
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air

To testify his hidden residence :
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night ;
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd : I have oft heard,
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium.——
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.——

MILTON's *Comus*.

2. THERE is nothing more difficult to imitate successfully in a translation than that species of composition which conveys just, simple, and natural thoughts, in plain, unaffected, and perfectly appropriate terms ; and which rejects all those *aucupia sermonis*, those *lenocinia verborum*, which constitute what is properly termed *florid* or *fine writing*. It is much easier to imitate in a translation that kind of composition, (provided it be at all intelligible *), which is brilliant and

* I add this qualification not without reason, as I intend afterwards to give an example of a species of florid writing,

rhetorical, which employs frequent antitheses, allusions, similes, metaphors, than it is to give a perfect copy of just, apposite, and natural sentiments which are clothed in pure and simple language: For the former characters are strong and prominent, and therefore easily caught; whereas the latter have no striking attractions; their merit eludes altogether the general observation, and is discernible only to the most correct and chastened taste.

It would be difficult to approach to the beautiful simplicity of expression of the following passages, in any translation.

“ IN those vernal seasons of the year,
“ when the air is calm and pleasant, it were
“ an injury and sullenness against Nature,
“ not to go out to see her riches, and partake
“ in her rejoicing with heaven and
“ earth.” MILTON’S *Tractate of Education*.

which is difficult to be translated, because its meaning cannot be apprehended with precision.

“ CAN I be made capable of such great
“ expectations, which those animals know
“ nothing of, (happier by far in this regard
“ than I am, if we must die alike), only to be
“ disappointed at last? Thus placed, just
“ upon the confines of another, better world,
“ and fed with hopes of penetrating into it,
“ and enjoying it, only to make a short ap-
“ pearance here, and then to be shut out
“ and totally sunk? Must I then, when I
“ bid my last farewell to these walks, when
“ I close these lids, and yonder blue re-
“ gions and all this scene darken upon me
“ and go out; must I then only serve to
“ furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes
“ of these herds and plants, or with this
“ dirt under my feet? Have I been set so
“ far above them in life, only to be levelled
“ with them at death?” WOLLASTON'S *Rel.*
of Nature, sect. ix.

3. THE union of just and delicate senti-
ments with simplicity of expression, is more
rarely found in poetical composition than in
prose; because the enthusiasm of poetry
prompts rather to what is brilliant than what

is just, and is always led to clothe its conceptions in that species of figurative language which is very opposite to simplicity. It is natural, therefore, to conclude, that in those few instances which are to be found of a chastened simplicity of thought and expression in poetry the difficulty of transfusing the same character into a translation will be great, in proportion to the difficulty of attaining it in the original.

It is not easy to imitate in any translation the beautiful simplicity which characterises the following descriptive passage in the eighth eclogue of Virgil :

Sepibus in nostris, parvam te roscida mala,
(Dux ego vester eram,) vidi cum matre legentem :
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus ;
Jam fragiles poteram a terrâ contingere ramos :
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error !

The kindred genius of Tasso in a corresponding passage of his *Aminta*, has here happily rivalled his master :

Essendo io fanciulletto, sì che a pena
Giunger potea con la man pargolletta

A corre i frutti dai piegati rami
Da gli arboscelli, intrinseco divenni
De la piu vaga e cara virginella
Che mai spiegasse al vento chioma d'oro.

Of a similar character, and therefore alike difficult to be justly translated, is that beautiful description of the *night*, in the fourth book of the *Æneid* :

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, sylvæque et sæva quiêrant
Æquora ; cùm medio volvuntur sidera lapsu :
Cùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.

Of the same character are the following beautiful passages from Chaulieu :

Fontenay, lieu délicieux,
Où je vis d'abord la lumière,
Bientot au bout de ma carrière,
Chez toi je joindrai mes ayeux.
Muses, qui dans ce lieu champêtre
Avec soin me fites nourrir,

Beaux arbres, qui m'avez vu naître,
Bientot vous me verrez mourir.

Les louanges de la vie champêtre.

Je touche aux derniers instans
De mes plus belles années,
Et déjà de mon printems
Toutes les fleurs sont fanées.
Je ne vois, et n'envisage
Pour mon arriere saison,
Que le malheur d'être sage,
Et l'inutile avantage
De connoître la raison.

Autrefois mon ignorance
Me fournissoit des plaisirs ;
Les erreurs de l'espérance
Faisoient naître mes desirs.
A present l' experience
M'apprend que la jouissance
De nos biens les plus parfaits,
Ne vaut pas l'impatience,
Ni l'ardeur de nos souhaits.
La Fortune à ma jeunesse
Offrit l'éclat des grandeurs ;
Comme un autre avec souplesse,
J'aurois brigué ses faveurs.

Mais sur le peu de mérite
De ceux qu' elle a bien traités,
J'eus honte de la poursuite
De ses aveugles bontés ;
Et je passai, quoique donne
D'éclat, et pourpre, et couronne,
Du mépris de la personne,
Au mépris des dignités *.

Poësies diverses de Chaulieu, p. 44.

* The following translation of these verses by Parnell, is at once a proof that this pleasing poet felt the characteristic merit of the original, and that he was unable completely to attain it.

My change arrives ; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh :
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.
In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inspire ;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
On newly-born desire.

Of a similar character to that of the preceding examples, is that beautiful moral

But now experience shews the bliss

For which I fondly sought,

Not worth the long impatient wish

And ardour of the thought.

My youth met fortune fair array'd,

In all her pomp she shone,

And might, perhaps, have well essay'd

To make her gifts my own.

But when I saw the blessings show'r

On some unwilling mind,

I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r

Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn

The splendid courts of kings,

And while the persons mov'd my scorn,

I rose to scorn the things.

In this translation, which has the merit of faithfully trans-
fusing the sense of the original, with a great portion of its
simplicity of expression, the following couplet is a very faulty
deviation from that character of the style.

My errors cherish'd hope to smile

On newly-born desire.

thought in the Elegy on Bion, by Theocritus or Moschus, of which the simplicity of the expression is so consonant to the tenderness of the sentiment :

Αἶ, αἶ, τὰι μαλάχαι μὲν, ἐπὰν καὶα καῖπον ὀλωνῆαι
 "Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλινα, τό τ' εὐθαλὲς ἔλον ἀνήθον,
 "Υσερον αὖ ζωνῆι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος αλλο φυονῆι·
 'Αμμες δ'οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καλῆροι ἢ σοφοὶ ἀνδρες,
 'Οππότε πρῶτα θάναμες, ἀνάκοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλα
 "Ευδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον.

This fine passage, which draws a sympathetic accord from every human breast, has been translated and imitated, perhaps, more frequently than any other in the works of the ancients. I know not, if it has ever met with greater justice than in the following translation by Helius Eobanus, in his Latin version of the Idyllia of Theocritus :

Hei mihi, quod malvæ virides et adhuc redolentes
 Atque apium viride, et quod totum floret anethum,
 Sæpe reviviscunt, et in annum deinde reverso
 Sole renascuntur: nos magni, nosque potentes

Quum semel occidimus, quàm primum fata subimus,
 Condimur in terram, atque intra cava busta reclusi
 Perpetuo durum dormimus tempore somnum *.

* The inspired writer of the book of Job has conveyed the same sentiment, in language which has added the sublime to the simply beautiful: Thus happily expressed in the Septuagint translation.

1. Βροῖος γὰρ γεννήϊος γυναικὸς, ὀλιγόβιος, καὶ πλήρης θρηγῆς.
2. Ὡς περ ἄνθος ἀνθῆσαν ἐξέπεσεν, ἀπὸ δὲ ὥσπερ σκιά, καὶ οὐ μὴ εἶναι.
3. Ἐστὶ γὰρ δένδρον ἐλπίς, ἐὰν γὰρ ἐκκοπῇ, ἔτι ἐπανθήσεται, καὶ ὁ ῥα-
 δαμνος αὐτοῦ οὐ μὴ ἐκλείπη.
4. Ἐὰν γὰρ γηράσῃ ἐν γῇ ἢ ῥίζα αὐτοῦ, ἐν δὲ πέτρᾳ τελευτήσῃ τὸ τέλει-
 χος αὐτοῦ.
5. Ἀπὸ ὁσμῆς ὕδατος ἀνθήσει, ποιήσει δὲ θερισμὸν, ὥσπερ νέφυλον.
6. Ἀνὴρ δὲ τελευτήσας ὥχεται, πτωχὸν δὲ βροῖος ἐκ ἐτι ἐστί.

1. Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble.

2. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down: he flieth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

3. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

4. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground:

5. Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and will bring forth boughs like a plant.

6. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

4. THE foregoing examples exhibit a species of composition, which uniting just and natural sentiments with simplicity of expression, preserves at the same time a considerable portion of elevation and dignity. But there is another species of composition, which, possessing the same union of natural sentiments with simplicity of expression, is essentially distinguished from the former, by its always partaking in a considerable degree of comic humour. This is that kind of writing which the French characterise by the term *naïf*, and for which we have no perfectly corresponding expression in English. “Le naïf,” says Fontenelle, “est une nuance du bas *.”

* Marmontel disputes this opinion, and holds that there may be a *naïveté noble*, of which he gives an example in the scene between Joas and Athalie: “*Joas*. Quel pere je quitterois! et pour. *Ath*. Eh bien? *Joas*. Pour quelle mere!” This may be termed a *noble ingenuity*; but it has too much grandeur to come under the description of *naïveté*. Voltaire likewise is of opinion that there may be a *naïveté* without any mixture of *lowness*; and gives an example from his own writings, which, perhaps, will not generally be thought a very happy one. In a letter to M. D’Ar-

IN the following fable of Phædrus, there is a *naïveté*, which I think it is scarcely possible to transfuse into any translation :

Inops potentem dum vult imitari, perit.

In prato quædam rana conspexit bovem ;

Et, tacta invidiâ tantæ magnitudinis,

Rugosam inflavit pellem ; tum natos suos

Interrogavit, *an bove esset latior.*

Illi *negarunt.* Rursus intendit cutem

gental, in allusion to the character of *Sanchette*, in his comedy of *La Princesse de Navarre*, he says, “ Comment avez vous pu jamais imaginer que le *bas* pût se glisser dans ce rôle ? Comment est-ce que la naïveté d’une jeune personne ignorante, et à qui le nom seul de la cour tourne la tête, peut tomber dans le *bas* ? ne voulez vous pas distinguer le *bas* du familier, et le naïf de l’un et de l’autre ? ” These remarks are in this instance at least, misapplied ; and are evidently the fruit of an author’s partiality for his own compositions. The character which he is thus endeavouring to vindicate, will probably appear faulty to every reader of taste, in respect of its lowness and absurdity. Should we desire an example of the true naïf with the least possible intermixture of the *low*, we have it in the admirably drawn character of *Emily Jarvis* in Richardson’s *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Majore nisu, et simili quæsivit modo
Quis major esset ? Illi dixerunt, bovem.
Novissimè indignata, dum vult validius
Inflare sese, rupto jacuit corpore.

It would be extremely difficult to attain, in any translation, the laconic brevity with which this story is told. There is not a single word which can be termed superfluous ; yet there is nothing wanting to complete the effect of the picture. The gravity, likewise, of the narrative, when applied to describe an action of the most consummate absurdity ; the self-important, but anxious questions, and the mortifying dryness of the answers, furnish an example of a delicate species of humour, which cannot easily be conveyed by corresponding terms in another language. La Fontaine was better qualified than any other for this attempt. He saw the merits of the original, and has endeavoured to rival them ; but even La Fontaine has failed :

Une Grenouille vit un boeuf
Qui lui sembla de belle taille.

Elle, qui n'étoit pas grosse en tout comme un oeuf,
Envieuse s'étend, et s'enfle, et se travaille,
Pour égaler l'animal en grosseur ;
Disant, Regardez bien ma soeur,
Est-ce assez, dites moi, n'y suis-je pas encore ?
Nenni. M'y voila donc ? Point du tout. M'y voila ?
Vous n'en approchez point. La chetive pecore
S'enfla si bien qu'elle creva.

Le monde est plein de gens qui ne sont pas plus sages :
Tout bourgeois veut batir comme les grands seigneurs ;
Tout prince a des ambassadeurs,
Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.

BUT La Fontaine himself, when original, may equally defy the powers of a translator. The source of that *naïveté*, which is the characteristic of his fables, has been ingeniously developed by Marmontel : “ Ce n’est
“ pas un poète qui imagine, ce n’est pas un
“ conteur qui plaisante ; c’est un témoin
“ présent à l’action, et qui veut vous rendre
“ présent vous-même. Il met tout en
“ oeuvre de la meilleure foi du monde pour
“ vous persuader ; et ce sont tous ces efforts,
“ c’est le sérieux avec lequel il mêle les plus
“ grandes choses avec les plus petites ;
“ c’est l’importance qu’il attache à des

“ jeux d’enfans ; c’est l’interêt qu’il prend
“ pour un lapin et une belette, qui font
“ qu’on est tenté de s’écrier à chaque instant, *Le bon homme !* On le disoit de lui
“ dans la société. Son caractère n’a fait
“ que passer dans ses fables. C’est du fond
“ de ce caractère que sont émanés ces tours
“ si naturels, ces expressions si naïves, ces
“ images si fideles.”

It would seem almost impossible to do justice in a translation to the natural and easy humour which characterises the dialogue in the following fable :

Les Animaux malades de la Peste.

Un mal qui répand la terreur,
Mal que le ciel en sa fureur
Inventa pour punir les crimes de la terre,
La Peste, (puis qu’il faut l’appeler par son nom),
Capable d’enrichir en un jour l’Achéron,
Faisoit aux animaux la guerre.
Ils ne mouroient pas tous, mais tous étoient frappés.

On n'en voyoit point d'occupés
A chercher le soutien d'une mourante vie ;
Nul mets n'excitoit leur envie.
Ni loups ni renards n'épioient

La douce et l'innocente proie.
Les tourterelles se fuyoient ;
Plus d'amour, partant plus de joye.

Le Lion tint conseil, et dit, Mes chers amis,
Je crois que le ciel a permis
Pour nos péchés cette infortune :

Que le plus coupable de nous
Se sacrifie aux traits du celeste courroux ;
Peut-être il obtiendra la guérison commune.

L'histoire nous apprend qu'en de tels accidens,
On fait de pareils dévoûemens :
Ne nous flattons donc point, voyons sans indulgence
L'état de notre conscience.

Pour moi, satisfaisant mes appetits gloutons
J'ai devoré force moutons ;
Que m'avoient-ils fait ? Nullé offense :

Même il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger le Berger.
Je me dévoûrai donc, s'ils le faut ; mais je pense
Qu'il est bon que chacun s'accuse ainsi que moi ;
Car on doit souhaiter, selon toute justice,
Que le plus coupable périsse.

Sire, dit le Renard, vous êtes trop bon roi ;
Vos scrupules font voir trop de délicatesse ;
Eh bien, manger moutons, canaille, sotte espece,

Est-ce un péché ? Non, non : Vous leur fites, seigneur,

En les croquant beaucoup d'honneur :

Et quant au Berger, l'on peut dire

Qu'il estoit digne de tous maux,

Etant de ees gens-là qui sur les animaux

Se font un chimérique empire.

Ansi dit le Renard, et flatteurs d'applaudir.

On n'osa trop approfondir

Du Tigre, ni de l'Ours, ni des autres puissances

Les moins pardonnables offenses.

Tous les gens querelleurs, jusqu'aux simple mâtiens

Au dire de chacun, estoient de petits saints.

L'âne vint à son tour, et dit, J'ai souvenance

Qu'en un pré de moines passant,

La faim, l'occasion, l'herbe tendre, et je pense

Quelque diable aussi me poussant,

Je tondis de ce pré la largeur de ma langue :

Je n'en avois nul droit ; puisqu'il faut parler net.

A ces mots on cria haro sur le baudet :

Un Loup quelque peu clerc prouva par sa harangue

Qu'il falloit dévotier ce maudit animal,

Ce pelé, ce galeux, d'ou venoit tout leur mal.

Sa peccadille fut jugée un cas pendable ;

Manger l'herbe d'autrui, quel crime abominable !

Rien que la mort n'étoit capable

D'expier son forfait, on le lui fit bien voir.

Selon que vous serez puissant ou misérable,

Les jugemens de cour vous rendront blanc ou noir.

THE French critics have ranked La Fontaine among those authors whom it is impossible to translate. An ingenious writer, Mr Thiébault, thus assigns the reason :
“ Le mérite de ce poète est trop intime-
“ ment fondé dans le génie et toutes les
“ délicatesses de notre langue, pour que
“ des étrangers puissent le bien sentir. La
“ Fontaine est donc celui de nos poètes,
“ envers lequel on est le plus injuste hors
“ de France, par la même raison qui ne
“ nous permet d'en parler que dans les
“ termes de la plus vive admiration. C'est
“ encore pour la même raison que je le
“ place à la tête de tous les auteurs qui
“ sont essentiellement intraduisibles. Par-
“ tout il découvre et saisit l'expression et
“ le tour qui semblent faits pour l'objêt et
“ pour la nuance de sentiment qu'il veut
“ rendre. La Fontaine est le plus Français
“ de tous nos écrivains *.”

* Souvenirs de 20 ans à Berlin, par THIEBAULT, vol. i,
p. 162.

DESBILLONS, an author of very high merit among the modern Latin poets, who rivals, in his *Fabulæ Æsopiæ*, the *naïveté* of Phædrus, and who unites to that quality an elegance, tenderness, and even dignity of composition, together with the purest Latinity*, has adopted many of the fables of La Fontaine; but judiciously limiting himself to an imitation of the manner of his original he never attempts to discharge the duty of a translator. If we compare his *Belluæ pestilentiâ laborantes*, with its original, *Les animaux malades de la peste*, (above inserted), we shall have a just idea of perfect imitation, as distinguished from poetical translation †.

OF a similar character for perfect *naïveté*, is an exquisite fable, entitled *Asinus Judex*,

Y 4

* In justification of this praise, the reader is referred to the Fable, entitled *Philomela, Corvus et Bubo*, at NO. 4. of the Appendix.

† See Appendix, NO. 5.

which Menage has inserted with just encomium in his *Anti-Baillet* ; and which I am persuaded every reader of taste will forgive me for here introducing :

Asinus Judex.

Fabula Commerii. (Pere Commire.)

Animalia inter orta cum contentio
Magna esset olim, sedet asinus arbiter :
Quippe aurium mensura liberalior,
Et ore toto fusa simplicitas, probi
Atque patientis judicis spem fecerant.

Primæ ad tribunal se novum sistunt apes,
Direpta questæ mella fucorum dolo,
Cellasque inanes. Innocentes ille apes
Voce altiore, ceu nocentes, increpat :
Fucosque labis integros pronuncians,
Dat habere ceras, et favis apum frui.

Clangore post hæc anser obstrepens gravi,
Dato libello supplice, orat ut sibi
Sociisque liceat flumina, et lacûs sacros.
Cignis repulsis, colere. Præses annuit,

Ecce Philomelen Gracculus lacessere,
Et vocis audax poscere sibi gloriam.
Litem, inquit, asini finiat sententia.
Jubentur ambo canere. Luscinia incipit,

Animosque teneris omnium ac sensus modis
Demulcet. Ipsæ carmine inflexæ caput,
Et lenta motant brachia in numerum ilices.
Necquicquam. Ineptis plus probatur auribus,
Rude murmur atque stridor absurdæ alitis.
Quid multa? fortem vicit, illo iudice,
Columbus aquilam. Pulchrior picto fuit
Pavone corvus: ovis lupo voracior.
Vulpes, iniqua scita sibilantibus,
Aliud ab illo nil, ait, speraveram,
Cujus palato carduus gratum sapit.

THERE are here many strokes of the true *naïveté*, which is the characteristic of a good fable, and of which Phædrus is the perfect model. The 3d, 4th and 5th lines are peculiarly happy. The judge never hears more than one side, and instantly decides in a high tone of confident absurdity. The Goose demands exclusive possession of the waters, and the expulsion of the Swans; *Præses annuit*. The Bees complain that the Drones consume the fruit of their labour. The Judge instantly condemns the Bees to banishment, and decrees full possession

of the hives and combs to the Drones.
The Fox draws the moral very happily :

*Aliud ab illo nil, ait, speraveram,
Cujus palato carduus gratum sapit.*

What powers must the writer possess who is capable of doing full justice to this exquisite morsel in any translation !

5. No compositions will be found more difficult to be translated, than those descriptions, in which a series of minute distinctions are marked by characteristic terms, each peculiarly appropriated to the thing to be designed, but many of them so nearly synonymous, or so approaching to each other, as to be clearly understood only by those who possess the most critical knowledge of the language of the original, and a very competent skill in the subject treated of. I have always regarded Strada's contest of the Musician and Nightingale, as a composition which almost bids defiance to the art of a translator. The reader will easily perceive the extreme difficulty of giving the

full, distinct, and appropriate meaning of those expressions marked in *Italics*.

Jam Sol a medio pronus deflexerat orbe,
Mitius e radiis vibrans crinalibus ignem :
Cum fidicen propter Tiberina fluenta, sonanti
Lenibat plectro curas, æstumque levabat,
Ilice defensus nigra, scenaque virenti.
Audiit hunc hospes sylvæ philomela propinquæ,
Musa loci, nemoris Siren, inoxia Siren ;
Et prope succedens stetit abdita frondibus, altè
Accipiens sonitum, secumque remurmurat, et quos
Ille modos variat digitis, hæc gutture reddit.

Sensit se fidicen philomela imitante referri,
Et placuit ludum volucris dare ; plenius ergo
Explorat citharam, tentamentumque futuræ
Præbeat ut pugnæ, percurrit protinus omnes
Impulsu pernice fides. Nec segnius illa
Mille per excurrrens variæ discrimina vocis,
Venturi specimen præfert argutula cantûs.

Tunc fidicen per fila movens trepidantia dextram,
Nunc contemnenti similis *diverberat ungue*,
Depectitque pari chordas et simplice ductu :
Nunc carptim replicat, digilisque micantibus urget,
Fila minutatim, celerique repercutit ictu.
Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem

Arte refert. Nunc, ceu rudis aut incerta canendi,
Projicit in longum *nulloque plicatile flexu*,
Carmen init simili serie, jugique tenore
Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci :
Nunc *cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis*
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.

Miratur fidicen parvis è faucibus ire
Tam varium, tam dulce melos: majoraque tentans,
Alternat mira arte fides; dum torquet acutas
Inciditque, graves operoso verbere pulsatur,
Permiscetque simul *certantia rauca sonoris;*
Ceu resides in bella viros clangore lacescat.
Hoc etiam philomela canit: dumque ore liquenti
Vibrat acuta sonum, modulisque interplicat æquis;
Ex inopinato gravis intonat, et leve murmur
Turbinat introrsus, alternantique sonore,
Clarat et infuscat, ceu martia classica pulset.

Scilicet erubuit fidicen, irâque calente,
Aut non hoc, inquit, referes, citharistia sylvæ,
Aut fractâ cedam citharâ. Nec plura locutus,
Non imitabilibus plectrum concentibus urget.
Namque manu per fila volat, simul hos, simul illos
Explorat numeros, chordâque laborat in omni;
Et *strepit et tinnit*, crescitque superbius, et se
Multiplicat relegens, plenoque choreumate plaudit.
Tum stetit expectans si quid paret æmula contra.

Illa autem, quanquam vox dudum exercita fauces
 Asperat, impatiens vinci, simul advocat omnes
 Necquicquam vires : nam dum discrimina tanta
 Reddere tot fidium nativâ et simplice tentat
 Voce, canaliculisque imitari grandia parvis,
 Impar magnanimis ausis, imparque dolori,
 Deficit, et vitam summo in certamine linquens,
 Victoris cadit in plectrum, par nacta sepulchrum.

HE that should attempt a translation of this most artful composition, *dum tentat discrimina tanta reddere*, would probably, like the nightingale, find himself *impar magnanimis ausis* *.

IT must be here remarked, that Strada

* The attempt, however, has been made. Without mentioning the miserable imitation by Ambrose Philips in his fifth Eclogue, there is, in a little volume, entitled *Prolusiones Poëticae*, by the Reverend T. Bancroft, printed at Chester 1788, a version of the *Fidicinis et Philomelæ certamen*, which will please every reader of taste, who forbears to compare it with the original; and in the Poems of Pattison, the ingenious author of the Epistle of *Abelard to Eloisa*, is a fable, entitled, *The Nightingale and Shepherd*, imitated from Strada. But these performances serve only to convince us, that a perfect translation of that composition is a thing almost impossible.

has not the merit of originality in this characteristic description of the song of the Nightingale. He found it in Pliny, and with still greater amplitude, and variety of discrimination. He seems even to have taken from that author the hint of his fable :

“ Digna miratu avis. Primum, tanta vox
“ tam parvo in corpusculo, tam pertinax
“ spiritus. Deinde in una perfecta musicæ
“ scientia modulatus editur sonus ; et nunc
“ continuo spiritu trahitur in longum, nunc
“ variatur inflexo, nunc distinguitur conciso,
“ copulatur intorto, promittitur revocato,
“ infuscatur ex inopinato : interdum et
“ secum ipse murmurat, plenus, gravis, acutus,
“ creber, extensus ; ubi visum est vibrans,
“ summus, medius, imus. Breviterque omnia tam parvulis in faucibus, quæ
“ tot exquisitis tibiæ tormentis ars hominum excogitavit.—Certant inter se, palamque animosa contentio est. Victa
“ morte finit sæpe vitam, spiritu prius deficiente quam cantu.” *PLIN. Nat. Hist. lib. 10. c. 29.*

It would perhaps be as difficult to give a perfect translation of this passage from Pliny, as of the fable of Strada. The attempt, however, has been made by an old English author, Philemon Holland; and it is curious to remark the extraordinary shifts to which he has been reduced in the search of corresponding expressions :

Explorat numeros, chordâque laborat in omni.

“ SURELY this bird is not to be set in the
“ last place of those that deserve admiration : for is it not a wonder, that so loud
“ and clear a voice should come from so
“ little a body ? Is it not as strange, that
“ shee should hold her wind so long, and
“ continue with it as shee doth ? Moreover, shee alone in her song keepeth time
“ and measure truly, shee riseth and falleth
“ in her note just with the rules of music,
“ and perfect harmony ; for one while, in
“ one entire breath she draws out her tune
“ at length treatable ; another while she
“ quavereth, and goeth away as fast in her
“ running points : sometimes shee maketh

“ stops and short cuts in her notes ; ano-
“ ther time she gathereth in her wind, and
“ singeth descant between the plain song :
“ she fetcheth in her breath again, and then
“ you shall have her in her catches and di-
“ visions : anon, all on a sudden, before a
“ man would think it, she drowneth her
“ voice that one can scarce hear her ; now
“ and then she seemeth to record to herself,
“ and then she breaketh out to sing volun-
“ tarie. In sum, she varieth and altereth
“ her voice to all keies : one while full of
“ her largs, longs, briefs, semibriefs, and
“ minims ; another while in her crotchets,
“ quavers, semiquavers, and double semi-
“ quavers : for at one time you shall hear
“ her voice full of loud, another time as
“ low ; and anon shrill and on high ; thick
“ and short when she list ; drawn out at
“ leisure again when she is disposed ; and
“ then, (if she be so pleased), shee riseth
“ and mounteth up aloft, as it were with a
“ wind organ. Thus she altereth from one
“ to another, and sings all parts, the treble,
“ the mean, and the base. To conclude,
“ there is not a pipe or instrument devised

“ with all the art and cunning of man, that
“ can afford more musick than this pretty
“ bird doth out of that little throat of hers.
“ —They strive who can do best, and one
“ laboureth to excel another in variety of
“ song and long continuance ; yea and evi-
“ dent it is that they contend in good ear-
“ nest with all their will and power : for
“ oftentimes she that hath the worse, and is
“ not able to hold out with another, dieth
“ for it, and sooner giveth she up her vital
“ breath than giveth over her song.”

THE consideration of the above passage in the original, leads to the following remark.

5. THERE is no species of writing so difficult to be translated, as that where the character of the style is florid, and the expression consequently vague, and of indefinite meaning. The Natural History of Pliny furnishes innumerable examples of this fault ; (the worst that can occur in a history of art and science, to which a perspicuous diction is most essential) : and

hence that work will ever be found one of the most difficult to be translated. A short chapter shall be here analyzed, as an instructive specimen.

Lib. 11. Cap. 2.

IN magnis siquidem corporibus, aut certe majoribus, facilis officina sequaci materia fuit. In his tam parvis atque tam nullis, quæ ratio, quanta vis, quam inextricabilis perfectio! Ubi tot sensus collocavit in culice? Et sunt alia dictu minora. Sed ubi visum in eo prætendit? Ubi gustatum applicavit? Ubi odoratum inseruit? Ubi vero truculentam illam et portione maximam vocem ingeneravit? Qua subtilitate pennas adnexuit? Prælongavit pedum crura? disposuit jejunam caveam, uti alvum? Avidam sanguinis et potissimum humani sitim accendit? Telum vero perfodiendo tergori, quo spiculavit ingenio? Atque ut in capaci, cum cerni non possit exilitas, ita reciproca geminavit arte, ut fodiendo acuminatum, pariter sorbendoque fistulosum

esset. Quos teredini ad perforanda robora cum sono teste dentes affixit? Potissimumque e ligno cibatum fecit? Sed turrigeros elephantorum miramur humeros, taurorumque colla, et truces in sublime jactus, tigrium rapinas, leonum jubas; cùm rerum natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota sit. Quapropter quæso, ne hæc legentes, quoniam ex his spernunt multa, etiam relata fastidio damnent, cùm in contemplatione naturæ, nihil possit videri supervacuum.

ALTHOUGH, after the perusal of the whole of this chapter, we are at no loss to understand its general meaning, yet when it is taken to pieces, we shall find it extremely difficult to give a precise interpretation, much less an elegant translation of its single sentences. The latter indeed may be accounted impossible, without the exercise of such liberties as will render the version rather a paraphrase than a translation. *In magnis siquidem corporibus, aut certe majoribus, facilis officina sequaci materiæ fuit.* The sense of the term *magnus*, which is in

itself indefinite, becomes in this sentence much more so, from its opposition to *major*; and the reader is quite at a loss to know, whether in those two classes of animals, the *magni* and the *majores*, the largest animals are signified by the former term, or by the latter. Had the opposition been between *magnus* and *maaimus*, or *major* and *maaimus*, there could not have been the smallest ambiguity. *Facilis officina sequaci materia fuit*. *Officina* is the workhouse where an artist exercises his craft; but no author, except Pliny himself, ever employed it to signify the labour of the artist. With a similar incorrectness of expression, which, however, is justified by general use, the French employ *cuisine* to signify both the place where victuals are dressed, and the art of dressing them. *Sequax materia* signifies pliable materials, and therefore easily wrought; but the term *sequax* cannot be applied with any propriety to such materials as are easily wrought, on account of their magnitude or abundance. *Tam parvis* is easily understood, but *tam nullis* has either no meaning at all, or a very obscure

one. *Inextricabilis perfectio*. It is no perfection in any thing to be inextricable; for the meaning of inextricable is, embroiled, perplexed, and confounded. *Ubi tot sensus collocavit in culice?* What is the meaning of the question *ubi?* Does it mean, in what part of the body of the gnat? I conceive it can mean nothing else: And if so, the question is absurd; for all the senses of a gnat are not placed in any *one* part of its body, any more than the senses of a man. *Dictu minora*. By these words the author intended to convey the meaning of *alia etiam minora possunt dici*; but the meaning which he has actually conveyed is, *Sunt alia minora quam quæ dici possunt*, which is false and hyperbolical; for no insect is so small that words may not be found to convey an idea of its size. *Portione maximam vocem ingeneravit*. What is *portione maximam*? It is only from the context that we guess the author's meaning to be, *maximam ratione portionis*, i. e. *magnitudinis insecti*; for neither use, nor the analogy of the language, justify such an expression as *vocem maximam portione*. If it is alleged, that

portio is here used to signify the power or intensity of the voice, and is synonymous in this place to *vis*, ἐνεργεια, we may safely assert, that this use of the term is licentious, improper, and unwarranted by custom. *Jejunam caveam uti alvum*; “a hungry cavity “for a belly:” but is not the stomach of all animals a hungry cavity, as well as that of the gnat? *Capaci cum cernere non potest exilitas*. *Capax* is improperly contrasted with *exilis*, and cannot be otherwise translated than in the sense of *magnus*. *Reciproca geminavit arte* is incapable of any translation which shall render the proper sense of the words, “doubled with reciprocal art.” The author’s meaning is, fitted “for a double function.” *Cum sono teste* is guessed from the context to mean, *uti sonus testatur*. *Cum rerum natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota sit*. This is a very obscure expression of a plain sentiment, “The wisdom and power of Nature, “or of Providence, is never more conspicuous than in the smallest bodies.” *Ex his spernunt multa*. The meaning of *ex his* is indefinite, and therefore obscure: we can

but conjecture that it means *ex rebus hujusmodi*; and not *ex his quæ diximus*; for that sense is reserved for *relata*.

FROM this specimen, we may judge of the difficulty of giving a *just translation* of Pliny's Natural History; a work of which, from the vast store of valuable knowledge it contains, it is much to be regretted the learned author has greatly diminished the utility, by a studied obscurity and false refinement of expression.

the city of London, and the county of Middlesex, and the city of Westminster, and the county of Surrey, and the county of Kent, and the county of Essex, and the county of Hertfordshire, and the county of Bedfordshire, and the county of Buckinghamshire, and the county of Gloucestershire, and the county of Wiltshire, and the county of Dorset, and the county of Devon, and the county of Cornwall, and the county of Somerset, and the county of Herefordshire, and the county of Shropshire, and the county of Staffordshire, and the county of Warwickshire, and the county of Leicestershire, and the county of Lincolnshire, and the county of Northamptonshire, and the county of Northumberland, and the county of Durham, and the county of Yorkshire, and the county of Lancashire, and the county of Cheshire, and the county of Derbyshire, and the county of Nottinghamshire, and the county of Rutland, and the county of Cambridgeshire, and the county of Huntingdonshire, and the county of Bedfordshire, and the county of Hertfordshire, and the county of Essex, and the county of Kent, and the county of Surrey, and the county of Middlesex, and the city of London, and the city of Westminster.

the city of London, and the county of Middlesex, and the city of Westminster, and the county of Surrey, and the county of Kent, and the county of Essex, and the county of Hertfordshire, and the county of Bedfordshire, and the county of Buckinghamshire, and the county of Gloucestershire, and the county of Wiltshire, and the county of Dorset, and the county of Devon, and the county of Cornwall, and the county of Somerset, and the county of Herefordshire, and the county of Shropshire, and the county of Staffordshire, and the county of Warwickshire, and the county of Leicestershire, and the county of Lincolnshire, and the county of Northamptonshire, and the county of Northumberland, and the county of Durham, and the county of Yorkshire, and the county of Lancashire, and the county of Cheshire, and the county of Derbyshire, and the county of Nottinghamshire, and the county of Rutland, and the county of Cambridgeshire, and the county of Huntingdonshire, and the county of Bedfordshire, and the county of Hertfordshire, and the county of Essex, and the county of Kent, and the county of Surrey, and the county of Middlesex, and the city of London, and the city of Westminster.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of Burlesque Translation. — Travesty and Parody. — Scarron's Virgile Travesti — Another Species of Ludicrous Translation.

IN a preceding chapter, while treating of the translation of idiomatic phrases, we censured the use of such idioms in the translation as do not correspond with the age or country of the original. There is, however, one species of translation, in which that violation of the *costume* is not only blameless, but seems essential to the nature of the composition: I mean burlesque translation, or Travesty. This species of writing partakes, in a great degree, of original composition; and is therefore not to be measured by the laws of serious translation. It conveys neither a just picture of the sentiments, nor a

faithful representation of the style and manner of the original; but pleases itself in exhibiting a ludicrous caricatura of both. It displays an overcharged and grotesque resemblance, and excites our risible emotions by the incongruous association of dignity and meanness, wisdom and absurdity. This association forms equally the basis of Travesty and of Ludicrous Parody, from which it is no otherwise distinguished than by its assuming a different language from the original. In order that the mimicry may be understood, it is necessary that the writer choose, for the exercise of his talents, a work that is well known, and of great reputation. Whether that reputation is deserved or unjust, the work may be equally the subject of burlesque imitation. If it has been the subject of general, but undeserved praise, a Parody or a Travesty is then a fair satire on the false taste of the original author, and his admirers, and we are pleased to see both become the objects of a just castigation. The *Rehearsal*, *Tom Thumb*, and *Crononhotonthologos*, which exhibit ludicrous parodies of passages from the favourite dra-

matic writers of the times, convey a great deal of just and useful criticism. If the original is a work of real excellence, the Travesty or Parody detracts nothing from its merit, nor robs the author of the smallest portion of his merited praise *. We laugh at the association of dignity and meanness ; but the former remains the exclusive property of the original, the latter belongs solely to the copy. We give due praise to the mimical powers of the imitator, and are delighted to see how ingeniously he can elicit subject of mirth and ridicule from what is grave, dignified, pathetic, or sublime.

* The occasional blemishes, however, of a good writer, are a fair subject of castigation ; and a travesty or burlesque parody of them will please, from the justness of the satire : As the following ludicrous version of a passage in the 5th *Æneid*, which is among the few examples of false taste in the chastest of the Latin Poets :

———— *Oculos telumque tetendit.*

———— He cock'd his eye and gun.

IN the description of the games in the 5th Æneid, Virgil every where supports the dignity of the Epic narration. His persons are heroes, their actions are suitable to that character, and we feel our passions seriously interested in the issue of the several contests. The same scenes travestied by Scarron are ludicrous in the extreme. His heroes have the same names, they are engaged in the same actions, they have even a grotesque resemblance in character to their prototypes; but they have all the meanness, rudeness, and vulgarity of ordinary prize-fighters, hackney coachmen, horse-jockeys, and watermen.

————— *Medio Gyas in gurgite victor*
Rectorem navis compellat voce Menœtem;
Quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc dirige cursum,
Littus ama, et lævas stringat sine palmula cautes:
Altum alii teneant. Dixit: sed cæca Menœtes
Saxa timens, proram pelagi detorquet ad undas.
Quo diversus abis? iterum pete saxa Menœte,
Cum clamore Gyas revocabat.—————

Gyas, qui croit que son pilote,
 Comme un vieil fou qu'il est, radote,

De ce qu'en mer il s'elargit,
Aussi fort qu'un lion rugit ;
Et s'écrie, écumant de rage,
Serre, serre donc le rivage,
Fils de putain de Ménétus,
Serre, ou bien nous somme victus :
Serre donc, serre à la pareille :
Ménétus fit la sourde oreille,
Et s'éloigne toujours du bord,
Et si pourtant il n'a pas tort :
Habile qu'il est, il redoute
Certains rocs, ou l'on ne voit goutte—
Lors Gyas se met en furie,
Et de rechef crie et recrie,
Vieil coyon, pilote enragé,
Mes ennemis t'ont ils gagé
Pour m'oter l'honneur de la sorte ?
Serre, ou que le diable t'emporte,
Serre le bord, ame de chien :
Mais au diable, s'il en fait rien.

IN Virgil, the prizes are suitable to the dignity of the persons who contend for them :

Munera principio ante oculos, circoque locantur
In medio: sacri tripodes, viridesque coronæ,
Et palmæ, pretium victoribus ; armaque, et ostro
Perfusæ vestes, argenti aurique talenta.

IN Scarron, the prizes are accommodated to the contending parties with equal propriety :

Maitre Eneas faisant le sage, &c.
Fit apporter une marmitte,
C'etoit un des prix destinés ;
Deux pourpoints fort bien galonnés,
Moitié filet et moitié soye ;
Un sifflet contrefaisant l'oye ;
Un engin pour casser des noix ;
Vingt et quatre assiettes de bois,
Qu' Eneas allant au fourrage
Avoit trouvé dans le baggage
Du vénérable Agamemnon :
Certain auteur a dit que non,
Comptant la chose d'autre sorte,
Mais ici fort peu nous importe :
Une toque de velous gras ;
Un engin à prendre des rats,
Ouvrage du grand Aristandre,
Qui savoit bien les rats prendre
En plus de cinquante façons,
Et meme en donnoit des leçons :
Deux tasses d'étain émaillées ;
Deux pantoufles despareillées,
Dont l'une fut au grand Hector,
Toutes deux de peau de castor——
Et plusieurs autres nippes rares, &c.

BUT this species of composition pleases only in a short specimen. We cannot bear a lengthened work in Travesty. The incongruous association of dignity and meanness excites risibility chiefly from its being unexpected. Even the best of these compositions, Cotton's and Scarron's Virgil, entertain but for a few pages : the composition soon becomes tedious, and at length disgusting. We laugh at a short exhibition of buffoonry ; but we cannot endure a man, who, with good talents, is constantly playing the fool.

THERE is a species of ludicrous verse translation which is not of the nature of Travesty, and which seems to be regulated by all the laws of serious translation. It is employed upon a ludicrous original, and its purpose is not to burlesque, but to represent it with the utmost fidelity. For that purpose, even the metrical stanza is closely imitated. The ludicrous effect is heightened, when the stanza is peculiar in its structure, and is transferred from a modern to an

ancient language ; as in Dr Aldrich's translation of the well-known song,

A soldier and a sailor,
A tinker and a tailor,
Once had a doubtful strife, Sir,
To make a maid a wife, Sir,
Whose name was buxom Joan, &c.

*Miles et navigator,
Sartor et ærator,
Jamdudum litigabant,
De pulchra quam amabant,
Nomen cui est Joanna, &c.*

Of the same species of translation is the facetious composition entitled *Fabrii Barnabæ Itinerarium*, or Drunken Barnaby's Journal :

*O Faustule, dic amico,
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, sive tecto,
Sine linteo, sine lecto ;
Propinasti quæis tabernis,
An in terris, an Avernis.*

Little Fausty, tell thy true heart,
 In what region, coast, or new part,
 Field or fold, thou hast been bousing,
 Without linen, bedding, housing ;
 In what tavern, pray thee, show us,
 Here on earth, or else below us.

And the whimsical, though serious, translation of Chevy-chace :

*Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
 Omnis in tuto sit ;
 Venatus olim jiebilis
 Chevino luco fit.*

God prosper long our noble King,
 Our lives and safeties all :
 A woful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-chace befall *, &c.

* Of a similar character with the foregoing are some late specimens of burlesque Latin translation in rhyme, viz. Ramsay's Tale of *The Monk and the Miller's Wife*, the old ballad of *The Wife of Auchtermuchty*, &c. printed in *Carmina rario-ra Macaronica*, Edin. 1803.

CHAPTER XV.

The Genius of the Translator should be akin to that of the Original Author.—The best Translators have shone in Original Composition of the same Species with that which they have translated.—Of Voltaire's Translations from Shakespeare.—Of the Peculiar Character of the Wit of Voltaire.—His Translation from Hudibras.—Excellent Anonymous French Translation of Hudibras.—Translation of Rabelais by Urquhart and Motteux.

FROM the consideration of those general rules of translation which in the foregoing chapters I have endeavoured to illustrate, it will appear no unnatural conclusion to as-

sert, that he only is perfectly accomplished for the duty of a translator who possesses a genius akin to that of the original author. I do not mean to carry this proposition so far as to affirm, that in order to give a perfect translation of the works of Cicero, a man must actually be as great an orator, or inherit the same extent of philosophical genius ; but he must have a mind capable of discerning the full merits of his original, of attending with an acute perception to the whole of his reasoning, and of entering with warmth and energy of feeling into all the beauties of his composition. Thus we shall observe invariably, that the best translators have been those writers who have composed original works of the same species with those which they have translated. The mutilated version which yet remains to us of the *Timæus* of Plato translated by Cicero, is a masterly composition, which, in the opinion of the best judges, rivals the merit of the original. A similar commendation cannot be bestowed on those fragments of the *Phænomena* of Aratus, translated into verse by the same author ; for Cicero's poe-

tical talents were not remarkable; but who can doubt, that had time spared to us his versions of the Oration of Demosthenes and Æschines, we should have found them possessed of the most transcendent merit?

WE have observed, in the preceding part of this Essay, that poetical translation is less subjected to restraint than prose translation, and allows more of the freedom of original composition. It will hence follow, that to exercise this freedom with propriety, a translator must have the talent of original composition in poetry; and therefore, that in this species of translation, the possession of a genius akin to that of his author, is more essentially necessary than in any other. We know the remark of Denham, that the subtle spirit of poesy evaporates entirely in the transfusion from one language into another, and that unless a new, or an original spirit, is infused by the translator himself, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*. The best translators of poetry, therefore, have been those who have approved their talents in original poetical

composition. Dryden, Pope, Addison, Rowe, Tickell, Pitt, Warton, Mason, and Murphy, rank equally high in the list of original poets, as in that of the translators of poetry.

BUT as poetical composition is various in its kind, and the characters of the different species of poetry are extremely distinct, and often opposite in their nature, it is very evident, that the possession of talents adequate to one species of translation, as to one species of original poetry, will not infer the capacity of excelling in other species, of which the character is different. Still further, it may be observed, that as there are certain species of poetical composition, as, for example, the Dramatic, which, though of the same general character in all nations, will take a strong tincture of difference from the manners of a country, or the peculiar genius of a people; so it will be found, that a poet, eminent as an original author in his own country may fail remarkably in attempting to convey, by a translation, an idea of the merits of a foreign work which is tinged by the national ge-

nus of the country which produced it. Of this we have a striking example in those translations from Shakespeare by Voltaire; in which the French poet, eminent himself in dramatical composition, intended to convey to his countrymen a just idea of our most celebrated author in the same department. But Shakespeare and Voltaire, though perhaps akin to each other in some of the great features of the mind, were widely distinguished, even by nature, in the characters of their poetical genius; and this natural distinction was still more sensibly increased by the general tone of manners, the *hue and fashion* of thought of their respective countries. Voltaire, in his *Essay sur la Tragédie Angloise*, has chosen the famous soliloquy in the tragedy of Hamlet, “*To be, or not to be,*” as one of those striking passages which best exemplify the genius of Shakespeare, and which, in the words of the French author, *demandent grace pour toutes ses fautes*. It may therefore be presumed, that the translator in this instance endeavoured, as far as lay in his power, not only to adopt the spirit of his author, but to re-

present him as favourably as possible to his countrymen. Yet how wonderfully has he metamorphosed, how miserably disfigured him ! In the original, we have the perfect picture of a mind strongly agitated, giving vent to its feelings in broken starts of utterance, and in language which plainly indicates, that the speaker is reasoning solely with his own mind, and not with any auditor. In the translation, we have a formal and connected harangue, in which it would appear, that the author, offended with the abrupt manner of the original, and judging those irregular starts of expression to be unsuitable to that precision which is required in abstract reasoning, has corrected, as he thought, those defects of the original, and given union, strength, and precision, to this philosophical argument.

Demeure, il faut choisir, et passer à l'instant

De la vie à la mort, ou de l'être au néant.

Dieux justes, s'il en est, éclairez mon courage.

Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,

Supporter, ou finir mon malheur et mon sort !

Que suis-je ? qui m'arrête ? et qu'est ce que la mort ?

C'est la fin de nos maux, c'est mon unique azile ;
Après de longs transports, c'est un sommeil tranquile.
On s'endort et tout meurt ; mais un affreux reveil,
Doit succéder peut-être aux douceurs du sommeil.
On nous menace ; on dit que cette courte vie
De tourmens éternels est aussitôt suivie.
O mort ! moment fatale ! affreuse éternité !
Tout cœur à ton seul nom se glace épouvanté.
Eh ! qui pourrait sans toi supporter cette vie ?
De nos prêtres menteurs bénir l'hypocrisie ?
D'une indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs ?
Ramper sous un ministre, adorer ses hauteurs ?
Et montrer les langueurs de son âme abattue,
A des amis ingrats qui détournent la vue ?
La mort serait trop douce en ces extrémités.
Mais le scrupule parle, et nous crie, arrêtez.
Il défend à nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Et d'un héros guerrier, fait un Chrétien timide *.

* To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die ;—to sleep ;
No more ?—And by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to ;—'tis a consummation

BESIDES, the general fault already noticed, of substituting formal and connected reasoning, to the desultory range of thought and abrupt transitions of the original, Vol-

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;— to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, &c.

Hamlet, act 3. sc. 1.

taire has in this passage, by the looseness of his paraphrase, allowed some of the most striking beauties, both of the thought and expression, entirely to escape; while he has superadded, with unpardonable licence, several ideas of his own, not only unconnected with the original, but dissonant to the general tenor of the speaker's thoughts, and foreign to his character. Adopting Voltaire's own style of criticism on the translations of the Abbé des Fontaines, we may ask him, "Where do we find, in this translation of Hamlet's soliloquy,

" The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—

" To take arms⁴ against a sea of troubles——

" The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks

" That flesh is heir to——

—" Perchance to dream; ay there's the rub——

" The whips and scorns of time——

" The law's delay, the insolence of office——

" The spurns—that patient merit from th' unworthy

" takes——

" That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne.

" No traveller returns"——?

CAN Voltaire, who has omitted in this

short passage all the above striking peculiarities of thought and expression, be said to have given a translation from Shakespeare?

BUT in return for what he has retrenched from his author, he has made a liberal addition of several new and original ideas of his own. Hamlet, whose character in Shakespeare exhibits the strongest impressions of religion, who feels these impressions even to a degree of superstition, which influences his conduct in the most important exigences, and renders him weak and irresolute, appears in Mr Voltaire's translation a thorough sceptic and freethinker. In the course of a few lines, he expresses his doubt of the existence of a God; he treats the priests as liars and hypocrites, and the Christian religion as a system which debases human nature, and makes a coward of a hero:

Dieux justes ! S'il en est——

De nos prêtres menteurs bénir l'hypocrisie——

Et d'un héros guerrier, fait un Chrétien timide——

Now, who gave Mr Voltaire a right thus to transmute the pious and superstitious Hamlet into modern *philosophe* and *Esprit fort*? Whether the French author meant by this transmutation to convey to his countrymen a favourable idea of our English bard, we cannot pretend to say; but we may at least affirm, that he has not conveyed a just one*.

BUT what has prevented the translator, who professes that he wished to give a just

* Other ideas superadded by the translator are :

Que suis-je — Qui m' arrête? —

On nous menace, on dit que cette courte vie, &c.

—— Affreuse éternité !

Tout cœur à ton seul nom se glace épouvanté —

A des amis ingrats qui detournent la vue.

In the *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare*, which is one of the best pieces of criticism in the English language, the reader will find many examples of similar misrepresentation and wilful debasements of our great dramatic poet, in the pretended translations of Voltaire.

idea of the merits of his original, from accomplishing what he wished? Not ignorance of the language; for Voltaire, though no great critic in the English tongue, had yet a competent knowledge of it; and the change he has put upon the reader was not involuntary, or the effect of ignorance. Neither was it the want of genius, or of poetical talents; for Voltaire is certainly one of the best poets, and one of the greatest masters of the drama. But it was the original difference of his genius and that of Shakespeare, increased by the general opposition of the national character of the French and English. His mind, accustomed to connect all ideas of dramatic sublimity or beauty with regular design and perfect symmetry of composition, could not comprehend this union of the great and beautiful with irregularity of structure and partial disproportion. He was capable indeed of discerning some features of majesty in this colossal statue; but the rudeness of the parts and the want of polish in the whole figure, prevailed over the general impression of its grandeur, and

presented it altogether to his eye as a monstrous production.

THE genius of Voltaire was more akin to that of Dryden, of Waller, of Addison, and of Pope, than to that of Shakespeare : he has, therefore, succeeded much better in the translations he has given of particular passages from these poets, than in those he has attempted from our great master of the drama.

VOLTAIRE possessed a large share of wit ; but it is of a species peculiar to himself, and which, I think, has never yet been analysed. It appears to me to be the result of acute philosophical talents, a strong spirit of satire, and a most brilliant imagination. As all wit consists in unexpected combinations, the singular union of a philosophic thought with a lively fancy, which is a very uncommon association, seems in general to be the basis of the wit of Voltaire. It is of a very different species from that wit which is associated with humour, which is exercised in presenting odd, extravagant, but natural

views of human character, and which forms the essence of ludicrous composition. The novels of Voltaire have no other scope than to illustrate certain philosophical doctrines, or to expose certain philosophical errors; they are not pictures of life or of manners; and the persons who figure in them are pure creatures of the imagination, fictitious beings, who have nothing of nature in their composition, and who neither act nor reason like the ordinary race of men. Voltaire, then, with a great deal of wit, seems to have had no talent for humorous composition. Now, if such is the character of his original genius, we may presume, that he was not capable of justly estimating in the compositions of others what he did not possess himself. We may likewise fairly conclude, that he should fail in attempting to convey by a translation a just idea of the merits of a work, of which one of the main ingredients is that quality in which he was himself deficient. Of this I proceed to give give a strong example.

IN the poem of *Hudibras*, we have a remarkable combination of Wit with Humour; nor is it easy to say which of these qualities chiefly predominates in the composition. A proof that humour forms a most capital ingredient is, that the inimitable Hogarth has told the whole story of the poem in a series of characteristic prints: now painting is completely adequate to the representation of humour, but can convey no idea of wit. Of this singular poem, Voltaire has attempted to give a specimen to his countrymen by a translation; but in this experiment he says he has found it necessary to concentrate the first four hundred lines into little more than eighty of the translation*. The truth is, that, either insensible of that part of the merit of the ori-

* “ Pour faire connoître l'esprit de ce poëme, unique en son genre, il faut retrancher les trois quarts de tout passage qu'on veut traduire; car ce *Butler* ne finit jamais. J'ai donc réduit à environ quatre-vingt vers les quatre cent premiers vers d'*Hudibras*, pour éviter la prolixité.” *Mel. Philos. par Voltaire, Oeuv. tom. 15. Ed. de Geneve, 4to.*

ginal, or conscious of his own inability to give a just idea of it, he has left out all that constitutes the humour of the painting, and attached himself solely to the wit of the composition. In the original, we have a description of the figure, dress, and accoutrements of Sir Hudibras, which is highly humorous, and which conveys to the imagination as complete a picture as is given by the characteristic etchings of Hogarth. In the translation of Voltaire, all that we learn of those particulars which *paint* the hero, is, that he wore mustachios, and rode with a pair of pistols.

EVEN the wit of the original, in passing through the alembic of Voltaire, has changed in a great measure its nature, and assimilated itself to that which is peculiar to the translator. The wit of Butler is more concentrated, more pointed, and is announced in fewer words, than the wit of Voltaire. The translator, therefore, though he pretends to have abridged four hundred verses into eighty, has in truth effected this by the retrenchment of the wit of his original, and

not by the concentration of it : for when we compare any particular passage or point, we find there is more diffusion in the translation than in the original. Thus, Butler says,

The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.

Thus amplified by Voltaire, and at the same time imperfectly translated :

Mais malgré sa grande éloquence,
Et son mérite, et sa prudence,
Il passa chez quelques savans
Pour être un de ces instrumens
Dont les fripons avec adresse
Savent user sans dire mot,
Et qu'ils tournent avec souplesse ;
Cet instrument s'appelle un sot.

Thus likewise the famous simile of Talia-cotius, loses by the amplification of the translator, a great portion of its spirit :

So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny part of porter's bum
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech ;
But, when the date of nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

Ainsi Taliacotius,
Grand Esculape d'Etrurie,
Répara tous les nez perdus
Par une nouvelle industrie :
Il vous prenoit adroitement
Un morceau du cul d'un pauvre homme,
L'appliquoit au nez proprement ;
Enfin il arrivait qu'en somme,
Tout juste à la mort du prêteur
Tombait le nez de l'emprunteur ;
Et souvent dans la même bière,
Par justice et par bon accord,
On remettait au gré du mort
Le nez auprès de son derrière.

It will be allowed, that notwithstanding the supplemental witticism of the translator, contained in the last four lines, the simile loses, upon the whole, very greatly by its diffusion. The following anonymous Latin versions of this simile are possessed of much

higher merit, as, with equal brevity of expression, they convey a great deal of the spirit of the original :

*Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris doctâ secuit Talicotius arte,
Qui potuere parem durando æquare parentem :
At postquam fato clunis computruit, ipsum
Unâ sympathicum cæpit tabescere rostrum.*

THE next has the additional merit of imitating the measure of the original :

*Sic Talicoti ars amica
Vectoris parte de postica,
Falsis invenit carnem nasis,
Quæ duret tamdiu quàm basis ;
Sed rostrum parili ruinâ
Cum clune periit consobrinâ.*

DODSLEY'S *Museum*, vol. ii.

WITH these translations may be compared the following, which is taken from a complete version of the Poem of Hudibras, a very remarkable work, with the merits of which (as the book is less known than it de-

serves to be), I am glad to have this opportunity of making the English reader acquainted :

Ainsi Talicot d'une fesse
Savoit tailler avec adresse
Nez tous neufs, qui ne risquoient rien
Tant que le cul se portoit bien ;
Mais si le cul perdoit la vie,
Le nez tomboit par sympathie.

IN one circumstance of this passage no translation can come up to the original : it is in that additional pleasantry which results from the structure of the verses, the first line ending most unexpectedly with a preposition, and the third with a pronoun, both which are the rhyming syllables in the two couplets :

So learned Taliacotius *from*, &c.

Cut supplemental noses, *which*, &c.

It was perhaps impossible to imitate this in a translation ; but setting this circumstance aside, the merit of the latter French version

seems to me to approach very near to that of the original.

THE author of this translation of the Poem of Hudibras, evidently a man of superior abilities *, appears to have been endowed with an uncommon share of modesty. He presents his work to the public with the utmost diffidence ; and in a short preface, humbly deprecates its censure for the presumption that may be imputed to him, in attempting that which the celebrated Voltaire had declared to be one of the most difficult of tasks. Yet this task he has executed in a very masterly manner. A few specimens will shew the high merit of this work, and clearly evince, that the translator possessed that essential

* I have lately learnt, that the author of this translation was Colonel Townley, an English gentleman who had been educated in France, and long in the French service, and who thus had acquired a most intimate knowledge of both languages :—The same person (Francis Townley) who suffered death at Carlisle, for his concern in the Rebellion 1745-6 ; and who pleaded in vain his commission from the French King, as entitling him to the benefit of the cartel settled with France for the exchange of prisoners of war.

requisite for his undertaking, a kindred genius with that of his great original.

THE religion of Hudibras is thus described :

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit :
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church-militant :
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks. *Canto 1.*

Sa religion au génie
 Et sçavoir étoit assortie ;
 Il étoit franc Presbyterien,
 Et de sa secte le soutien,
 Secte, qui justement se vante
 D' être l'Eglise militante ;
 Qui de sa foi vous rend raison
 Par la bouche de son canon,

Dont le boulet et feu terrible
Montre bien qu'elle est infallible,
Et sa doctrine prouve à tous
Orthodoxe, à force de coups.

IN the following passage, the arch ratio-
cination of the original is happily rivalled
in the translation :

For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an a--se.

Car Hudibras avec raison
Ne se chaussoit qu'un éperon,
Ayant preuve démonstrative
Qu'un coté marchant, l'autre arrive.

THE language of Sir Hudibras is described
as a strange jargon, compounded of English,
Greek and Latin,

Which made some think when he did gabble
They'd heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.

It was difficult to do justice in the translation to the metaphor of Cerberus, by translating *leash of languages* : This, however, is very happily effected by a parallel witticism :

Ce qui pouvoit bien faire accroire
Quand il parloit à l'auditoire,
D'entendre encore le bruit mortel
De trois ouvriers de Babel,
Ou Cerbère aux ames errantes
Japper trois langues différentes.

THE wit of the following passage is completely transfused, perhaps even heightened in the translation :

For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight :
And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
The clock doth strike, by algebra.

En géometre raffiné
Un pot de bierre il eut jaugé ;

Par tangente et sinus sur l'heure
Trouvé le poids de pain ou beurre ;
Et par algebre eut dit aussi
A quelle heure il sonne midi.

THE last specimen I shall give from this work, is Hudibras's consultation with the lawyer, in which the Knight proposes to prosecute Sidrophel in an action of battery :

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd—" Very well."
And now he brags t'have beaten me.—
" Better and better still," quoth he.—
And vows to stick me to the wall
Where'er he meets me—" Best of all."
'Tis true, the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him—" Well done, in troth."—
When h'has confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took,
Which was the cause that made me bang him
And take my goods again—" Marry, hang him."
—" Sir," quoth the lawyer, " not to flatter ye,
" You have as good and fair a battery
" As heart can wish, and need not shame
" The proudest man alive to claim :

" For if they've us'd you as you say ;

" Marry, quoth I, God give you joy :

" I would it were my case, I'd give

" More than I'll say, or you believe."

Il est, dit-il, de par le monde

Un Sidrophel, que Dieu confonde,

Que j'ai rossé des mieux.—" Fort bien"—

Et maintenant il dit, le chien,

Qu'il m'a battu—" Bien mieux encore."

Et jure, afin qu'on ne l'ignore,

Que s'il me trouve il me tuera—

" Le meilleur de tout le voila"—

Il est vrai que ce misérable

A fait serment au préalable

Que moi je l'ai dévalisé—

" C'est fort bien fait, en vérité"—

Tandis que lui-même il confesse,

Qu'il m'a volé dans une presse,

Mon manteau, mon gousset vidé ;

Et c'est pourquoi je l'ai rossé :

Puis mes effets j'ai sçu reprendre."—

" Oui da," dit-il, " il faut le pendre."

—Dit l'avocat, " Sans flatterie

" Vous avez, Monsieur, batterie

" Aussi bonne qu'on puisse avoir ;

" Vous devez vous en prévaloir.

“ S'ils vous ont traité de la sorte,
“ Comme votre recit le porte,
“ Je vous en fais mon compliment ;
“ Je voudrois pour bien de l'argent,
“ Et plus que vous ne sauriez croire,
“ Qu'il m'arrivât pareille histoire.”

THESE specimens are sufficient to shew how completely this translator has entered into the spirit of his original, and has thus succeeded in conveying a very perfect idea to his countrymen of one of those works which are most strongly tinctured with the peculiarities of national character, and which therefore required a singular coincidence of the talents of the translator with those of the original author.

IF the English can boast of any parallel to this, in a version from the French, where the translator has given equal proof of a kindred genius to that of his original, and has as successfully accomplished a task of equal difficulty, it is in the translation of *Rabelais*, begun by Sir Thomas Urquhart, and finished by Mr Motteux,

and lastly, revised and corrected by Mr Ozell. The difficulty of translating this work, arises less from its obsolete style, than from a phraseology peculiar to the author, which he seems to have purposely rendered obscure, in order to conceal that satire which he levels both against the civil government and the ecclesiastical policy of his country. Such is the studied obscurity of this satire, that but a very few of the most learned and acute among his own countrymen have professed to understand Rabelais in the original. The history of the English translation of this work, is in itself a proof of its very high merit. The three first books were translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart, but only two of them were published in his lifetime. Mr Motteux, a Frenchman by birth, but whose long residence in England had given him an equal command of both languages, republished the work of Urquhart, and added the remaining three books translated by himself; with a variety of curious notes. In this publication he allows the excellence of the work of his predeces-

sor, whom he declares to have been a complete master of the French language, and to have possessed both learning and fancy equal to the task he undertook. He adds, that he has preserved in his translation "the very style and air of his original;" and finally, "that the English readers may now understand that author better in their own tongue, than many of the French can do in theirs." The work thus completed in English, was taken up by Mr Ozell, a person of considerable literary abilities, and who possessed an uncommon knowledge both of the ancient and modern languages. Of the merits of the translation, none could be a better judge, and to these he has given the strongest testimony, by adopting it entirely in his new edition, and limiting his own undertaking solely to the correction of the text of Urquhart and Motteux, with additional notes of his own; to which he has added a translation of the notes of M. Du Chat, who spent, as Mr Ozell informs us, forty years in composing annotations on the original work. The English version of Ra-

belais thus improved, may be considered, in its present form, as one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation. The best critics in both languages have borne testimony to its faithful transfusion of the sense, and happy imitation of the style of the original* ; and every English reader will acknowledge, that it possesses all the ease of original composition. If I have forborne to illustrate any of the rules or

* M. Du Chat's own testimony to the merits of this excellent English version of Rabelais, must render superfluous every other : " Mes remarques sont, ou historiques, ou critiques, et purement de grammaire, suivant le sujet auquel je me suis borné. Ceux qui voudront en voir d'une autre nature, sur le meme auteur, lisont avec plaisir la grande préface et les notes Angloises du Rabelais Anglois imprimé depus xvi. ans à Londres, et ré-imprimés nouvellement. Si personne n'a encore entrepris de traduire en François ces notes et cette préface, c'est apparemment qu'on est bien persuadé, qu'il n'y a que l'auteur qui puisse s'en bien acquitter. Soit lui, ou un autre qui exécute la chose, il n'y aura point de libraire qui ne trouve son compte à imprimer un tel livre."

Préface de M. Du CHAT.

or precepts of the preceding Essay from this work, my reasons were, that obscurity I have already noticed, which rendered it less fit for the purpose of such illustration, and that strong tincture of licentiousness which characterises the whole work.

THE END.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

STANZAS from TICKELL's Ballad of COLIN and LUCY.

Translated by LE MIERRE.

CHERES compagnes, je vous laisse ;
Une voix semble m'appeler,
Une main que je vois sans cesse
Me fait signe de m'en aller.

L'ingrat que j'avois cru sincere
Me fait mourir, si jeune encor :
Une plus riche a sçu lui plaire :
Moi qui l'aimois, voila mon sort !

Ah Colin ! ah ! que vas-tu faire ?
Rends-moi mon bien, rends-moi ta foi ;

Et toi que son cœur me préfère
De ses baisers détourne-toi.

Dès le matin en épousée
A l'église il te conduira ;
Mais homme faux, fille abusée,
Songez que Lucy sera là.

Filles, portez-moi vers ma fosse ;
Que l'ingrat me rencontre alors,
Lui, dans son bel habit de nôce,
Et Lucy sous le drap des morts.

*I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.*

*By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die ;
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I ?*

*Ah Colin, give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone ;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.*

*To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare,
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.*

*There bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.*

c c 4

NO. II.

ODE V. of the First Book of HORACE,

*Translated by MILTON.**Quis multa gracilis, &c.*

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave?
 Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire.

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable,
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindful? Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of sea.

NO. III.

The beginning of the VIIIth Book of the ILIAD,

Translated by T. HOBBS.

THE morning now was quite display'd, and Jove

Upon Olympus' highest top was set ;

And all the Gods and Goddesses above,

By his command, were there together met.

And Jupiter unto them speaking, said,

You Gods all, and you Goddesses, d'ye hear !

Let none of you the Greeks or Trojans aid :

I cannot do my work for you : forbear !

For whomsoever I assisting see

The Argives or the Trojans, be it known,

He wounded shall return, and laught at be,

Or headlong into Tartarus be thrown ;

Into the deepest pit of Tartarus,

Shut in with gates of brass, as much below

The common hell, as 'tis from hell to us.

But if you will my power by trial know,

Put now into my hand a chain of gold,

And let one end thereof lie on the plain.

And all you Gods and Goddesses take hold,

You shall not move me, howsoe'er you strain.

At th' other end, if I my strength put to 't,
I'll pull you Gods and Goddesses to me,
Do what you can, and earth and sea to boot,
And let you hang there till my power you see.
The Gods were out of countenance at this,
And to such mighty words durst not reply, &c.

NO. IV.

Ex Fabulis Æsopiis FR. JOS. DESBILLONS.

Philomela, Corvus, et Bubo.

NATURA vernis pinxerat coloribus
Fœtus repullulantes; formosissimi
Ridebat anni blanda tempestas: dies
Festivitati candidæ simillimus
Abierat, et paraverat amicæ locum
Tranquillitati; solis aurei calor
Extulerat ab agris molliter tepentibus
Subtilem odorum copiam, quam paullulum
Noctis serenæ frigus addensaverat,
Et in parentis regna telluris sinens
Recidere, florum, floridarumque arborum
Diurnum odorem odore vincebat novo.

Philomela tales avida delicias capit,
Penitùsque condit eruditis sensibus.
Sed efficaci mox scientiæ obsequens,
Inflat canorum guttur, et ad omnes modos
Intendit; acrem nunc et argutam vibrat
Animosa vocem, more clangentis tubæ:
Nunc languida premit, frangit obscurat sonos;
Et deficere videtur, et medullitùs
Amore flagrans intimo liquescere.

Favonius, quem lilia inter et rosas
Dulci tenebat inertia vinctum sopor,
Evigilat ; hasque mirans tam volubiles,
Tam delicati flexiones gutturis,
Ne cesset illa metuit. Evigilat quoque
Corvus ; at inepto tardus ingenio, et sibi
Quod somnus abrumpatur ægrè etiam ferens ;
Quæ te mala, inquit, cuncta ubique dum silent,
Libido cogit, tam molestè ut perstrepas ?
Tibi videris bella cantrix : at tuæ
Mihi cantilenæ, moneo, valdè displicent ;
Illisque jam nunc abstinere nî velis,
Ex me feres grande aliquod infortunium.

Philomela, atroces verita minas, obmutuit ;
Multoque manè cùm vix dilucesceret,
Periculosam præpotentis alitis
Viciniam relinquit, et se contulit
Celeriter in remotam solitudinem.
Ibi sese doctis artibus operam dare
Impunè tandem posse credit : et leves
Per summa gramina Zephyrorum spiritus
Cùm dulcè fremerent, sibilumque ramulis
Mobilibus arbor musicum omnis redderet,
Et Phœbus etiam candidâ purus face
Innubilas per auras lucem spargeret ;
His illa paret incitamentis : canit ;

Simulque varias celebrat agrestis loci
Amœnitates, et voluptatem suam.

Sed in cavato proximæ trunco arboris,
Somno sepultus, qui latebat, horridus
Bubo excitatur ; quamvis et lucem oderit,
Paullùm progressus, voce ferali increpat :
Et, inficetos ni statim cantus, ait,
Finieris, istam vocem importunissimam
Ultor ego, vitamque simul eripiam tibi.
Hîc denique suum misera avis studium abjicit ;
Timensque corvos nocte, bubones die,
Silet, dolorve si urgeat, tantùm gemit.

Fabella scripta est in homines quosdam feros,
Musa quibus omnis suavior bilem movet.

NO. V.

EX FABULIS ÆSOPHIS, FR. JOS. DESBILLONS.

Belluæ Pestilentia laborantes.

Calamitas, qua non alia diligentior
Vastandum ad orbem ab inferis emittitur,
Terribilis, invicta, efficax, intra dies
Paucos, avaram explere Plutonis domum,
Pestis, vocanda nomine quoniam est suo,
In belluarum eruperat latè genus.
Permulta fuerant corpora data jam neci:
Reliqua laboriosus urgebat stupor,
Tristi veterno languida: procul, hinc procul
Exterritus amor, et voluptas fugerant:
Ubique luctus, ubique regnabat pavor.

Ea tam atroci cladi perculsus Leo
Jubet frequentes convocari belluas:
Tum concionem ubi satis magnam videt:
Cœlestis ira, unius ob noxas, ait,
Sæpe universam plectit multitudinem:
Nunc ergo judex quisque, non mollis sibi,
Descendat in se, dispiciatque sedulò

Siquid erit quo fors irritaverit Deos ;
Ut una demùm, ritè sese devovens,
Hostia, tot innocentes redimat victimas.
Ego equidem culpâ non carere me puto :
Nam oves et agnos, et juvencos et boves
Comedi ; nec peperci ipsis custodibus :
Et hæc et alia ejusmodi quàm plurima
Patrata, fateor, jure nullo sunt meo.

Hïc vulpis, ut quæ sponte adulari solet,
Vitam reclamat omnem tanti principis
Culpæ inveniri posse nulli obnoxiam :
Ovillis, inquit, bubulisque carnibus
Sæpe satiasti nobilem tuam famem :
Quid tum ? pecudibus magnus hic stultis honos
Est habitus, alvum quod tuam repleverint.
Aliquot præterea rusticos discernere
Placuit : at hostes in modum hostilem licet
Tractare, nec jus bellicum ulcisci vetat.
Quæ visa postquam est plausibilis oratio ;
Sua confiteri scelera non dubitat tigris,
Non dubitat ursus, non lupo, non cæteri
Carnifices ; et qui nigra nôrint vertere
In candida, adsunt oratores callidi.

Restabat asinus : is suum bonâ fide
Scrutatur animum ; et invenire vix potest
Quidquam, notari dignum ; ad extremum tamen :

Mihi, quasi per nebulam, ait, in mentem venit,
Olim me divertisse, nescio quâ viâ,
Ad sacrificuli nesciô cujus pratulum :
Herba bona, tenera, si benè memini, fuit ;
Attingere autem non licebat hanc mihi,
Nôram : abstinere volui : sed stimulans fames,
Et allicientis opportunitas boni,
Et genius aliquis me malus, credo, impulit,
Labella dulci ut admoverem gramini,
Pauxillulumque pabuli decerperem.

Vix ea : repentè in infelicem bestiam
Ab universo cœtu clamor tollitur :
Pereat scelestus, causa communis mali,
Asinus : nefandi pereat auctor criminis.
Sacrificuli herbam comedere ! quid hoc est, nisi
Horribile, junctum cum sacrilegio scelus !
Hinc nos videlicet hisce cladibus premit
Cœlestis ira : Numen ergo debitâ
Statim expietur impiæ pecudis nece.
Diram hanc iniquus ipse Rex sententiam
Non erubescit comprobare : nec mora,
Fœdè immolandam tradit hostiam lupo.

Pessundari inopes, ubi potentium interest,
Facilè in grave scelus culpa mutatur levis.

NO. VI.

A LEARNED and ingenious friend *, to whom I am indebted for some very just remarks, of which I have availed myself in the preceding Essay, has furnished me with the following acute, and, as I think, satisfactory explanation of a passage in Tacitus, extremely obscure in itself, and concerning the meaning of which the commentators are not agreed.

Tacitus meaning to say, “ That Domitian, wishing to be
 “ the great, and indeed the only object in the empire, and
 “ that nobody should appear with any sort of lustre in it but
 “ himself, was exceedingly jealous of the great reputation
 “ which Agricola had acquired by his skill in war,” expresses himself thus :

In Vit. Agr. cap. 39.

Id sibi maxime formidolosum, privati hominis nomen suprâ principis attolli. Frustra studia fori, et civilium artium decus in silentium acta, si militarem gloriam alius occuparet: et cætera utcunque facilius dissimulari, ducis boni imperatoriam virtutem esse. Which Gordon translates thus: “ Terrible
 “ above all things it was to him, that the name of a private
 “ man should be exalted above that of the Prince. In vain

* JAMES EDGAR, Esq; Commissioner of the Customs, Edinburgh.

“ had he driven from the public tribunals all pursuits of popular
“ eloquence and fame, in vain repressed the renown of every
“ civil accomplishment, if any other than himself possessed
“ the glory of excelling in war: Nay, however he might
“ dissemble every other distaste, yet to the person of Emperor
“ properly appertained the virtue and praise of being a
“ great general.”

‘ This translation is very good, as far as the words “ civil
“ accomplishment,” but what follows is not, in my opinion,
the meaning of Tacitus’s words, which I would translate thus :

—“ If any other than himself should become a great object
“ in the empire, as that man must necessarily be who possesses
“ military glory. For however he might conceal a
“ value for excellence of every other kind, and even affect
“ a contempt of it, yet he could not but allow, that skill in
“ war, and the talents of a great General, were an ornament
“ to the Imperial dignity itself.”

‘ Domitian did not pretend to any skill in war ; and therefore the word “ *alius* ” could never be intended to express a competitor with him in it.’

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